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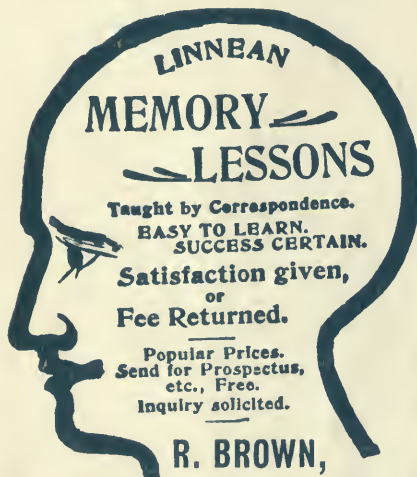


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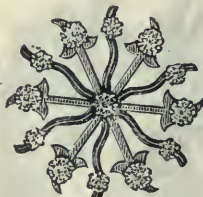
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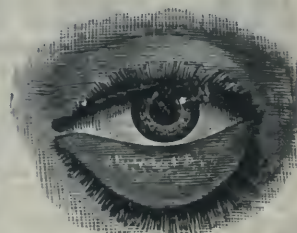
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(ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/6.)

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF :
W. T. STEAD.

AUSTRALASIAN EDITOR
WILLIAM H. JUDKINS.

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THE TSAR AND HIS HEIR.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

FOR AUSTRALASIA.

EQUATABLE BUILDING, MELBOURNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

The Hope of the Future—A Progressivist Party.

Now that the Labour Council, which last month met in Sydney, has stated its intentions as extremely as was mentioned in our last issue, there is no doubt that some middle ground must be found for those who refuse to stand still, who are eminently progressive, who are determined to work for reform, but who can not look upon communism as either desirable or within reach. Probably the mass of the people might be included under the term Progressivists, a capital name, by the way, for those who keep their faces towards the sunrise, and who are bent on securing the reforms that lie to hand. Such a party, with a definite, reasonable policy, would undoubtedly command a large following. Such an one in the Federal Parliament, for instance, would gather round it the best elements from all sections, and would, we venture to predict, be as powerful in the House as the Labour party was before it assumed office. There are many in the Government ranks now who will very soon be in the ranks of the discontents if the present policy of "Sit still, do nothing, and keep office" be persisted in, who are too progressive to be for long willing to be tied to inaction. A party like this Mr. Deakin might form and lead, gathering round him the progressive spirits in the House, and making possible a march of consistent democratic progress. There are indications already that the cohesiveness of the Government party is suffering a heavy strain, and as things are there is no choice for the man who wants to break from inaction but to throw himself in with the extreme Labour Party. If a party of Progressivists arose, determined to push forward on democratic lines, it would gather round it a majority of the House, and would sweep the polls at the next election.

An Invincible Party.

There are planks in the Labour Party's platform which are planks in every democratic platform, and no party has a right to lay special claim to them, planks which progressivists would make their leading ones without venturing near the edge of the giddy abyss which ends in national confiscation. But at present they must accept all or nothing. After the Sydney declaration they cannot accept the "all," and are therefore driven to remain in the Conservative ranks. How would they not welcome a Progressivist Party, which would enable them to throw their energies into a programme of reform which every reasonable elector desires. It would mean the end of the foolish distinction between capital and labour, uniting the best in each. It would mean a sane and progressive definition of socialism, redeeming the term from the incongruous and unreasonable meanings put upon it by communism on the one hand, and hide-bound Conservatism on the other. At present these two sections stand opposed, and reform is neglected. A Progressivist Party would leave the extreme ranks of each so depleted that they would become a negligible quantity. It would go very far towards a settlement of the vexed question of Party Government. Where is the strong man who will arise and seize the opportunity?

The Labour Party's Pledge.

How far will the Labour Party's pledge bind in the future? That is a question which the Sydney Conference has brought into an aggressive prominence. Indications have not been wanting that many members, entirely in sympathy with democratic ideals, are fretting under the gall of the traces, and the constant crack of the whip. And if the Federal Parliament is cast into the throes of



Sarony, Photo.]

Mr. Thomas Glass,

Newly-elected President of the Victorian A.N.A.

another election soon after it assembles, as a good many of the members think will happen, the breaking away from bonds will probably come as a revelation. Men will stand for progression, but will refuse to pledge themselves body and soul as the party desires, and to bind themselves to a caucus vote. So far the voice of the party and caucus has cowed them, and in the Federal Parliament only two or three men have had the courage to stand as Liberals—or, to use the new term we have used, Progressivists—demanding a free hand, but their number will increase. In the State Parliaments an indication of this is evidenced in the case of the West Australian Premier, Mr. Daglish, who has been jibed and jeered at by the Labour associations for not hurrying into communism when he came into power, and who is finding it necessary to repudiate the party. In that lies the hope of democracy, and if it be effected in the way we have indicated, by the election of men of progressive ideas, unfettered by party ties, legislation will proceed upon sane and safe lines. The whole thing may be summed up in a few words—men of good character in favour of progressive legislation, but untrammelled by party bonds.

**"A National
Democratic
Party."**

Yet another political association. This time Melbourne is to be the birthplace, and the name of the prospective child the National Democratic Party. Possibly with the idea of cement-

ing his following in view of the approaching session, Mr. Bent has announced the intention of the Government to launch an association having before it the following aims:—The promotion of closer settlement; of water conservation and irrigation; the appointment of agents in various parts of the world to distribute Victorian produce; the advertising of Victoria; opposition to socialism in every possible manner; opposition to State Arbitration; making permanent the Shops and Factories Acts, with an alteration in regard to improvers, so as to ensure them a better technical education; economies in the public service; amendment of Public Service Acts so as to make promotion by merit; decentralisation; agricultural education.

**Arbitration
and
Wages Boards.**

It will be noticed that Mr. Bent makes a distinction between State Arbitration and the Factories Acts. A casual observer might think that here he is contradicting himself; but it is not so. To the principle of Arbitration no one now can be seriously opposed. It is recognised as the humane and only proper method of settling industrial disputes. And when he declares himself in favour of the re-enactment of the Factories Act, which expires this year, Mr. Bent really declares himself in favour of the principle. What he really means is that he favours the Victorian method of settling disputes as against that which obtains in New South Wales. Arbitration there has proved so costly and so circumlocutory that the business of the Court is congested, and troubles are accentuated through waiting for settlement. But the principle of Arbitration, as it is expressed in the Factories Act in operation in Victoria, is so simple and expeditious that it will surely come to be the favoured method of settling trade disputes. It simply means that representatives of employers and employes in the disputes concerned meet together and arrive at a mutual understanding, their decision becoming law, and being binding upon each. The mere fact that the parties concerned meet round a table and quietly discuss a matter in dispute tends greatly to easy and amicable settlement, and so satisfactory has the method proved in Victoria that there will be no opposition to the re-enactment of the Act. It tends to do away entirely with friction, and mutual understanding is arrived at without the animosity which is engendered by submitting disputes to a Court of law. The principle of Arbitration is therefore carried out to the letter, and in the loftiest spirit by this method, and no one would now dream of reverting to the old and unsatisfactory condition of affairs.

**Criminals
and the
Indeterminate
Sentence.**

There is evident a very decided and a fast-growing opinion in favour of the indeterminate sentence upon criminals who give no hope of reformation. The number of confirmed criminals in the whole of Australasia is comparatively small, and all are well known to the police, and the history of these men and women is simply a constant perambulation through the gaols and their old haunts. The greater part of their lives is spent in gaols. Their periods of liberty are so many opportunities to prey upon their fellow creatures and to qualify for incarceration again. Such confirmed criminals will not work during freedom, and the safety of the community as well as their own interests demands that they be kept out of the way of temptation. The indeterminate sentence, subject



Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, M.C.B., F.R.C.S., I.,

Over 40 years surgeon to the Melbourne Hospital. A Commemorative Tablet was unveiled at the Melbourne Hospital during the month by Sir John Madden, in recognition of his 42 years' work as Senior Indoor Surgeon.

to constant review, to last until a miscreant gave some promise of good behaviour, would be the solution of the problem attending these social vultures. As it is, they are kept in good health by the State, and turned out in excellent condition to again raid upon the community.

**A Lay Court
of
Appeal.**

In pursuance of the same subject, it may be mentioned that the Victorian Government has afforded two instances of the over-riding of a judge's decision with regard to death sentences. In the one case a poor girl of the unfortunate class was felled to the ground with an axe and killed by a drunken lover, Rouhan—a sordid and brutal circumstance—and in the other a young girl, in having her virtue violated, suffered an indignity worse

than death. In both cases the Cabinet remitted the death sentence. In the first there was a recommendation to mercy from the judge on account of alleged weakness of intellect; in the second, the offence was so bald and inhuman that the judge said he would recommend no mitigation of the sentence. The first criminal receives a life sentence from the Cabinet; the second is to be imprisoned for 15 years with two floggings. With the former sentence no one will disagree. So dangerous a criminal should be kept out of the reach of temptation to harm his fellows. But where is the justification for the latter sentence? There is as much reason for the second criminal to be isolated for life as the first, and the probability is that he will be turned out at the end of his term with brute passions unabated to be again a menace to the public safety. In this particular instance, too, what good will flogging do? A special medical board reported that the man, Hope, was quite responsible for his actions, but the Cabinet, in face of that, fancied that it could discover evidences of mental weakness. Of course, the Cabinet may not approve of capital punishment, in which case they should get the law amended. But the instances serve to bring up the whole question of prison reform, which we shall discuss in later issues. In the meantime it is quite possible that a State Cabinet, unable like a judge to get a full view of a case, may often err, and it will be a bad thing if Cabinets become a kind of lay court of appeal to review the findings of a judge of a Criminal Court. The door would be opened for the most woeful miscarriages of justice.

**Employers
and
Trade Unions.**

It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed that all employers are strongly opposed to Trades Unions. That view can not, however, be sustained in view of the replies sent by the Melbourne Master Grocers to the Anti-Sweating League in response to a circular asking if they, as employers, would have any objection to their employes joining a Grocers' Assistants Union. Replies were received from some 40 employers, representing nearly 200 establishments, and thousands of hands, and with one solitary exception the replies were favourable. Indeed, some went so far as to say that they would hail a general movement on the part of employes, and that they would do what they could to facilitate it, as the employer who pays decent wages finds himself undercut by the man who pays inadequate ones. The general public gets the benefit, but it comes out of the wages of the unfortunate assistant. The evidence is extremely valuable as throwing a strong light upon one phase of the union question.



Rev. W. H. Harrison,
President Queensland Conference.



Swiss] Rev Robert Philip.
President Victorian Conference.



[Photo.] Rev. J. Newman Buttle,
President N.Z. Conference.

THE NEWLY-ELECTED PRESIDENTS OF THE

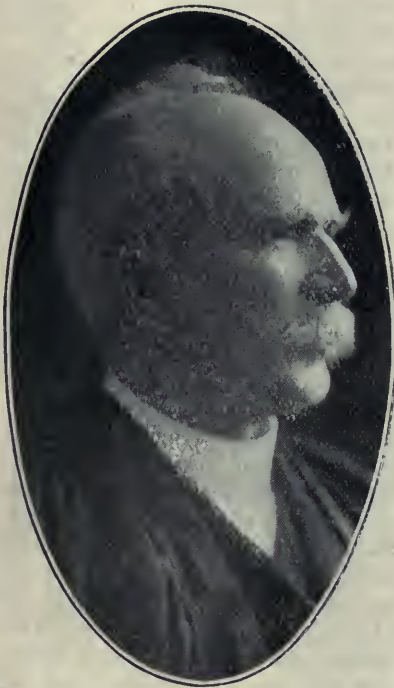
The Cleansing of Newspapers.

Mr. Justice Walker, of the New South Wales Divorce Court, is to be congratulated upon the splendid stand he has taken with regard to the publication of Divorce Court proceedings. Some of the Commonwealth newspapers are above reproach in this matter, but there are others which take the filthy garbage of the Courts and serve it up to the public in the most offensively attractive way possible. Having regard to this, His Honor has determined to take advantage of the powers conferred upon him to prohibit the publication of "nauseous details" of divorce cases. Necessary information can still be given, such as the names of parties concerned, the issues and findings of the Court upon them, and the decrees pronounced, but all evidence of a doubtful character must be withheld. This is one of the most healthy signs of an improving sentiment with regard to newspaper influence. In conjunction with this, it may be remarked that it is announced that Mr. J. Dreyer, who has purchased the *Perth Morning Herald*, will exclude from the journal all turf news and advertisements. This is the beginning of good things, and

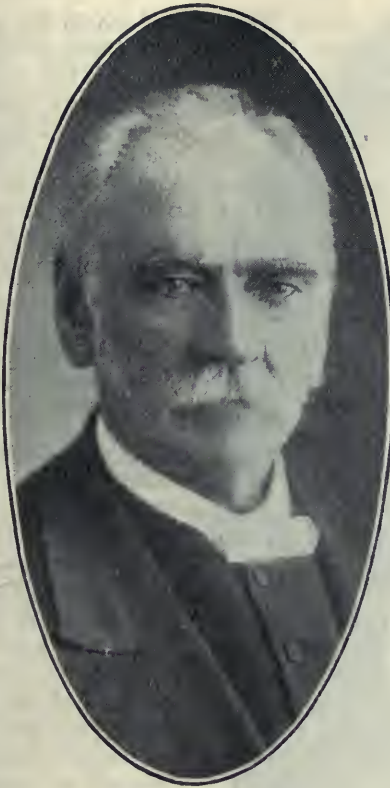
one can hardly contemplate with calmness the splendid moral effect to the community that would accrue if every newspaper in Australasia were to follow this magnificent example. Newspapers, the great lever of public sentiment, could bring into operation in one week the teaching of higher morality in regard to the curse of gambling, which the Churches bravely but now almost fruitlessly strive to inculcate. At present, they are the cause of the failure of the Churches to grapple successfully with this and other evils.

The Curse of Tattersall.

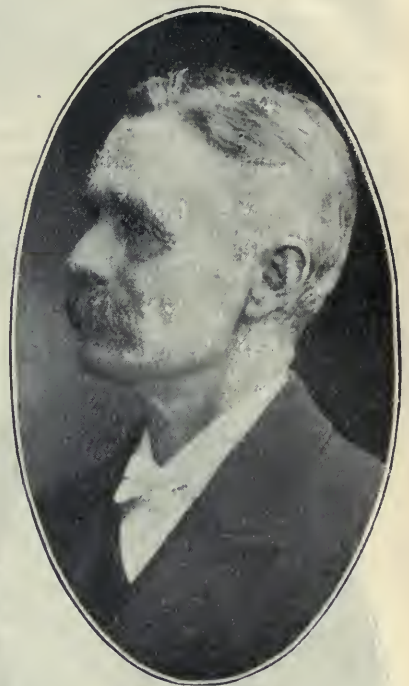
The vigorous and emphatic protest made by the Methodist Conference in Melbourne against the biggest gambling concern in the Southern Hemisphere is not one whit too strong, and their decision to deputationise the Postmaster-General to urge him to enforce the restrictions of the Postal Act with regard to the carriage of postal matter, ostensibly though not directly marked for the headquarters of Tattersall, is most commendable. The growing tendency on the part of Church courts



Rev. W. Burridge,
President West Australian Conference.



Rev. R. Sellors, D.D.,
President of the Jubilee Conference of N.S.W.



Rev. C. H. Ingamells,
President South Australian Conference.

AUSTRALASIAN METHODIST CHURCH CONFERENCES.

to make very emphatic protests against the evils that afflict mankind, and to take very decided steps towards their suppression, is to be hailed with the most intense satisfaction. When the Churches rally all their forces and unitedly hurl themselves against social evils, their might will prove irresistible and the scourges will disappear. The Federal Government observed a proper principle when, in theory, it refused to countenance the use of the Postal Department as a means of furthering the gambling evil, but it has failed to maintain its high standard by allowing this very thing to be done by subterfuge. It would be a master stroke in national integrity were the Federal Government to refuse even indirectly to encourage the monster disgrace, and to exert its strong power to suppress it; but what is needed more is to rouse the conscience of Tasmania to such an extent as to make it determine to cast the evil thing from its borders. As happens so often in private cases, financial reasons are paralysing high principle. The £50,000 which Tasmania reaps annually from Tattersall is an effective

destroyer of its national ideals. Were that consideration out of the way, the difficulty would be removed. But Tasmania has had a hard financial struggle, and the gambling return is a welcome addition to the funds of a State which raises only £32,000 in income tax. Yet surely the Churches of Tasmania can provoke the cultivation of such a healthy sentiment that the State will shake herself free from the torpor which the gambling anæsthetic produces, and return a Parliament pledged to put the evil down. After all, the issue lies in the hands of the electors, and the Churches of Tasmania could undertake no nobler mission than the education of the people for the cleansing of their beautiful country from this terrible blight.

Privy Council or High Court.

Is the Federal High Court a final authority, or can litigants still pass on to the Privy Council? At present this question is involved in mistiness, and it would be well to have it settled. According to a decision of Mr. Justice Hodges, on

an application for leave to appeal to the Privy Council against the judgment exempting the salaries of Federal officers from the income tax, litigants have the right to appeal to the Home authority. He holds that the authority claimed by the Commonwealth to stop legal processes at the bar of the High Court is *ultra vires*, and the curious and impossible condition of affairs appears of a judge of a State Supreme Court granting to a litigant an appeal to the Privy Council on a matter upon which the High Court refuses the right. Now this difficulty must be settled, and at once. Mr. Justice Hodges contends that the right of appeal to the King-in-Council must remain until it is altered directly by the British Parliament, and that the

was hoped that an end had been put to the lengthy and costly processes of reference to the King-in-Council, and to the unsatisfactory judgments sometimes given through want of local knowledge, and the sooner the question is finally settled in that way the better it will be. Indeed, if it be not, the High Court is useless, and may as well be abolished. At present we have the anomalous position of a State judge overriding a decision of the High Court, an inversion of laws and privileges that savours of the ridiculous.

Health of School Children.

In our last issue we referred to the very laudable action of the New South Wales Government in instituting examinations of the teeth of school children, and this month that State again leads the way with regard to general medical examination of school children. A strong deputation from the Child-Study Association waited upon the Minister of Education, urging that the State school children should be medically examined, with the object of remedying many minor defects of vision and hearing, and removing the dangers of spreading disease by infection and contagion. The members of the deputation, who spoke with knowledge, expressed the opinion that 25 per cent. of the children suffered from contagious diseases. As the result of examination of children attending ragged schools, 25 out of 60 were found to be suffering from some complaint. The question is undoubtedly one that calls for action, for upon the health of the children the future of the nation largely depends, and a thorough investigation might lead to the removal of the causes, to the lessening of poverty, the improvement of homes, and the tackling of some of the greater social evils that are so productive of disease. From the evidence submitted, it is evident that there are many children attending school who ought to be in hospitals or public homes. The fact becomes all the more startling when it is evident that State schools may become, and probably are, under present conditions, great establishments favouring the spread of disease. In the general interest, it is to be hoped that Mr. O'Connor, the Minister for Education, will thoroughly investigate the matter and inaugurate reforms.

Mr. Bent's War Upon Combines.

A good deal of comment, jocular and serious, has been hurled at Mr. Bent for purchasing land to start a State Brick Works in order to break up the Melbourne brick combine, but if he performs the latter good work, he will do an immense deal of good. The probability is that if the price of bricks comes down, he will abandon the project; but if it does not, the sooner he starts in the



Talma Photo.]

Dr. Joseph Higgins,
Newly-appointed R.C. Bishop of Ballarat.

Constitution Act did not include the right of the High Court to deal finally with every local case. But, on the other hand, the Constitution authorised the Commonwealth to clothe the High Court with certain powers, and if it had been intended to restrict those powers, it is reasonable to suppose that it would have indicated where the restrictions should lie. But it did not, and the fairest supposition is that it means that the High Court should have full and final authority. And so it ought to be. Local judges are far better able to deal with local matters, as the decisions of the Privy Council have sometimes gone to show. It

better. For the brick monopoly, like all monopolies, bleeds the people. It falls most heavily on the tenant of the small house, whose rent is increased to pay the interest on the increased cost of building the house. House rents are dear enough in Melbourne without being added to by the greed of combines. Mr. Bent is only doing in a small way what President Roosevelt is doing in a larger in trying to break up the Trusts. If he succeeds in his aim, even the scoffers will have reason to thank him. One of the first duties of a State Government is to look after the welfare of the people, and by whatever name Mr. Bent's effort is labelled, it is undertaken solely for the good of the greatest number.

Commercial Morality.

What with short weight jam, loaded leather and adulterated butter, Australian goods are not just now receiving the best of advertisements.

The trouble is that, like ill weeds that grow apace, news of these things carry faster and farther than good news would do. It comes as a shock to the community that these things are done, and it is well that every shortcoming should be exposed. In the case of the jam and the leather, it is being urged that custom has permitted of a species of fraud. that jam has been sold by the tin and not by the pound, and that the loading of leather is known and expected in the trade, but these are foolish and vain excuses, and it is time that both cases should be remedied, and the public supplied in the purest form possible with what it expects it is, paying for. The public is exploited far too greatly, and seeing that it has to pay the piper, it is not too much to ask that it should be supplied with the best. In both cases, however, it would seem, and it is good to be able to note this, that the practices have been confined to one or two firms, and are not general. With regard to butter, there is probably some mistake. A very small portion of preservative is legally permissible, and it may be that the Americans are declaiming against a trifle in order to still further fortify their protective defences, and keep Australian butter out of their market. Judgment regarding this last should be withheld pending fuller particulars.

New Zealand and the Metric System.

New Zealand, ever in the forefront, plunges boldly into reforms where other nations fear to tread, and is now leading the way with regard to the metric system. A proclamation has been issued giving effect to a law passed in 1903, under which the system is to go into operation by proclamation, but not sooner than January 1st, 1906. Twelve months' notice is therefore, by this notice, given of



Melba Photo.]

Sir Jos. Ward, K.C.M.G.

(See page 379.)

the Government's intentions. There is no substantial reason why the system should not be adopted in Australia as well, but the step taken by New Zealand will probably pave the way for its adoption in the Commonwealth.

Reduced Postal Rate.

The first of April was a red-letter day to Mr. Henniker Heaton, whose endeavours to establish a penny post between Britain and Australia were on that day crowned with a great success. Letters may now be sent from Britain to Australia for one penny. It is unfortunate that Australia is not able to follow suit, but it was felt that this could not be done while the twopenny rate prevailed between the States. Seeing that Federation is now accomplished, it is time that this rate was reduced to a uniform rate of one penny. But that cannot long be delayed, and the penny rate to Bri-

tain will then be possible. However, our outward rate has been reduced from twopence-halfpenny to the inland rate of twopence, which is some advancement.

Victorian Closer Settlement.

Mr. Swinburne, M.L.A., Victorian Minister for Agriculture, takes his politics seriously. No Minister will be able to show a record of more devoted and whole-hearted attention to the problem of land settlement. In response to his appeals, the State Government will alienate no more land without special reference to its suitability for closer settlement. Mr. Swinburne is about to make a very practical experiment with regard to an area of 125,000 acres in the south of the State, where the land is of fair quality, and the rainfall good. He is going to establish a small experimental farm of 150 acres, bringing to bear upon the management the best skill of the department's officers, and if it can be proved that a living can be made, he proposes to throw all the land open for closer settlement, and demonstrate how it can be profitably worked. Truly this is on the right lines.

"White Australia."

Mr. Hutchison, M.H.R., has shot himself up into prominence by refusing to travel with the Parliamentary Party to West Australia on a P. and O. boat because they employ black labour. How very funny! Mr. Hutchison has therefore demanded a ticket that will enable him to go by another boat. The position slides out of the region of the comical into that of the ridiculous, and one is inclined to ask whether Mr. Hutchison religiously excludes from his house every article of food that has been manipulated by dark-skinned hands. He should do so, to be consistent, and should forswear the fragrant coffee, the refreshing tea, and the strengthening cocoa, to say nothing of the hundred and one articles of food grown by our brothers who live under the more direct rays of the sun. But how funny it would be were Mr. Hutchison to fall overboard, and were a dark-skinned fellow-passenger to plunge in after him, risking his own life in an effort to save him. Consistently, Mr. Hutchison should not only protest against such salvation, but vigorously resist it, and drown rather than live with the help of coloured hands. The whole thing is ridiculous in the extreme, and we only mention it because it indicates the foolish extremes to which one section of the community conceives that the "White Australia" principle should be carried. There is a sane definition of a "White Australia," one to which most will subscribe, for the mixing of races is not good, but this has no standing in reason.

A Crying Need.

The great danger from fire which exists in public buildings, to which attention is constantly being drawn by huge conflagrations all over the world, where human life is sacrificed through proper means of escape not being provided, and to which Australia is not a stranger, was brought into startling prominence by the fire in a factory in Melbourne during the month. Some seventeen girls employed on the third floor of a factory managed to escape to the second floor on an alarm of fire being sounded, but were unable to reach the ground floor because the stairway was in flames. Fortunately, they were all rescued before the fire had time to reach the front of the building. The escape of the girls is the narrowest that could be imagined, and they grazed tragedy by a hair's-breadth. It ought to have the effect of galvanising the authorities into providing outer iron stairways, so that egress may be effected either from the front or the back of every building where numbers of people are employed, and of constituting a proper responsible authority to see that it is done.

The Mail Contract.

One could imagine a sigh of relief going up from the Australian business world when it became known that the Federal Government entered into an arrangement with the Orient Company to provide a regular mail service between here and Britain. The dislocation that was caused by the temporary disagreement no one outside the business world can imagine, and the Government may be congratulated upon making so satisfactory an arrangement. True the price is something like £40,000 higher than the last contract price, but it is not unduly excessive. For all that, the Orient Company played its cards well. Both parties, however, have gained their ends, for, while the Orient Company receives a greatly enhanced figure, the Government has pulled its demands down, from the £140,000 which was demanded, by a good deal.

The Welsh Revival.

The revival spirit in Wales, referred to in the English History of the Month in our last issue, and which has been largely dealt with in the "Review of Reviews," is creating the widest interest in Australasia, and no one will be surprised to see an outbreak here. Indeed, the attitude of the people may be rather described as one of expectancy. One great feature of the interest here, as in other lands, is the quantity of space which has been devoted to it by secular newspapers, which have played no small part in stimulating interest in the movement. If it develops, it will probably help very greatly towards the solution of the national problems which reformers here are grappling with.

LONDON, March 1st, 1905. By W. T. STEAD.

**The Slaying
of Grand
Duke Sergius.**

The welter of confusion in Russia shows no sign of abating. On February 17th the Grand Duke Sergius — the Tsar's uncle — was blown to pieces by a revolutionist at the gates of the Kremlin. He was forty-eight years of age, grandson-in-law of Queen Victoria, and brother-in-law of the Tsarina. As Governor-General of Moscow he had been conspicuous as a resolute and ruthless upholder of authority, and as such he was the first conspicuous notable sentenced to be executed by the revolutionists. This, of course, is within the rules of the "game of politics in Russia. It is a bloody game," but it has its rules, and assassination is the substitute which Autocracy prefers to risk rather than face the unknown dangers of a parliament. It is to be noted that the assassination of Serge seems to have produced a reaction in favour of the Government among the peasants, and for days after the murder it was hardly safe for students to be seen in the streets of Moscow. The assassin, who was arrested, professes to desire only to free the Tsar from evil advisers, the object of all members of the Opposition, the attainment of which is facilitated in constitutional countries by methods less drastic than the use of bombs charged

with a solution of picric acid. All observers on the spot report that disaffection and discontent among the educated classes are universal, and that the working-classes in the towns are mutinous. The Government can still depend upon the Army and the peasants, and the great machine of the administration never stops.



Photo by]

[Russell and Sons.

The Late Grand Duke Sergius and his Wife.

The Duke was assassinated in Moscow on February 17th. He was born in 1857, and in 1884 married Elizabeth Feodorovna, daughter of the late Princess Alice of Hesse, who was King Edward's sister.

**In the Valley
of
Decision.**

The telegrams from St. Petersburg all through last month contradict each other day by day. The most contradictory assertions related to the intention of the Emperor to summon the Zemski Sobor, the ancient Muscovite National Assembly, to whose action in the seventeenth century the Romanoff dynasty owes the crown. One day we were assured the Zemski Sobor was to be summoned; the next it was declared that the Tsar was so unalterably opposed to the summoning of the Zemski Sobor that the subject must not even be discussed. Then, on the third

day, it was proclaimed that the Tsar had made up his mind to call the Zemski Sobor at once, and leave its members to decide the question of peace and war. The probability is that the Tsar, who is confronted by one of the most momentous issues that can ever face a ruler, is pondering deeply as to what it is his duty to do. But it is difficult to decide to carry out

reforms without a single statesman to help you who has been trained in any other school but that of autocracy, with the dead weight of the whole bureaucracy thrown against you, and with an unpleasant consciousness than any really drastic move towards constitutionalism might lead to a palace revolution, in which you might feel you were not unjustly executed as a traitor to the system which you had sworn to maintain.

The Tsar's Mind.

The usually well-informed special correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" lost his balance badly during the crisis, and telegraphed fairy stories about Provisional Committees and Yermoloff Constitutions and whistling Tsars. But he did telegraph one true thing, that is to say, one thing the source of which is clear and the truth of which is obvious to all who know the Tsar. When Count Tolstoi's son went to see Nicholas II. and recommended him to concede something like the Swedish Constitution to Russia, the Tsar made him the following reply, which so closely accords in spirit with what he said to me years ago, before all these troubles arose, that I have not the slightest doubt that here, at least, we have one authentic bit of truth. The Tsar is reported as having said to young Tolstoi:—

His Majesty stated that he felt called by God to discharge certain arduous duties towards the great Russian people, and he was responsible to God only for the faithful performance of that irksome task. But he is actuated by a selfless love for the nation, and would recoil from no sacrifice to purchase its material and moral well-being. But in matters of that importance there must be no room for doubt. The Emperor would most gladly lay down part of his prerogatives and part of his responsibilities for the good of his subjects if by so doing he knew that he was in truth promoting their welfare. Nay, he would willingly divest himself of all his Imperial privileges and rank if that sacrifice were truly conducive to the improvement of his people's lot.

In fact, he would regard it not as a sacrifice, but as a keen pleasure, for neither his character nor his training has fostered within him a passion for power or a love of responsibility. Left to himself, he would select from life's various pleasures the pure joys of serene family life, unbroken by the carking cares of State. But he is not left to himself. Providence has placed him in a most difficult and unenviable position, where he must stand like a sentry until the duty imposed upon him is accomplished. He cannot grant a Constitution nor concede other less sweeping demands for representative government, not because he is solicitous about the maintenance of his own privileges, but because those desires do not emanate from the Russian people, and their fulfilment would sorely embarrass, not relieve, the nation.

The Zemski Sobor in the Past.

As I have been almost the only Englishman who for the last quarter of a century has steadily and earnestly urged the Tsar to revive the ancient National Consultative Assembly of Mus-

covy, I am naturally delighted to see how Russian opinion has rallied round this particular proposal, which I believe Madame Novikoff was the first to bring before the British public. The first Zemski Sobor was summoned by Ivan the Terrible, in 1550, at a time when Russia was in a terrible state of internal turmoil. Its work was chiefly confined to domestic reform. In 1566 the second Sobor was summoned to advise the Tsar as to whether to make peace or to carry on the war then raging with Poland. In 1584 a third Sobor elected Feodor to be Tsar. Fourteen years later, the fourth Sobor elected Boras Godounoff to the throne vacated by the death of Feodor. The most famous Zemski Sobor was that which was summoned in 1613. It began by placing the first Romanoff on the throne of Russia, and it continued in session for two years. In 1615, 1618, 1619, 1620, and 1622, Zemski Sobors sat at Moscow. They were constantly consulted about both home and foreign affairs. When at last Russia became more tranquil, the Tsar allowed ten years to pass without summoning a Sobor. Wars with Poland and with Turkey, and the urgent need of funds, compelled the reassembling of the Sobor in 1632, in 1634, and in 1642. It was the Zemski Sobor that placed Alexis, the son of Mikhail, on the throne, and in 1648, while we were bringing Charles Stuart to the block, the Sobor was engaged in drawing up a Code of Laws. It met again in 1650, in 1651, and in 1653. After that year the Zemski Sobor was only a consultative shadow of its former self, although it is credited with having chosen Peter the Great as the rightful heir to the throne.

How the Zemski Sobor was Chosen.

The Zemski Sobor was summoned in response to notes sent to the Governors of provinces or arrondissements. Constituencies were compelled to send a minimum number of representatives, but they could send as many more as they pleased. Moscow always sent the largest contingent. In the Sobor sat the representatives of the Government of the palace and of the clergy, who constituted one division. The other division consisted of the representatives of the nobles, the merchants and the peasants, who were elected by their orders, and who deliberated also in their classes. In the earlier Sobors the peasants were only represented by the delegates sent from the towns. In 1613 they were represented by men of their order. The Zemski Sobor met in the palace of the Tsar, and was opened, like an English Parliament, by a speech from the throne. The decisions of the Sobor were not obligatory upon the Tsar. But generally their decisions coincided. Circumstances have

changed so much since the seventeenth century that Nicholas II. need not be particular as to a too exact reproduction of the ancient Zemski Sobor. The one essential thing is that the Tsar and his people should have some recognised method of taking counsel together, and that the ancient Zemski Sobor undoubtedly supplied.

The Opening of Parliament.

The last Session of the ill-omened Parliament of 1900 opened with a long King's Speech on February 14th. Calmly oblivious of their coming doom, Ministers produced the following legislative programme:—

1. Alien Immigration (1904).
2. Unemployed.
3. Scotch Education (1904).
4. Workmen's Compensation Act Amendment (1904).
5. Ministry of Commerce.
6. Valuation Law (1902, 1903, 1904).
7. Naval Prizes (1904).
8. Notification of Accidents.
9. Agricultural Rate Act Renewal.
10. Butter Adulteration (1903).
11. Cases stated for Court of Crown Cases Reserved.

The one novelty in the Speech was the following passage relating to the question of Redistribution:—"Your attention will be directed to proposals for diminishing the anomalies in the present arrangement of electoral areas which are largely due to the growth and movement of population in recent years." Lord Lansdowne, in the debate on the Address, expressed a belief that "we may, after all, be able to take those preliminary measures in reference to Redistribution, and give effect to them in another Session of Parliament." No one, however, has taken these "proposals" seriously.

The Liberal Programme.

Some considerable sensation was occasioned in the second week of the month by the publication of a letter from Lord Spencer, which was mistaken in some quarters as a proclamation of the Liberal programme for the General Election. It was promptly explained that Lord Spencer had merely been thinking on paper for the benefit of Mr. Corrie Grant, and that the Liberal manifesto for the Election has not yet been drawn up. That we can well believe. Of the negative articles in Lord Spencer's written soliloquy nothing need be said. He is, of course, against Protection, against Retaliation, against Preference, against Food Tax. The question of a Colonial Conference must wait until the country has pronounced its opinion on Fiscal Reform. Of positive proposals Lord Spencer made the following:—

EDUCATION.—Schools paid for with public money must be placed under public control, and all sectarian tests abolished for teachers.

LICENSING.—Vested interests of publicans to be limited.

RATES AND TAXES.—Introduce as soon as possible a broad and comprehensive measure to deal with the whole basis and incidence of taxation and rating, which, both in town and country, are now antiquated and need drastic reform.

SOUTH AFRICA.—We must earnestly work towards giving the new Colonies the fullest measure of representative and responsible government, and towards fulfilling all the financial engagements which were made with the Colonists at the close of the war.

CHINESE LABOUR.—Refer the question to responsible Government of the new Colonies. Until this end is fully achieved the Home Government must promote the real interest of all the South African Colonies, without continuing beyond the obligations of existing contracts any system of indentured labour.

IRELAND.—Liberals will always be ready, at the proper moment, to extend the application of the principle of self-government in that country, whose sufferings from misgovernment have so often been a danger to the State.

LABOUR.—Trades Unions to be restored to the *status quo ante* Taff Vale judgment. Compensation for Injuries to Workmen Act to be suspended.

To these add declarations in favour of arbitration, and a protest against extravagance and waste in the national expenditure, and you have Lord Spencer's idea of the Liberal Programme.

A Suet Pudding Programme.

It is a good enough programme, solid and satisfying as a plain suet pudding. It is to be hoped that when the Liberal Manifesto comes to be framed it will be a little more appetising. In the making of manifestoes catching phrases are as important as raisins in a plum pudding. A Committee of three—John Morley, Lloyd-George, and Winston Churchill—should be instructed to frame the Manifesto after the programme has been decided upon by the leaders—who, by the way, ought not to be considered as equivalent to the survivors of the last Liberal Cabinet. After the Manifesto left the hands of the Committee of Three, Mr. A. Birrell might supply garnishing, and the Historic Document could then be sent to the printers. For a weapon in the campaign, Lord Spencer's letter has too little edge to it. The references to Ireland and to Chinese labour are somewhat too much wrapped up in flannel, and the paragraph on retrenchment is not strong enough. It is, of course, unwise for prospective Ministers to be too precise in their promises. But the electors ought to be afforded some hint as to the probable number of millions the new Government will knock off the Army Estimates. They are ten millions higher than they were before the Boer War, which was to do such great things in consolidating the Empire. At least half of that increase ought to be cut down without ceremony.

The Liberals and South Africa.

The best paragraph in Lord Spencer's letter was that in which he committed himself definitely to the two indispensable conditions of peace and security in South Africa—viz., responsible government in both the annexed Republics and the payment of our just debts. We really must desist from cheating our new subjects if we wish them to trust us, and the immediate establishment of full responsible government at Pretoria and Bloemfontein is the only way to escape from an otherwise inextricable tangle of difficulties. Lord Kitchener's assurances must be made good by the immediate establishment of responsible government in the Orange Free State. The excuse for delay in the Transvaal was Johannesburg. There is no Johannesburg in the Free State. Upon this question of the indecency and impolicy of any further delay in keeping our promises, it may be well to quote some remarks of Sir J. Sievwright. When interviewed by the "South African News" (January 12th) he said:—

Had I been High Commissioner, I would have recommended the British Government to set about giving responsible government to the new Colonies when the Vereeniging Peace was signed. A statesman of the Lord Durham type would have done it, with, I believe, as happy results as have flowed from his policy in Canada. . . . In any case, I don't see that the state of affairs could by any possibility have been worse than it appears to be at the present moment.

Sir J. Sievwright is not exactly the type of a wild Radical enthusiast. He is a man of affairs, and he knows what he is talking about.

The Greater Bond.

The Afrikaner Bond is really a Cape Colony institution. It ought to justify its ambitious title by extending its organisation all over South Africa. Instead of doing this, what ought to have been the Transvaal Branch of the Afrikaner Bond is now being organised under the title of Het Volk. The organisation appears to be practically identical with that of the Afrikaner Bond, and it is possible that a different name was chosen to allay Jingo suspicion. If so it was idle. The Jingoists have already declared war on Het Volk as a badly masked Bond. The long and utterly unnecessary delay that has taken place in conceding responsible government to the Transvaal has brought the new organisation into existence, and the threatened production of a more or less fantastic sham of a representative system that will represent no one but the High Commissioner and his nominees provokes from plain men like General Beyers rough words of warning, of which wise men will do well to take

due note. It was not General Beyers, but Sir James Sievwright, a Briton whose interests are bound up with the Empire, who, when asked what would happen if—which Heaven in its mercy forefend!—the Tories were to remain in office and were to refuse to give self-government, said, "That is a prospect no prudent man who knows South Africa would care to speculate about." Even the long-suffering worm turns at last, and the most patient of races may be excused if they discover that their Jingo rulers mean to swindle them once more, as they have so often been swindled before.

The Methuen-Junius Letters.

Mr. Methuen, the publisher, who achieved a reputation as an author at a stroke by his admirable pamphlet issued towards the close of the Boer War, has now distinguished himself again by his "Letters to Mr. Chamberlain." Here is the way in which this modern Junius reckons up the great apostate:—

Unstable as water, tossed about by every new doctrine, the profligate and libertine of politics, you have ruined the two parties of the State. Soldier of fortune, you have known the fierce joy of conflict under every flag. Firm to no anchor, everything by turns and nothing long, irresistibly driven from pole to pole, the mouthpiece of other men's ideas and interests, you have passed through the whole gamut of experience. The champion of Home Rule and its bitterest foe, the author of Majuba, and the destroyer of the Boers, the Jack Cade of Lord Salisbury, and the idol of his nephew, the hero of Free Trade, and the prophet of Protection, Little Englander and Imperialist—each contrary creed inspires in you an equal passion; each varying fashion you defend with the same lucidity. To you causes are but counters, words but baits, figures but illustrations.

It provoked a smile to hear Mr. Chamberlain comparing himself to Cobden. The great Free Trader, it is true, had to fight against tremendous odds and ultimately triumphed. But Mr. Cobden was not afraid of being beaten to-day and to-morrow and the next day, because he was a man of conviction to whom victory was welcome but not essential. With Mr. Chamberlain it is otherwise. If he does not win to-day he begins to fear that he will have to run to-morrow, and if the morrow brings no change of fortune the next day usually finds that Mr. Chamberlain has discovered excellent good reasons for changing sides.

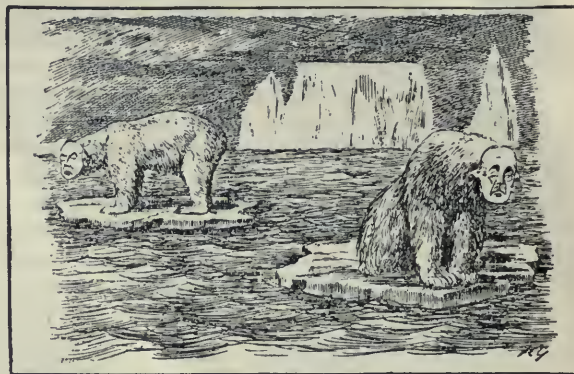
His Dislike of the British Empire.

The latest indication of the profound uneasiness of Mr. Chamberlain at his present forlorn and hopeless position is to be found in his angry discontent with the British Empire. The worst little Englander could not have said more

unkind things about the Empire than Mr. Chamberlain said at Gainsborough on February 1st. A very short time ago the British Empire was the very god of his idolatry. To suggest that it was not the last word of statesmanship, the perfect embodiment of supreme wisdom, was then to write yourself down as a Little Englander and a pro-Boer. But now this ideal perfection of empires has disappeared. Mr. Chamberlain even proclaimed aloud, in the bitterness of his soul, that the British Empire is not an empire at all, and therein he is for once absolutely right. It is, however, rather late in the day for him to discover this, when he has all these years been beating the Imperial tom-tom and persecuting, like another Saul of Tarsus, all who saw the truth before his tardy conversion. Now he tells us the British Empire is "a loose bundle of sticks bound together by a thin tie of sentiment and sympathy," which is "so slender that a rough blow might shatter it and dissolve it into its constituent elements." These be thy gods, O Israel! The result of trying to think Imperially has been somewhat disastrous to the Imperial fetish. Mr. Chamberlain wants to destroy the British Empire as it now is, in order to replace it by an Empire of the kind they make in Birmingham and in foreign parts. But the British Empire as it is is good enough for Britons.

The Verdict of the Country.

The Conservatives succeeded in carrying their candidate for the Everton division of Liverpool, and as the new member is a Fiscal Reformer, and the reduction of the Tory majority was only 26 per cent. on the last recorded in that constituency, some Liberals have been rather glum. There is no reason for dissatisfaction. Upon the polls of 1900 the Liberals show an increase of from 35 to 40 per cent., while the Unionists show a decrease of from 5 to 10 per cent. At Everton there was no contest in 1900. The only polls with which last month's figures can be compared are those of 1885 and 1892—the two years when the Liberals swept the country. Hence it is the more remarkable that the Liberal poll should show a rise of 24 per cent. over the figures of 1885 and 18 per cent. over those of 1892 than to have shown an increase of 40 per cent. over the figures of 1900. If at the General Election all England shows a rise of the Liberal poll of 35 per cent. over the figures of 1885, and a corresponding drop of 10 per cent. of the Unionist vote, the Liberals would have 200 majority. It is curious how difficult it is to make people understand the simple science of electoral meteorology. A Liberal candidate for a London constituency reproved me the other day for my optimism. "Look at Mile End," he said, lugubriously. "Let us look at Mile End," I said. "My dear fellow, you will



Westminster Gazette.]

Drifting Apart: A Bleak Outlook.

simply romp in, if you in your constituency can effect the same displacement of political forces as was registered at Mile End." And the same holds good of almost every seat in the London area.

"A. B." Up.
"J. C." Down.

The net result of the two years' intriguing and manœuvring between the Prime Minister and his formidable ex-colleague and quondam rival is that Mr. Balfour is on the top and Mr. Chamberlain is at the bottom. Mr. Balfour, shifty and nebulous in all other points, has stuck to his guns as to the impossibility of making any alteration in our Free Trade policy until after two general elections, one of which has to sanction the summoning of the Colonial Conference on Preference, and the other to pronounce upon the decision at that Conference. Meantime, Mr. Balfour, by way of postponing the first of these elections to the latest possible date, is dawdling with the question of Redistribution this Session, in order to obtain an excuse for prolonging his existence till next Session, when the question is to be taken up in earnest. No wonder Mr. Long tells us that "it will be a long time, perhaps even a generation," before anything is done in the way of fiscal reform. Mr. Chamberlain and his henchmen declare the question is urgent; they profess to desire an immediate appeal to the country. But they dare not face the constituencies. So the urgent question is hung up to the Greek Kalends, and J. C. is compelled to assent to a decision which seals his own doom.

The Blessing of Protection.

The price of sugar tends steadily upwards, to the no small dismay and indignation of the housewife everywhere. One reason why the Government desire to postpone the General Election is their forlorn hope that the price of sugar may fall somewhat, and that the argument against their fiscal nostrums should not be so very strongly felt in every

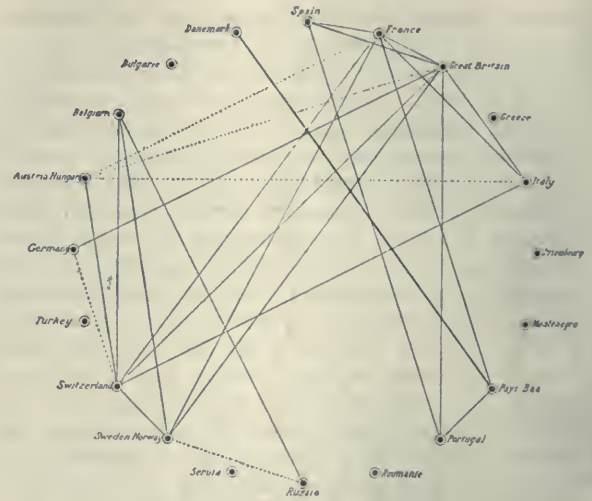
unsugared cup of tea and coffee. The German Reichstag is discussing the new commercial treaties, which entail, among other blessings, increased taxes on imported food. In the course of the discussion it came out that the result of the adoption of the policy of fiscal retaliation which Mr. Balfour hankers after has been that five out of the seven contracting countries threatened by retaliation have promptly raised their tariffs against German goods. It stands to reason that it must be so. And the same result, we may depend upon it, would follow any attempt to carry out Mr. Balfour's policy of arming our negotiators with a big revolver.

How Long Will it Last?

The difficulties of the Ministry increase and multiply, and there are indications that Mr. Balfour is contemplating a desperate effort to force a General Election on the Home Rule issue. Lord Hugh Cecil, one of the staunchest of Free Traders, is now protected by the official Conservative organisation from the Protectionist attack threatened on his seat at Greenwich. Although the outlook is stormy, and although Mr. Balfour's ingenuity and resource are almost superhuman, the pitcher that often goes to the well gets broken at last. And Mr. Balfour's fall can hardly be averted much longer.

The American Senate and the Arbitration Treaties.

The American Senate has a constitutional right to be consulted upon every international treaty, nor can any such treaty be concluded without the approval of two-thirds of the Senators. This



Arbitration Treaties concluded since 1899.

provision wrecked the first Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. It has now endangered all the whole series of arbitration treaties which the President had negotiated providing for the automatic reference of unimportant disputes to the Hague Court whenever arrangements were made for such reference by the Governments concerned. The Senate took alarm at this provision. Every such arrangement, they insisted, must be regarded as a separate international treaty which is null and void until approved by a two-thirds majority of the Senate. It is the fashion to speak of this decision arrived at as if it were fatal to the treaties. This is not neces-



Ohio State Journal.]

What the Tariff does for the American Mercantile Marine.



Ohio State Journal.]

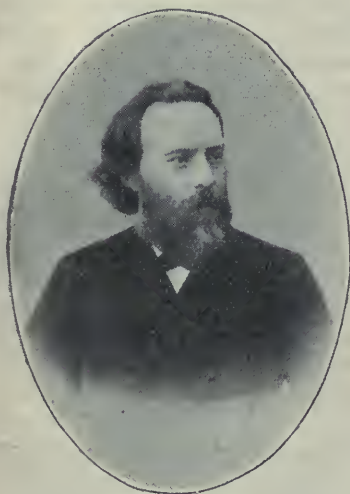
Who Gets the Benefit?

sarily the case. All that has been done has been to assert the right of the Senate to be consulted as to the terms of the arrangement or "compromis" which must always precede any reference to arbitration. Some idea of the number of arbitration treaties that have been entered into since the Hague Conference may be gained from the ingenious diagram reproduced from a most useful little book, "Désarmons

les Alpes," which has just been issued by M. Gaston Moch.

Where the Trade-
does not
Follow the Flag.

One of the most popular excuses for war is that it is necessary to cut throats to secure markets. Apart from the morality or immorality of this doctrine, our experience in Egypt seems to



Professor Kariëff.

(A Reformer, who was arrested.)



M. Hotsky, Liberal Reformer.

(Editor of the *Nasha Tisu*.)



M. Souvorine.

(Editor of *Novoye Vremya*.)



Vladimir Korolenko, a Liberal.

(Editor of *Russkoe Bogetstvo*.)



Prince Galitzin.

(Mayor of Moscow, and a Reformer.)



Prince Troubetzkoi.

(Reforming President of the Moscow Zemstvo.)

A GROUP OF RUSSIAN REFORMERS.

prove that although we spent millions in securing a predominant position in the valley of the Nile, it is Germany, which never spent a penny or killed a man, that has reaped the increase of trade. Twenty years ago 37.7 per cent. of the imports into Egypt came from Great Britain, last year our proportion had fallen to 34 per cent. Twenty years ago Germany only exported 0.4 per cent. of the total imports into Egypt; last year she exported 4 per cent., a tenfold increase in twenty years. We lost 3.7 per cent. of the import trade; Germany gained 3.6. Whatever else these figures prove, they do not exactly encourage the idea that fighting for markets is a profitable investment of capital.

The Revival.

There is no abatement in the Revival in Wales. Magistrates continue to report with gratifying monotony upon the unprecedented diminution of the charges at their Courts. The power that seems to be wielded by Mr. Evan Roberts is increasing. He is overwhelmed with pressing invitations to all parts of the kingdom. He has hitherto refused to leave the Principality, and has declined even to visit Cardiff. He accepts or refuses invitations according as he is directed by the inner illumination of the Spirit. Since George Fox's time we have never had any religious leader who has so constantly, so unhesitatingly claimed to be directed in all his movements by the Divine Spirit. From various parts of the country reports pour in, telling of a quickened interest in religion. This is not confined to any one denomination or to any one country. Great religious awakenings are reported from Schenectady and from Denver, where recently, on a week-day, four hundred business houses closed their doors and 35,000 people crowded into the places of worship in answer to a proclamation of the mayor, and the State Legislature adjourned for the day. There is great interest manifested in France in the Welsh Revival. But it is in Russia where the greatest results may be expected. More liberty is already allowed to the students, and already there is a stirring among the people. At Kharkoff we are told that—

A great conference, extending over a week, has just been held. It was attended by delegates representing most of the great religious sects in the South. The question under discussion was whether or not a man can imitate Christ and lead such a life as He led. It was decided to subscribe funds with the object of establishing a village in the neighbourhood of Kharkoff. This village is to be populated by some 2000 men and women, who wish to prove that they can live their lives according to Christ's example. All the property and ground is to belong to the sect.

It is a sign of the times—and a hopeful one.

Church and State at Home.

The National Free Church Congress meets in great force at Manchester this month, when we may expect to hear the final blast of the Nonconformist trumpet on the Education Question in England and in Wales before the General Election. There is some doubt as to whether the National Church Congress will meet at all this year, owing to the difficulty of finding a place in which to assemble. The Royal Commission continues its inquiries in Scotland, and, despite its incomprehensible refusal to take evidence as to the wishes of the donors of Church property, a good deal of evidence on that point is brought before them. It is now reported that the Lord Chancellor was fully persuaded in his own mind that all the property of the United Free Church was subscribed in the forties under the influence of Dr. Chalmers' eloquence. We can well believe it. Lord Halsbury's wits went wool-gathering over Predestination when he should have been concentrating his attention upon the vital question of the origin of the property at issue. Another minor question affecting the Church and State controversy has been raised by the attempt of the Paddington local authorities to rate the places of worship used by Passive Resisters on the ground that they are not exclusively used for religious services.

Church and State in France.

If our State Churchmen were now and then to cast an eye across the Channel, they might think twice and even thrice before forcing the issue of Disestablishment and Disendowment to the front. The Bill for the Separation of Church and State which M. Rouvier's Ministry has laid before the Chamber is a much more moderate measure than that of M. Combes'. But how would our Anglicans like to face such a provision as that which deprives the Church of all its ecclesiastical buildings after a period of two years' grace, and then only permits the Church to rent them on a ten years' lease? The Liberation Society has never, or, at least, not yet, dreamed of dealing in any such drastic fashion with the property of the Anglican Church. It has always been assumed that the Disestablished Church would be dowered with its cathedrals, churches, etc., as a parting legacy from the State. But if the French precedent be followed, the Episcopal Church would have to pay rent for all its ecclesiastical buildings, and after twelve years it might see itself dispossessed by some religious or secular rival who offered a higher rent. The peril may be remote, but the object-lesson in France ought to make our enterprising Primate walk warily when next a snap election renders it possible for him to snatch an unfair advantage at the cost of the Nonconformists.

The Marriage Alliance with Sweden.

We are all pleased that at last we draw closer to Sweden. Scandinavia is the motherland of many of us. The old Scandinavian sea kings were much more romantic ancestors to boast of than the Germans from whom also many of us have sprung. But hitherto, while we have married no end of princes and princesses into Germany, we have not sent any of them to Stockholm. Now a welcome change has been made by the betrothal of the daughter of the Duke of Connaught to the grandson of the King of Sweden.



Photo. by G. Florman.]

The Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway.

Born 1858; married, 1881, to Princess Victoria of Baden.

King Oscar last month practically retired from the business of kingship, leaving the Crown Prince to undertake the responsibilities of a throne not yet vacated. The Duke of Connaught's daughter, Queen Victoria's granddaughter, becomes the granddaughter-in-law of King Oscar, and will ultimately be Queen of Sweden. As one of the reasons for tolerating the survival of monarchies is that their scions constitute valuable assets for the matrimonial alliance market, it is always satisfactory when, as in the present case, we make a good investment of part of our royal stock.



Photo. by Lafayette, Dublin.]

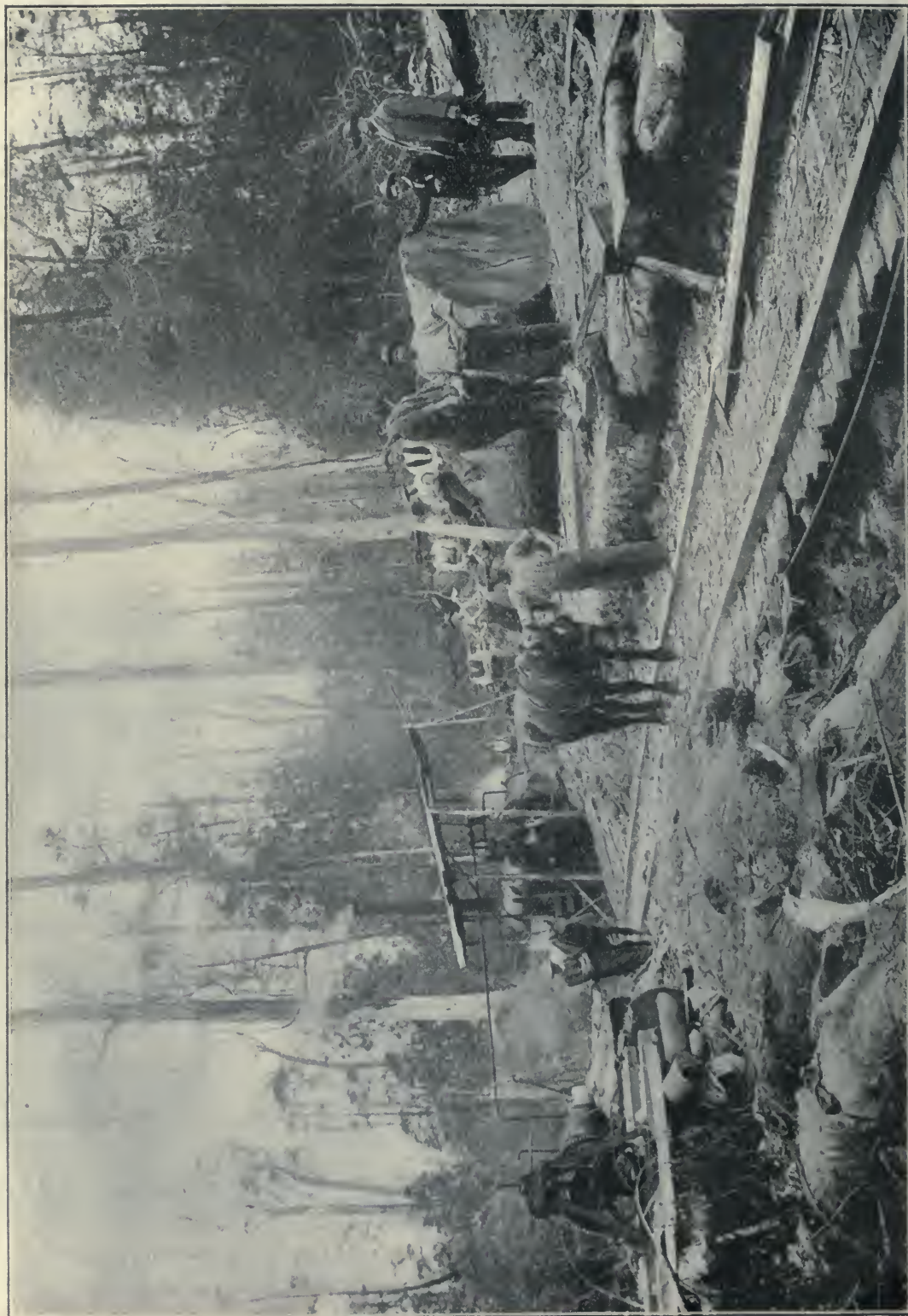
Princess Margaret of Connaught.



Photo. by Florman, Stockholm.]

Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.



AT THE LOADING PLATFORM.

The log has just been dragged in by the hauling engine. At left is the hand winch used for getting the log on the bogies. The wooden tramway is shown. This station is deep in the bush, five or six miles from the mill.

AUSTRALASIAN INDUSTRIES.

V.—SAW-MILLING.

THE INDUSTRY IN TASMANIA.

By HENRY STEAD.

Although timber has been won from the great forests of Tasmania for many years, it is only recently that the saw-milling industry there has assumed large proportions. To-day the hard woods from the apple-growing State are to be found all over the world, as railway sleepers, as wood-paving blocks, as beams, and as piles of all descriptions. The fact has often been commented on that the piles which are being used in the construction of the piers and breakwaters at Dover, where the Admiralty are making extensive improvements, were

mostly shipped from the Dover jetty in the D'Entrecasteaux Channel, near Hobart. Trains in South Africa, India, New Zealand and Australia run over sleepers sawn from the mighty trees which stood in Tasmanian forests long before the settler set foot in the land. In Manila the American victors and the vanquished Filipinos drive and ride over streets paved with blocks sent from mills in Southern Tasmania. The fact that blue gum does not float, but sinks, gives it an especial value in building piers, and for every work in the water



In the Forest Primeval,
Cutting away the bark to make ready for the crosscut saw.



The Scaffolding Round the Tree to be Felled.

where it is desirable that, if destroyed, the debris should disappear at once and not remain floating about as a menace to shipping. This very quality, however, adds greatly to the difficulties of the saw-miller. Logs cannot be floated anywhere; they must be carried, and their great weight makes their handling an arduous task.

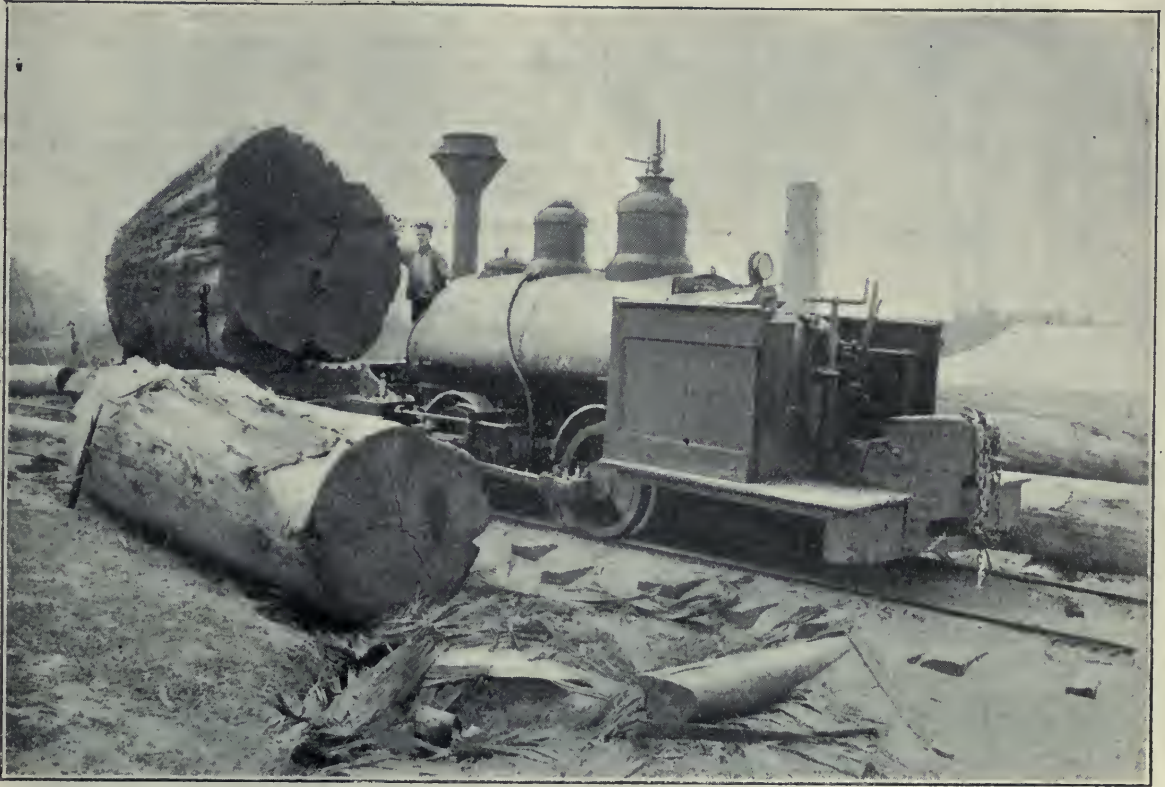
To English eyes, the Australian forest has always a ragged and unkempt look. The trim elms and oaks, beeches and pines of Europe find no counterpart here. The gum is everywhere; blue gum, swamp gum, and stringy bark, hardly distinguishable by the uninitiated, rise towering from an under bush of tree ferns and saplings, only throwing out their grotesque limbs a hundred or more feet from the ground. The gums of Tasmania are chiefly trunk, which is, of course, highly desirable from the saw-miller's point of view, but does not tend to beauty in a landscape. Few leaves, irregular bare branches which wave not at all in the breeze, and a huge trunk towering up for two or three hundred feet is all the gum tree has to show, and yet it possesses a wonderful fascination which grows on the observer hour by hour. Even the long strips of bark hanging forlornly pendant from the crooked limbs cease ere long to give only the impression of untidiness first produced. There is little beauty,

however, in a hill crowned with giant trees standing like huge telegraph poles along the sky line, and in the general landscape light and shade are woefully missing. Large areas of the scrub have been burnt by the bush fires, and everywhere dead trees stand mournful and gigantic reminders of their fierce power. The saw-miller's dread is a bush fire. With infinite labour he may have run his tramway into a bit of good timber, but perhaps before he has even started work a fire sweeps over the district, leaving, it is true, all the trees standing, but dead and useless, whilst the tram lines will have been licked up like matchwood. The traveller in Australia quickly comes to the conclusion that the most typical of all scenery there is formed by the miles and miles of ringed trees standing stark and dead in the great paddocks. In Tasmania dead trees are also a typical feature, but they have been killed by fire, not by man. They stand not in grassy lands, on which flocks may graze and multiply, but in dense underbush which springs up with marvellous rapidity after a fire has passed.

Saw-millers take up what is called a timber lease. That is to say, they lease land from the Government, which gives them the right to remove the big timber. When all the marketable trees have been cut down, the lease is thrown up. At present the lease is £1 per 100 acres. There are, of course, several conditions which must be complied with, the chiefest being that for an area of 1000 acres taken up in timber lease, a 14-horse power mill must be erected. A saw-miller cannot hold leases in different parts of the island unless he puts up a mill in each place, even although the mill he



* The shoe is shown immediately in front of the butt, with chain attached. One of the cuts in front of the log to hold the wire which is connected with a dog driven into the log, is also shown. Note also how the saplings are crushed by the log.



The Bush Locomotive.

may be working on one selection is of sufficient horse-power to cover the total acreage he may have leased. A royalty of 1s. (formerly 6d.) per thousand super feet is paid to the Government on blue and other gums. On huon pine and other timbers the royalty is 5s. per thousand super feet. On a good sized gum, therefore, the sawmiller would have to pay a royalty of about 8s. The unit for the measurement of timber in Tasmania is 12in. long, 12in. wide, and 1in. thick. This is termed one foot super. An 18ft. plank, 12in. wide, and 1in. thick would, therefore, be spoken of as 18ft. super. If 2in. thick, it would be 36 feet super. An 18ft. log of average diameter contains, roughly, from 1500 to 1800 feet super. As 1000ft. weighs about three tons, it will be seen that to handle a blue gum log is no easy matter. A tree is "felled," and the men who do it are called "fallers." This word has been coined by the sawmiller, "felling" never being used. For "falling" a tree five men are generally required; two others attend to hauling the logs, another puts the log on the trucks, and an engineer in charge of the stationary hauler completes the party. The trees to be felled are selected by the bush foreman in charge of all the different falling parties employed by the mill. The bushmen are able to tell very accurately whether

a tree is sound or not, and how far cracks go into the trunk. In some cases a tree is "ringed" some months before it is "felled." The tree having been selected, a light scaffolding, some six or eight feet high, is erected round it. The neighbouring saplings supply the uprights and the cross pieces. Four uprights, each with a fork at the top, are put round the condemned monster about three feet from it. The cross pieces are fastened to these with strips of bark. Other cross pieces are lashed parallel to them, close to the tree, gaining support from it. Sheets of bark are laid across the cross pieces on two sides of the tree, forming a somewhat flimsy but quite adequate platform on which to work. The men then climb up and begin to chop away the bark ready for the saw. Very insignificant look scaffolding and men, but in a couple of hours the tree towering above them will be stretching its length upon the ground. What took decades on decades, nay, centuries, to grow is felled in a few minutes. Before the scaffold is erected, the fallers have decided which way the tree is to fall, and they cut through the trunk accordingly. Most of the work is done with a large, double-handed cross-saw. Great care is exercised in order to make sure that the first cut is perfectly straight. A third man holds and steadies the saw in the middle



The Track Gouged Out by the Logs being Hauled Down to the Loading Platform is here shown.

for this purpose. Whilst the saw is biting deeper and deeper towards the heart of the tree, two axemen are attacking the opposite side, taking care to chop what is called "the calf" a good deal lower than the saw cut on the other side. A step is thus made which insures that the tree falls in the right direction. Swinging axes and flying chips make a far showier picture than the biting cross-cut, but the saw is far the quicker. Steel wedges are driven in behind it, so that there is no chance of it jamming. When rather more than half through, the saw is taken out. The handles are arranged so that when detached the saw can be pulled out without having to come back through the cut it has made. Wedges are then driven into the higher cut by the two men who are now left on the platform. Slowly the huge trunk begins to totter, and the men slide down the uprights, raising a warning cry. Almost imperceptibly the tree top bends downwards, and then with a rending noise the whole trunk lurches into the air, and falls in a majestic sweep to the earth. A very peculiar feature of the fall is that the trunk does not pivot on the stump, but the whole tree seems to step forward at once. The crash of broken limbs echoes all over the forest, and a blinding dust rises as the rotten bits of wood are powdered by the fall. Hardly is the trunk still when the men are on it,

marking it off in the lengths required at the mill. The fallen giant looks much larger when lying prone on the earth than when standing stately amongst its fellows. As soon as the lengths are all marked, the cross-cut saw gets to work, and the great trunk is speedily divided into logs. Having completed this operation, the falling party goes off to another victim.

The men whose duty it is to haul the log to the point where it can be loaded on to the trucks, or bogies, do their work with a pair of horses, a wire rope, a steel shoe, and a powerful stationary hauling engine called the hauler. This is situated at the end of the tramway which stretches from the bush to the mill. It has a powerful drum upon which the wire rope pulling the log is wound in. This wire is generally some 600 yards long, so that the effective area of a hauler is limited to a circle of its own radius, roughly 250 acres. It depends, of course, entirely upon the number and quality of the trees on this area as to the length of time a hauler can stay in the same spot, but sometimes it remains as long as six to twelve months. The logs which are hauled down soon make a deep track through the bush, and all logs are subsequently hauled to this track, along which they proceed rapidly to the loading platforms. The wetter the track is, the more easily the logs glide along it, and consequently rain is welcomed—by the haulers, at any rate.

The method of hauling a log, weighing, it may be, some four to thirteen tons, is as follows:—Two horses attached to a wire rope drag it through the bush to the log. This rope goes through various pulleys termed leading blocks on its



Fastening the Wire to Haul the Log off the Trolleys at the Mill.

way to the engine, as the road is rarely straight from where the fall has taken place to the hauler. These pulleys are ingeniously arranged so that the wire can be quickly slipped out when the log approaches them. They are securely anchored to stumps by chains or wire ropes. The end of the rope is then passed round the log, and fastened to it. The bushmen shout to the engineer, the wire tightens, and the great log is dragged out of the trunk, and clear of its fellows. A shout stops the machinery, and the horses then bring up the shoe. This is a flat piece of steel some four feet square. It is bent in the centre, and at one end is a hole. Its duty is to slip under the end of the log, and prevent it plunging itself into the earth, and also to facilitate progress over the ground when hauling begins. The life of a shoe, steel though it be, is very brief, as the strain on it is tremendous. The bushman bores two augur holes close together into the log near the top at one end, and drives in a dog. This is a heavy piece of steel bent into a hook which grips the log tightly. A similar dog is driven in at the other side, and the two are connected together with a wire rope, which runs round the fore end of the log in notches cut near the bottom, which keep it in position. This wire is

fastened to a chain leading through the hole in the shoe and attached to the hauling rope. No attempt is made to put the shoe beneath the log. It is forced under as soon as the hauling begins. The signal is shouted, and the log leaps away towards the track. Saplings are crushed flat as if a steam roller had gone over them. Fallen trunks are surmounted with ease, and as the log goes crashing on its irresistible way, the air is heavy and sweet with the smell of eucalyptus, myrtle, musk and sassafras from the crushed and mangled saplings. Except for brief stops at the pulleys, the log makes no pause until the whole of the wire has been wound into the drum and it reaches the loading platform.

The work the bush horses have to do is rough and hard in the extreme. It is impossible to avoid accidents, and they get much cut about, though very great care is taken of them. They develop a surprising knowledge of what to do, and, more important still, how to avoid breaking wires and falling trees. A horse for this work is worth from £28 to £40, for it must be very good of its kind. A poor animal breaks down at once. Occasionally a horse is killed by a falling tree, or injured by the hauling wire. The usual trouble is that they get



Log on Bogies Running Down to the Mill:
The driver holds the rope which works the brakes.

staked in floundering through the bush dragging the shoe to the logs.

Arrived at the loading platform, the dogs are knocked out, and the shoe is pulled from beneath the log. The haulers then go off with wire and shoe for the next log. The logs are taken down to the mill on short trucks or bogies, as they are called. These are very clearly shown in our photo. on page 345. The frontispiece shows the hauling engine with its drum, the log that has just been dragged down, the cross-cut saw used, and the horses. It also shows the wooden tramway and the winch for hauling the logs on to the bogies, and the wires which are used for dragging it down to the main tramways. The two bogies are placed into position on the tram lines by the winch, and are so arranged that the two ends of the log rest one on each. A wire with a steel dog at the end is led from the winch round the log lying on the platform. The loader winds the wire in with the winch, and the log rolls on to the bogies. Great care is required to get it plumb; the trunk being irregular generally causes one end to roll more quickly than the other. Each bogie has four wheels, and is very stoutly built, weighing over half a ton. The log rests upon a pivoted wooden bar, fitted with strong iron teeth which bite into it. Wooden chocks which fit between the teeth prevent the log rolling over too far, and when in position it is chocked up on the other side. Each bogie is fitted with a powerful brake worked by a lever some $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. The two levers are connected by means of ropes and pulleys. The driver can stop his charge even on a steep descent with ease. In our photo., although the brakes are not shown,

the man seated on the log is holding the brake rope in his hand. The loaded bogies are generally dragged by means of a wire rope to a winding engine which is situated at the junction of two or more tramways tapping different parts of the forest. A pair of horses follow the log on its journey, and wait at the winding engine until more bogies come up to be taken to the loading platform. At the same time they pull the wire rope out again from the winding engine to the platform ready for the next log. The tramways on which the logs are taken down to the main line are made entirely of wood. The rails are sawn at the mill, the sleepers are split in the bush. As shown in the frontispiece, they are laid close together, as horses have to go over them. The wooden rails are fastened to the sleepers with wooden pegs, which hold them firmly in position. The rails often require renewing, as the heavy log loads soon wear them down. The tramway often goes over rather hilly country, and sometimes is more than a mile in length. Wherever possible, the main line is so arranged that the logs run down from the bush to the mill of themselves. Where this cannot be done, a locomotive takes several of them down at once, or, in small mills, horses are employed. At Hopetoun the line from bush to mill is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and has several rather abrupt curves. Logs run down the $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles in from 11 to 18 minutes. Occasionally spills occur when the men exceed the speed limit, but they generally manage to save themselves. Our illustration on page 345 gives a very good idea of a log running down to the mill taken at the moment it is crossing one of the trestle bridges. To go down



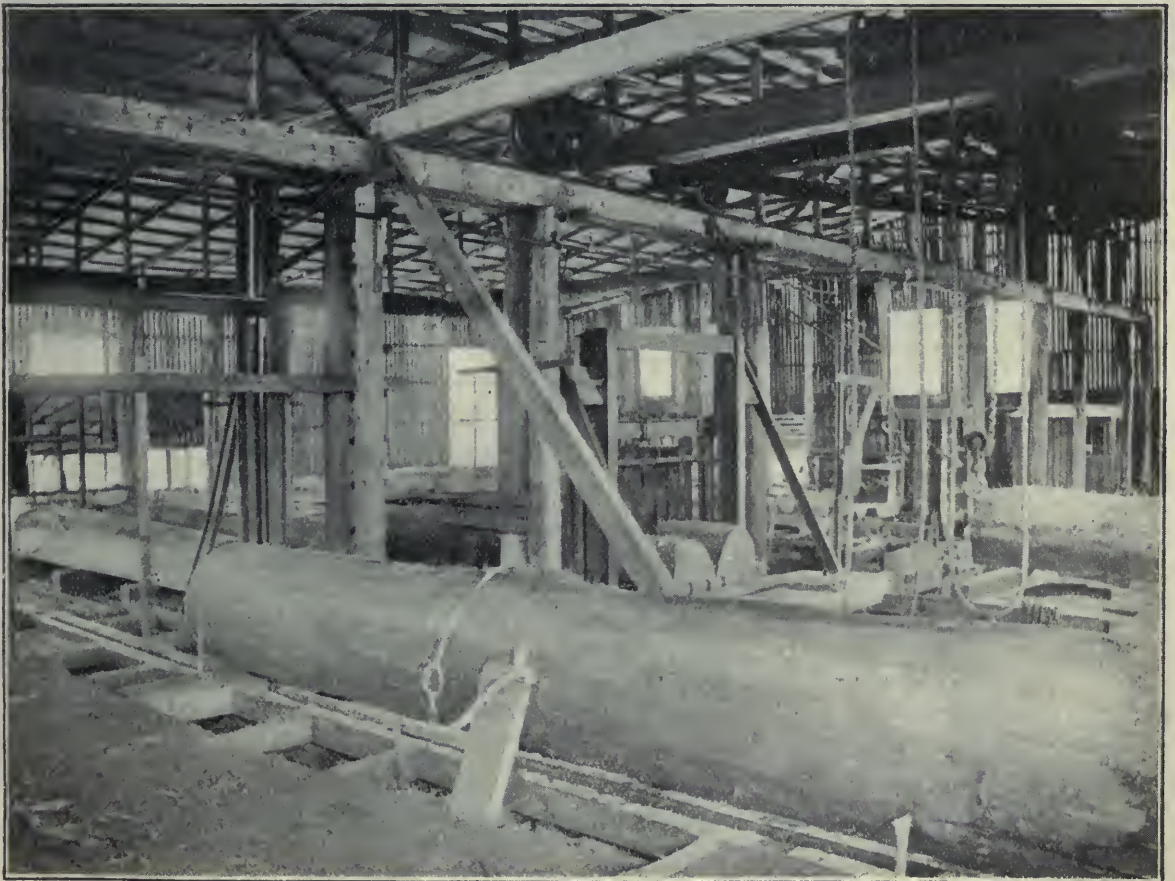
The Mill and the Mill Yard

on a loaded bogie the first time is rather a thrilling experience. When all the logs from the different haulages have run down and been left at the mill, a small but powerful locomotive takes the empty bogies back to the bush—a very uphill journey. While it is delivering them to the various loading platforms, the loaded bogies which have accumulated at the railhead are run down, the loco. following later. This goes on all day, from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. A record is kept of each log as it arrives at the mill, together with its measurements. The royalty to the Government is paid on this record.

The method of dragging a log off the bogies at the mill is the same as that for getting them on, except that a steam winch is used. As soon as the log is off, the bark is cut away—a very easy process—and then it is drawn down a chute into the mill. In Canada, where the soft pine is the principal tree milled, band saws can be used. They have, so far, however, not proved satisfactory when dealing with the hard gums of Tasmania. What is called a breakdown saw, an upright one working in a frame, is universally used for cutting the logs



Cutting Paving Blocks.
The inspector is measuring them.



Interior of Mill.

Showing log chocked up on the travelling platform ready to be cut by the breakdown saw. The overhead cranes are seen with the depending ropes which operate them. A log in halves lies on extreme left of picture. Two others are going through the flitching frame, being cut by the saws into flitches.



Interior of Mill,
Showing one of the circular saws, travelling cranes, etc.

in half, lengthwise. When the log reaches the bottom of the chute, it is rolled on to a travelling platform, which leads through the frame, in the centre of which the breakdown saw moves up and down. The log is carefully chocked upon the platform, which slowly forces it against the saw. The speed of the platform is regulated by a man who is guided in his work by the sound of the cut, which varies with the hardness of the wood. Wedges are put into the cut as soon as the saw is well in, and every now and again a jet of water is played upon it to keep it cool. A double-ended dog is hammered into the butt of the log to keep it together, and as soon as the cut is completed a similar dog is fastened into the other end. When the breakdown has almost cut through the log, a short chain is thrown over the top, in the centre, to each end of which two strong steel dogs are attached. These are hammered into the log on either side. An overhead travelling crane is brought over the platform and attached to this chain. The crane easily swings the four to thirteen ton log up into the air, and carries it along to another platform. When the crane has the log in the exact position required over the platform, the dogs in each end are knocked out, and the log falls on the platform in two halves, each on its flat surface. The halves are then picked up by the crane and conveyed to the flitch-

ing frames. These are similar to the breakdown saw, but not so powerful; double circular saws are sometimes used in their place. Their duty is to cut the half logs lengthwise into strips called flitches. The saws are set at whatever distance apart the work requires. Unless the log happens to be a particularly large one, the two halves go side by side through the flitch frames. When the flitches are cut, they are passed on to the circular saws. These rapidly-whirling discs of steel are in charge of a benchman, and the way in which they tear their way through the huge hard flitches is a rather awesome sight. They have no mercy on anything which reaches their fearful teeth. Small wonder that hardly a man engaged in saw-milling can show hands with their full complement of digits, yet the absence of one, two, or even three fingers does not seem to interfere much with their capacity for work, and skilful work at that. Great judgment is needed, not in cutting the wood the actual size required, but in utilising the portions of the flitches which cannot be cut to that measure. The benchman cuts these up into various standard lengths, which are always marketable. In order to handle the heavy timber when feeding to the circular saws, a small travelling table is used. This is well shown in our photo on this page; the man on the extreme right is shown seated on it. When the timber

leaves the bench it goes on to another circular saw called the docker. This is pulled down by hand upon the wood, and cuts it into the lengths required. It is the only saw in the mill which cuts the wood across the grain; all the others cut lengthwise. The timber is now the required size, and it is examined and passed on to the waiting trucks which convey it to the pier for shipment. The other wood, cut to different standard sizes, is sorted and stacked with its own kind in the yards. The timber which can be used for nothing else is docked into convenient lengths, and stacked to be sold as firewood. The gum makes excellent fuel, and as it burns without the slightest splutter there is no risk from sparks.

A dead loss of from 20 to 25 per cent. of the timber has always to be allowed for. If a bad log comes down to the mill, it has to go through and be cut up, even if the whole eventually goes for firewood, as it is the only way in which it can conveniently be got rid of. The loss of jarrah, which cuts up badly, is often as much as 60 per cent.

One of the many troubles which beset the saw-miller is the question of the disposal of the saw-dust. In a large mill several tons of it have to be removed daily. Endless belts are used which circulate beneath the floor of the mill, and convey the dust to a hopper outside. From there it falls into a cart, which takes it away and dumps it somewhere in the vicinity. Thus far no use has been found for it. It is one of the waste products.

All large mills are situated on the water, so that the timber can easily be loaded into the ships. It is a pretty sight to see the centre-board timber barges—schooner rigged—tacking to and fro on their way to the harbour. Small orders are sent by barge, but large consignments are shipped direct on to vessels which call at the mill jetties for the purpose. Our photo. shows one of the China boats loading wood blocks at the Hopetoun jetty for Manila. The barque on the right is the ill-fated "Accacia," the remnants of whose six months' old wreck have just recently been discovered.

The work in the bush is very healthy, if somewhat dangerous. Work goes on, rain or shine, the whole year round. It only ceases when a high wind blows. Then the tall trees sway and crash together, and the falling branches, or limbs—to use the bushmen's terms—make work impossible. Ordinarily the stillness of the bush is only broken by the chop, chop of the insistent axe, the shrill whistle of the hauling engines, or the distance-mellowed shouts of the men. The occasional crashing fall of a forest monarch can be heard for miles like muttering thunder. When a fierce wind blows through the mighty gums, however, a perfect fury of sound is heard. One would almost say that an artillery duel was in progress.

The men receive an average of 6s. 6d. per day. They live rent free in houses provided by the mill, and have free access to the stacks of firewood.

The photographs illustrating this article are al-



Steamer Loading Paving Blocks for Manila at the Hopetoun Jetty. The Sailing Vessels are Loading other Timber.



The Hooper into which the Sawdust is Delivered from the Mill.

The horse and cart are to be seen beneath.

most all taken at the Hopetoun Mill, where Mr. Henderson, of the Tasmanian Timber Corporation, courteously gave me every facility for observing the industry on the spot. Although the methods described differ in various mills, the general principle everywhere when dealing with hard woods is the same as in the Hopetoun Mill, which is one of the largest in the State, and employs very up-to-date methods.

We have received complaints from some of our subscribers that they have not received their copies punctually. Every name is checked in our office with the greatest care, and if any subscriber does not receive his copy, he may be sure that the fault does not lie with us. We shall take it as a favour if anyone who does not receive his copy promptly after publishing date will let us know immediately, rather than waiting for a few days to see whether it arrives. We shall make the strictest enquiries in every case from the Post Office to try and trace where the copy has gone astray.—EDITOR.

The photograph on page 322 shows some oxen in the bush. Some of the smaller mills employ these beasts in the place of horses. They are, however, very slow, and it requires two of them to do the work of one horse. They seem, however, to escape injury better than the more powerful animals.

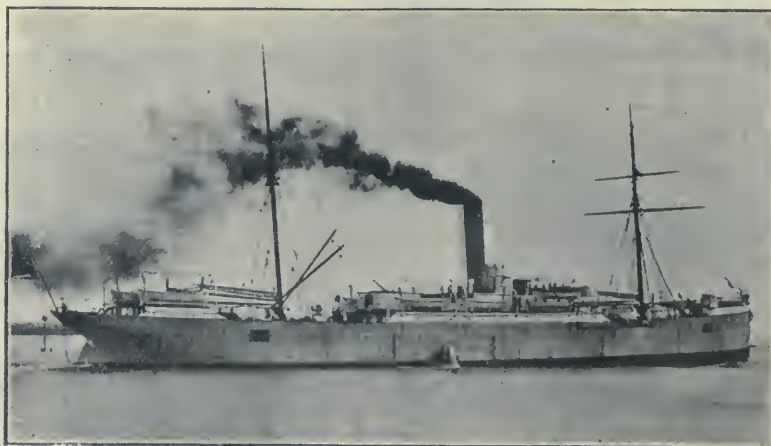
I cannot bring this article to a better conclusion than by reproducing some spirited verses which seem to have caught the very spirit of sawmilling. They are by Mrs. Robinson, of Hopetoun:—

THE SONG OF THE CIRCULAR SAWS.

Oh, they rip, and they scream, and they tear,
With their teeth in the blue-gum set,
And we shuddering sigh, as they circling fly,
To think how those teeth may be wet.
Header-in, feed the dragon with care;
Tailer-out, guide the plank straight and true;
For the lives of men and of fathers lie
The wrong side of an inch or two!

Like some fabulous monster of old,
Your tribute you daily demand,
Lo, your myrmidons lie, for the virgin supply,
The bushmen with axes in hand;
Titanio the labours that tear
The heart from the primeval bush,
Steam-power, horse-power, and men,
With brains, and with sinews at push.

Unsated, ferociously keen,
You snarl, and you crunch, and you chew,
And whole forests must lie with head in the dust
To fill up the larder for you;
Giant logs bound on trollies swing in;
Break them down without hindrance or pause,
For logs—more logs—and logs overmore,
Is the song of the circular saws.



Earl Fitzwilliam's ill-fated Treasure-Seeking Expedition.
(His yacht the "Veronique.")

AUSTRALIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

A WONDER-WORKER OF SCIENCE.



Thornless Cactus Leaf and Cactus Fruit.

Under the heading, "A Wonder Worker of Science," the March *Century Magazine* contains an article which is fraught with information of the greatest interest to Australians. The man who could cover our arid regions with vigorous and useful plant life would be conferring upon the continent a blessing which could never be calculated in figures. The major portion of our continent is, under present conditions, useless. The only thing which seems to thrive in some parts is prickly cactus, which, however, is not only absolutely useless, but a positive pest.

Several Australians have set themselves to solve the problem of making the cactus fit for animal consumption, but they have signally failed. The huge protective spicules have condemned every effort to failure.

But a veritable wonder-worker in science, Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, who has devoted his life to the study of plant life, and who, by careful elimination and cultivation, has produced more new forms of fruits, nuts, trees, flowers, and plant life in general than any other man who has ever lived since the dawn of creation, has managed to transform the prickly cactus to such an extent that it may become a veritable boon to those who dwell in arid parts of the earth. Scarcely a decade ago, Luther Burbank was virtually unknown to the world. By his relatives, and even by scientific men, he was looked upon with scorn and derided as a charlatan.

"But last year more than six thousand men, em-

bracing among them the very pick and flower of the scientific life of two hemispheres, made the pilgrimage to his Santa Rosa home to study the lines of his investigations, to see with their own eyes many things which their scientific minds could not accept as truth without visual demonstration, and to learn some details of the supreme results achieved. During the year thirty thousand letters were received, coming from every quarter of the globe, asking for more light upon his work."

To-day he is the foremost man in the world in the production of new and interesting forms of fruit, trees, flowers, vegetables, grasses and nuts. He develops from prickly plants others which have no suspicion of thorns whatever: blackberries, gooseberries, raspberries, roses—all yield to his wonderful power, and become smooth and thornless. He takes fruits of different character, mingles them, and produces new varieties. He so alters the character of such fruits as the peach, the nectarine and the plum, that they will resist the severest frosts and become sturdy and prolific in icy regions. He takes the common plum and the apricot, and builds up a new variety of fruit which he terms the plumcot. He develops stone fruits in such a way that they become stoneless. He takes a common dahlia, ill-smelling and coarse, and breeds a flower of new shape, with the odour of a magnolia. The tomato and potato in combination produce the pomato, a new white, fragrant, succulent, delicious fruit. One might go on at length to describe the marvellous



Cactus Fruit Growing in a Cluster.

variety of his labours, but that which concerns Australians most is the wonderful success that has attended his work upon the prickly cactus.

"There are millions of acres of arid land upon the globe, much of it, even with the most persistent irrigation, yielding but scantily, and enormous reaches of it devoid of all growth but the cactus, a foe to man and beast; but Mr. Burbank resolved that he would reclaim it, not by irrigation, though welcoming its aid, but by means of the desert itself—the desert and the cactus, its heat, and its sun. So for a period of over ten years he has worked with the utmost persistence and skill, until at last he has developed a cactus plant which will convert the desert into a garden. He has made the cactus thornless, taking from its leaves the hard, woody substance, the spicules, so dangerous to animal life. More than this, he has made it adaptable to any climate. It will thrive on the hot desert, but it will grow with marvellous fecundity when irrigated or when planted in a richer soil.

"But this is not all of the marvel. He has bred this dreaded scourge of the desert, this pariah among plants, until it has become the producer of a delightful, nutritious food for man and beast—until, in his estimate, considering the unused areas of the world where it will thrive, it will afford food for twice the people now upon the earth. Millions of beasts for food and for the burden-bearing of man may be supported from the food this plant can now be relied upon to give.

"I do not know that I can better illustrate in concrete form the wonderful work Mr. Burbank has done in the reclamation of the desert than to cite, on his proving-grounds at Santa Rosa, the example of a cactus of the average desert type protecting its fruit by means of the most deadly thorns, its leaves filled with fibrous substances that bring death to the cattle feeding upon it, while beyond it stands a perfected cactus, not a thorn upon its great green thalli, not a spicule within its rich meat—a huge storehouse of hundreds of pounds of food.

"And yet this can tell nothing of the edible qualities of the huge leaves, nor can it tell of the delicious flavour of the fruit—fruit which has been bred into a degree of perfection which the wild cactus of the plains never attains.

"A quaint smile comes over the thoughtful face of this grave man as he plucks one of the few priceless fruits, the seeds of which are worth far more than their weight in gold, and are the net results of long years of the most patient study and persistent toil.

"If you swallow one seed," he says to

Cactus Growing Bottom Side Up.
Six weeks after planting.

my companion, as he cuts the luscious fruit with his pocket-knife, peels away the covering, and discloses the crimson meat, 'I may possibly forgive you; if you swallow two, I must choke them out of you; if three, then, alas! it must be death.'

"So we eat the fruit, and religiously preserve the seed. The flavour is something quite unknown to the tongue before—a combination of the flavours of half a dozen fruits, suggesting to some a pineapple, to some a melon, to some a peach, to some an apricot, but still wholly without definition or identification. It is full of nutrients, too; in fact, it has been found that the natives of some Southern climes virtually live upon the fruit of one of the crude, partly developed cacti, and maintain a truly Japanese vigour.

"But Mr. Burbank opens one more fruit. This time the longitudinal slit of the knife reveals a golden meat wholly different in flavour. Each fruit is in form like a fat cucumber flattened at the ends,

ways, while the fruit itself will prove one of the delicacies of the markets.

"But not only has the constitution of the cactus plant been cared for so that it needs only to be adopted by the world to become a new source of food-supply, but it has in the meanwhile been made so hardy that it will endure the coldest climates; it may be grown from the equator to the pole, or as far north as any vegetation can be produced. The new plants preserve their type also, never reverting.

"It is a most curious plant, too, in that it will grow alike from seed or leaf. All that is needed is to put part of a thick leaf into the soil, or even to throw it down and let it dry in the sun; in due season it will root itself and spring into green life. Strangely enough, as the illustration on page 352 shows, it will grow upside down, with little consideration for the conventionalities of plant life."

Our Federal and States' Governments might well look into this matter immediately. Think what it



The Pitless Plum.

In this specimen the pit shows merely as a seed, which a knife will cut through.



The Plumcot.

A rare fruit, created from plums of various types and the apricot.

say, two and a half inches in diameter by three and a half inches in length.

"One of the more highly developed plants, grown to gigantic stature in three years, has over six hundred pounds of nutritious food for man and beast upon it, and as you look upon this one plant, and think of the vast multiplication of it now possible, you begin to see something of what is to come to pass in the reclamation of the waste places of the earth. You call to mind the quotation which he made to a friend as he looked out upon the future of this, but one of the hundreds upon hundreds of works he is engaged upon for the welfare of man: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

"The cactus now becomes a definite, practical food. It may be eaten raw or cooked. The leaves may be put up and preserved, as ginger or melon rinds or citrus. They may be eaten in a variety of

would mean to have, growing in the interior of our continent, a plant as useful as that which Mr. Luther Burbank has developed. Looking at the thing at the first sight presented, it seems almost too good to be true, but, if the cactus's nutrient qualities are anything like that which is suggested in the article, a dazzling prospect of untold wealth opens out before the mind. Some instant action should be taken to find out whether it is not possible to introduce the plant widely in Australia. Droughts and fires, the fierce foes of Australia, might have their teeth drawn if the new cactus were introduced. The continual dread of unfavourable seasons, which ever hangs like an evil spirit about the Australian farmer, would become a thing unknown. The vast arid areas of the interior, now practically uninhabited, might be covered with prosperous population. It is sincerely to be hoped that those who might take it in hand will lose no time in thoroughly looking into this great matter.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

LORD DUFFERIN.*

By W. T. STEAD.

I.—THE MAN.

"You are to me, my darling! all that a mother's heart can desire, the best and most obedient of sons, but I wish you to be yet more—I wish you to be a good and great man, a philosopher and a Christian, in the largest sense of the word, more occupied with the good of others than his own, more impressed with the sacredness of great duties than of petty forms."

So wrote Lady Dufferin to her son when he was a lad of twenty at Oxford. Twenty-one years later, when Lord Dufferin was Under-Secretary for the War Office in the Liberal Administration, his mother died. "Thus there went out of the world" (he says) "one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection."

Lord Dufferin was in very truth his mother's son. He was a Sheridan to his finger-tips—gay, witty, eloquent, extravagant, brilliant. He may have had the Blackwood backbone, but though it may have given him stability it was as invisible as his spine. The two volumes in which Sir Arthur Lyall has told the story of the life of the most fortunate and most favoured and most highly placed of all the great Victorians, are, however, more in the keynote of Blackwood than in that of Sheridan. The biography is carefully and conscientiously done. But it is more solid than brilliant, and we sigh sometimes for a Boswell, and marvel that there should be so little sparkle in the story of one of the most vivacious and amusing of modern men. There is hardly a *bon-mot* admitted into Sir Arthur Lyall's serious pages. Yet

even a sarcophagus is sometimes adorned with jewels. One somewhat wicked saying of his at St. Petersburg, which alone is permitted to creep into the first volume, recalls the real Lord Dufferin more vividly than all his despatches. Sir Arthur Lyall apparently shares the opinion of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, who records on one occasion that at the Breakfast Club, "Dufferin's stories were perhaps just a shade too festive to write solemnly down here."

Lord Dufferin, who lived in the North of Ireland, always recalls to me Edmund Spenser, who lived in the South. Both were public men in the service of a great English Queen. Both were supremely affluent in natural eloquence—the one in prose, the other in poetry—and the end of both was marred, one by the shipwreck which buried the MSS. of the concluding cantos of "The Faerie Queen" beneath the remorseless waves, the other by a catastrophe which overwhelmed him in his old age, when, with failing sight and hearing, he trusted in the untrustworthy and, himself faithful, shared the odium of the faithless. There was about Lord Dufferin from his youth up something of the splendour and

chivalry of one of Spenser's knights. His whole nature seemed to be cast in the mould of old romance. His nature was one that seemed more at home in the Elizabethan than in the Victorian age.

There are passages in his letters to his mother which recall the men of the sixteenth century, those perfumed gallants who were equally at home when composing love songs, in Court, or in performing prodigies of valour in the field of battle. When his name was submitted to the Queen as Lord-in-Waiting, Victoria hesitated over it on the ground that "Lord Dufferin is much too good-looking and captivating." Imagine Queen Elizabeth making a similar



Lord Dufferin

(From a Crayon Drawing by James Swinton)

* "The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. With Portraits and Illustrations. 2 vols. (John Murray.) Pp. 328 and 339. 36s. net.

objection! His good looks notwithstanding, he was soon a prime favourite with Her Majesty. When he received her on her visit to Ireland in 1849, the Queen first laughed at his long hair and then sent word that she would like him to be in waiting at the Levée next day. From that day till the day of her death she was ever his stout friend. Nor was he without a devotion to his Royal Lady not unlike that which the Drakes and Sidneys used to profess to Good Queen Bess. When the Queen lay a dying Lord Dufferin wrote to his wife:—"After Queen Elizabeth, she is the most heroic woman in our history, and a far better and more lovable woman than Elizabeth."

At risk of his own life he hastened to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to attend her funeral. He wrote:—

As the coffin passed before me, I could think of nothing but the poor dear lady who was lying within it, who had been so kind a friend to me for fifty years and had never changed, writing me such kind letters almost to the end of her days. Indeed, so absorbed was I in these thoughts that the throng of princes who followed passed quite unobserved.

Lord Dufferin was very particular about the long hair which first attracted the attention of the Queen. This remark has quite an old-world touch about it. Writing to the Duchess of Argyll from the Lebanon when he was thirty-four, he says:—

My sole consolation here is reading Shakespeare: every morning, while my hair (my back hair) is being brushed, I read a couple of scenes in some pleasant comedy, filling the room with a vision of sunshine, roses, and quaint old-world merriment. It does take one so out of the present.

When he was fourteen years older, and his back hair no longer required such assiduous brushing, he still found literature a way of escape from *ennui*. The Canadian winter is long, but

I find great consolation in my books. I have read a great deal of French history, and the whole of Plutarch's Lives in the original tongue since coming here. I can now read Greek almost as well as French without a Dictionary.

He had no great gift for languages, but he made speeches in French, in Latin, in Greek, and he spent years in the study of Persian. If he resembled the courtiers of Good Queen Bess in his devotion to books, he was not less like them in his profound regard for ceremonial. Sir Mortimer Durand says:—

There was something of the Oriental in his stately graveness and respect for ceremonial. He was at his very best on occasions of Durbars, Investitures, and the like. . . . He never affected a contempt for decoration. It gave him real pleasure, I think, to wear the close-fitting red uniform which showed off his figure so well, the breast festooned with collars and stars carefully arranged to hang in the most graceful and effective manner.

It is something odd that Lord Dufferin, who came of a long line of fighting sires, never entered the Army or the Navy. It was not from any indisposition to face death in the field. When Sir Charles

Napier was besieging Bomarsund Lord Dufferin, who was then cruising in high latitudes, went on board the *Penelope*, which was sent to draw the enemy's fire. The ship grounded on a rock, and for two hours Lord Dufferin stood on deck amid the crash of shot. Many men were killed around him before he could be induced by the peremptory orders of the captain to retire. On the *Hecla* a round shot, striking the deck close to his feet, covered him with a hail of splinters. "I never saw more pluck in my life," was the captain's comment on Lord Dufferin's behaviour. After this experience of naval war, nothing would serve him but to see how it felt inland. So he made his way to the French trenches, running a gauntlet of fire from battery to battery—narrowly escaping death by grape-shot. It was his first and apparently his last baptism of fire. He had more important work to do than that of slaughter.

II.—HIS CAREER.

The character of the man and the influences which formed it and the conclusions at which he arrived as the result of his experience of life, these things are much more interesting than the mere record of the chronological sequence of his appointments. It may, however, be as well to string together the dates in this astonishing career, which began in 1826 and ended in 1902.

PREPARATORY PERIOD.

1826.—Born in Florence. Mother aged eighteen. 1839.—Entered Eton—Mr. Cookesley tutor. 1841.—Death of his father; succeeded to the title. 1843.—Left Eton. Studied in Ireland. 1845.—Entered Christ Church, Oxford. 1847.—Visited famine-stricken Skibbereen. 1847, June 21st.—Attained his majority. 1848.—Undertook management of "Clandeboy Estate. 1849.—Appointed Lord-in-Waiting by Lord John Russell. 1850.—Took seat in House of Lords as Baron Clandeboy. 1850, July.—Made maiden speech in Lords. 1853.—Made brilliant speech on Maynooth. 1854.—Introduced an Irish Tenant Right Bill of his own which did not pass. 1854.—Cruise in the yacht *Foam* to the Baltic. 1854.—At siege of Bomarsund. 1855.—Accompanied Lord John Russell to Vienna Conference as Attaché. 1856.—Cruise to Spitzbergen. "Letters from High Latitudes." 1858.—Cruise in Mediterranean and Levant. 1859.—Visited Constantinople and the Lebanon.

Up to this time Lord Dufferin had not decided whether he would dedicate his life to literature or to politics. He had dreams of writing a great poem, and later of writing a history of Ireland as his contribution to the pacification of Ireland. His career was decided for him by the massacres of the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon by their Druse neighbours, with the connivance of the Turkish authorities.

DATES OF HIS APPOINTMENTS.

August, 1860.—British Commissioner for Settlement of Lebanon. February, 1862.—Offered Governorship of Bombay; refused, not wishing to leave his mother. Autumn, 1862.—Married Miss Harriot Hamilton. November, 1864.—Under-Secretary for India, under Palmerston. February, 1866.—Under-Secretary of War Office. June, 1867.—Death of his mother. 1868.—Chairman of Royal Commission on Military Education. November, 1868.—Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster under Mr. Gladstone. 1871.—Chairman of Royal Commission on Admiralty Designs. Created Earl. June, 1872.—Governor-General of Canada. February, 1879.—Ambassador at St. Petersburg. May, 1881.—Ambassador at Constantinople. November, 1882.—Plenipotentiary at Cairo. November, 1884.—Viceroy of India. Created Marquis. December, 1888.—Ambassador at Rome. March, 1892.—Ambassador at Paris.

Besides these high diplomatic and administrative posts, he was overwhelmed with all manner of honorific distinctions. He was Rector of St. Andrews and of Edinburgh, and Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland. He was a Doctor of Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity (Dublin), Edinburgh, Harvard, St. Andrew, Laval, Lahore, and Toronto Universities.

III.—HIS CHARACTER. AND WHAT MADE IT.

These are the dates of the stepping-stones of his career. What made him the man he was?

First and foremost, his mother, to whom he ever delighted to pay the tribute of passionate and grateful adoration:—

There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty and good; but I doubt whether there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit and with so natural a gaiety and bright an imagination as my mother, such strong, unerring good sense, tact, and womanly discretion.

And again, he writes to Browning:—

One of the two great happinesses of my life has been my mother's love, and the being able to love her in return with such a complete conviction of her being worthy of all the adoration I could pay her, and a great deal more.

Secondly, Sir Walter Scott. He writes in his sixty-eighth year:—

I love Sir Walter Scott with all my heart, and, my mother excepted, I think he has done more to form my character than any other influence, for he is the soul of purity, chivalry, respect for women, and healthy religious feeling.

Thirdly, the influence of Oxford. Writing to his son on going to Oxford, he says:—

I would strongly recommend you to make a point of going regularly to chapel every morning and never missing church on Sundays. I myself used to go both to morning and evening prayers at Christ Church, though the latter were not obligatory, and I found the practice a great comfort and happiness.

Fourthly, his wife. Thirty-five years after he married her, he told her mother that to his marriage he owed the happiness of all his life and the greater part of its success. When he was appointed Viceroy of India he made a speech at Belfast in which he recalled the tutelary Greek goddess that accompanied Ulysses in all his wanderings, who suggested to him at all times and seasons what he was to do and say, who smoothed the path before him and rendered his progress miraculously successful. Then he went on to say:—

My lords and gentlemen, it is no exaggeration to say that during the course of my public career no ancient goddess of Grecian mythology could have rendered me more effective aid, could have extended over me more completely theegis of her sweet wisdom and comforting council than that of the lady to whose health you have just paid this tribute of respect.

When the last cruel blow fell he wrote to her:—

Your letters are my greatest comfort. You have been everything to me in my prosperous days—and they have been many—and now you are even more to me in my adversity.

These were the outside influences which moulded his character. Now for the character upon which they were brought to bear. The first predominant distinction which impressed everyone was the fact that the mainspring of an almost demonic energy was never relaxed save in sleep. Lord Dufferin always slept well. But in his waking hours he flung himself into everything with the zest of a boy and the tireless energy of a machine. After he was seventy he went yachting in a small boat in the Channel, with a small boy as his entire crew. When he was sixty-four he took to fox-hunting again, after an intermission of thirty years, and led the field over stiff fences which halted dozens of younger men. But when the master of the hounds praised him, and referred to these younger men as if he was of a class apart, Lord Dufferin felt it like a blow, for "I always feel five-and-twenty when I'm on horseback." He never grew old. Within two months of his death he insisted, frightfully ill though he was, upon being driven to the shooting, and, half blind and deaf though he was, he shot wonderfully well. Nothing could wither his evergreen youth. He wrote:—"I have now entered my seventieth year, and I am seized by a feeling akin to consternation to perceive that, in my feelings and habits of thought and ways of looking out upon the world, I am pretty much what I was at five-and-twenty."

For him life's enchanted cup by no means only sparkled near the brim. Lady Mount Temple's sister truly said that he was thoroughly immersed in the world, and quite unspoilt by it. In his old age he was as keen and as eager as when he was in his teens.

His industry was prodigious, almost superhuman. Yet he never seemed to labour. No one ever seemed to take life more easily, to enjoy himself more pleasantly. But in his sixty-ninth year, apparently for no

other reason than a desire to achieve an arduous task, we find him noting in his diary:—

During this year I have learned by heart 786 columns of a Persian Dictionary, comprising about 16,000 words. In three months' time I hope to have completely mastered the whole.

He was always posted up in everything. The intricacies of Irish land laws he had at his fingers' ends. He spent hours in mastering the art of drawing. He had a passion for sailing. "There are books filled with the calculations that he worked out in learning the noble art of seamanship." He had no natural genius for languages, but he devoted much time to the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and when he was sixty-four he began to study Italian.

Next to his consuming energy, his inexhaustible vitality, his unsleeping industry, was his genial, sympathetic kindliness of disposition that made everyone delight to be in his company. He was a fascinating man. No one could resist his charm. And personal magnetism plays a great part in human affairs, particularly in diplomacy.

Sir Mortimer Durand's appreciation of his former chief is one of the best things in the book. He lays special stress upon the swift intuition with which Lord Dufferin leapt to the right conclusion in most complicated matters, and divined the true character of everyone with whom he had to do. Not till his eye was dull and his ear deaf did he ever make a misjudgment in his estimate of those with whom he had to do.

Yet combined with this seer-like power of piercing to the heart of things in one swift flash, Sir Mortimer notes that there was about him a great caution, and sometimes even a great difficulty in arriving at a decision even about small things. As to this Lord Dufferin told the students of St. Andrews something worth remembering. He said:—

The essence of conduct is a right judgment in all things, and half the mistakes in life arise from people merely revolving things in their minds in a casual, half-hearted manner. My practice has always been, no matter how long or how carefully I may have been chewing the cud of reflection, never to adopt a final determination without shutting myself up in a room for an hour or a couple of hours, as the case may be, and then with

all the might and intellectual force which I was capable of exerting, digging down into the very depths and remotest crannies of the problem, until the process had evolved clear and distinct in my mind's eye a conclusion as sharp and clearly cut as the facets of a diamond. Nor when once this conclusion was arrived at have I ever allowed myself to reconsider the matter, unless some new element affecting the question hitherto unnoticed or unknown should be disclosed.

Another faculty which stood him in good stead was his capacity for knowing what things he could safely neglect. Sir Mortimer Durand says it "tried" his eyes to read much, and he was careful to reserve himself for the really important things. The rest he left to his subordinates. He knew he could not do everything, and he expected others to do all they could, and to take responsibility."

He had a keen sense of humour, which he combined with a not less keen sense of personal dignity. Yet no one ever put on less of side. On the three occasions in which I spent a delightful hour with him no one could have been less stuck-up, and the way in which he pressed upon me a hospitable invitation to come and spend a week at Clondeboye, might have made a bystander think he was asking for a favour rather than conferring an immense privilege. He was, as Sir Mortimer Durand says, somewhat too sensitive to criticism, but he was a man of marvellous self-control, and his naturally good, kind heart was ever ready to keep his Irish temper in check. Add to these natural qualifications that he was



The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, 1901.
(From the picture by Henrietta Ray.)

well born, well-bred, well educated, and that from the first he had every advantage that good looks, splendid health, high station, and great wealth could afford him and his success, signal as it was, is not very surprising. He achieved everything, but he started with all the trump cards in his hands. If he had died five years earlier he might have been regarded as the one man in the Victorian era whose career was flawless and whose good fortune was not marred by a single cloud. But never has the old warning, "Count no man happy until his death," been more signally justified, nor has a single error of judgment been more cruelly avenged.

IV.—WHAT HE DID.

After the questions are answered as to what the man was and how he came to be the man that he was, we come to consider what he did and what he said. He will live in history not so much as the Viceroy who annexed Burmah, as the man who in whatever station he was acted as an emollient rather than as an irritant. No public man of our time deserved so much the blessings of a Peacemaker.

He anticipated Admiral Fisher's Hague-born wisdom, and never spared the butter-boat, and spent his life in lubricating the bearings which threatened to get heated. His first distinguished success was when he kept the Powers together in the ticklish business of the pacification of the Lebanon, and all his subsequent triumphs were won by the same combination of the iron hand in the velvet glove. As Sir James Graham said at the time, "The sweetness of Dufferin's manners, combined with the firmness of his good sense, will triumph over every difficulty. He is so unassuming that he never gives offence, he is so true that a Frenchman would scruple to deceive him, and this is my *beau idéal* of an English diplomatist." All his great subsequent achievements were of the same kind. He understood the art of management. He applied his great talents to the elimination of friction, the removal of misunderstandings, the establishment of confidence. He achieved everywhere a success so astounding that sometimes men could not believe the triumph was legitimately obtained. This was notably the case at the conference of Constantinople on the Egyptian Question, where the simple good faith and transparent sincerity of his conduct combined with the extraordinary perversity of the Turks to secure for the British Government results which no one had believed to be within the reach of mortal man. Sir Alfred Lyall repels, and with the aid of Lord Dufferin's own letters successfully repels, the accusations which were invented to explain what seemed an otherwise incredible achievement. But it did not matter where he was, Lord Dufferin was always the grand pacificator. Whether he was dealing

with half savage Ameers or Canadian politicians, whether he was negotiating with Tsars or dealing with Sultans, his was ever the soft answer that turneth away wrath. His silken manner, his general sympathy, his transparent sincerity disarmed opponents, and enabled him to win his way without difficulty through obstacles that would otherwise have been insuperable. His career is one long series of illustrations of the truth of the old adage that you catch more flies with a spoonful of treacle than with a hogshead of vinegar.

In Irish politics Lord Dufferin had the ill-luck to be an Irish landlord, at a time when the ill-deeds of other landlords had brought upon this class the scourge of agrarian legislation. It was not without bitterness that he wrote to Sir W. Gregory in 1890:—

It almost makes one smile to think that the outcome of England's conscientious endeavours to redress the wrongs of Ireland should be a new, a more extensive and more complete act of confiscation than anything recorded in her history.

Sir Arthur Lyall devotes much space to an exposition of Lord Dufferin's views on the question of Irish land; but into this there is fortunately no need to enter here.

Lord Dufferin had a clear grasp of the fundamental principles of Liberal Imperialism. If only Lord Milner could have followed him in Canada instead of in Egypt, how different would have been the history of South Africa. For Lord Dufferin, as Governor-General of the Canadian Dominion, constantly asserted and courageously acted upon principles which would have made the South African war impossible. He lost no time in explaining to Mr. Mackenzie, then the leader of the Opposition, that the Governor-General was as impartial between

parties as the Crown is at home. "I explained to him," Lord Dufferin wrote to Lord Kimberley—

That neither you nor Mr. Gladstone would raise your little finger to save my Canadian Prime Minister, and that all he had to do was to present himself to me with a Parliamentary majority at his tail, and that he would find me as loyal and friendly to him as I then was to Macdonald.

But it was in his letter to Lord Carnarvon, when that nobleman became Colonial Secretary, that we



The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava.
(From the picture by J. F. Shannon, A.R.A., 1889.)

find the clearest expression of the true Liberal Imperialism, the application of which to South Africa may yet enable us to save that dominion for the Empire. The following passage from this dispatch should be graven in letters of gold before the eyes of the new High Commissioner who is to succeed Lord Milner.

After complaining of "the lack of self-assertion and of self-confidence" which has in times past afflicted the Canadians as it has woefully afflicted the Afrianders, Lord Dufferin expressed a hope that recent events had stimulated their imagination, and evoked the prospect of a national career grander than they would have dreamed of a few years ago. Lord Dufferin continued:—

If, then, this growing consciousness of power should stimulate their pride in the resources and future of their country, nay, even if it should sometimes render them jealous of any interference on the part of England with their Parliamentary autonomy, I do not think we shall have any cause of complaint. On the contrary, we should view with favour the rise of a high-spirited, proud, national feeling amongst them. Such a sentiment would neither be antagonistic to our interests nor inimical to the maintenance of the tie which now subsists between us. The one danger to be avoided is that of converting this healthy and irrepressible growth of a localised patriotism into a condition of morbid suspicion or irritability by any exhibition of jealousy, or by the capricious exercise of authority on the part of the Imperial Government. Nothing has more stimulated the passionate affection with which Canada now clings to England, than the consciousness that the maintenance of the connection depends on her own free will. Were, however, the curb to be pressed too tightly, she might soon become impatient, the cry for independence would be raised.

A year later the question of visible *versus* invisible ties between Canada and the Empire came up in the controversy over the establishment of a Canadian Supreme Court of Judicature. Sir John Macdonald opposed this on the ground that the cutting off of appeals to an English Court would be a first step to a separation of the Dominion from the mother country. Writing to Lord Carnarvon, Lord Dufferin said:—

I do not myself attach weight to this consideration. The ties between the Dominion and Great Britain are of a very different nature, and the more freely and independently the machinery of our Government here can be made to act the less danger of friction or collision.

Lord Dufferin's views prevailed. By the Canadian Act no appeal lies from any judgment of the Supreme Court to any Court of Appeal established by the British Parliament. This leaves untouched the prerogative of the Crown to admit appeals upon the advice of her Privy Council.

"Responsible government loyally carried out," said Lord Dufferin, "so far from having brought about any divergence of aim or aspiration on either side, the sentiments of Canada towards Great Britain are infinitely more friendly now than in those earlier days when the political intercourse of the two countries was disturbed and complicated by an excessive and untoward tutelage."

When he left Canada, in his farewell speech he said:—

I found you a loyal people, and I leave you the truest-hearted

subjects of Her Majesty's dominions. . . . I leave you with even a deeper conviction in your minds that the due application of the principles of Parliamentary Government is capable of resolving all political difficulties, and of controlling the gravest Ministerial crisis, to the satisfaction of the people at large, and of their leaders and representatives of every shade of opinion.

When he was Viceroy in India he displayed a similar courageous confidence in Liberal principles. When he left India in 1888 he declared that while it was impossible to apply to India the democratic methods of government, and the adoption of a Parliamentary system which England herself has only reached by slow degrees and through the discipline of many centuries of preparation, growth and development are the rule of the world's history, he continued:—

It may be confidently expected that the legitimate and reasonable aspirations of the responsible heads of Native Society, whether Hindu or Mahomedan, will in due time receive legitimate satisfaction. The more we enlarge the surface of our contact with the educated and intelligent public opinion of India the better . . . I am not the less convinced that we could with advantage draw more largely than we have done on Native intelligence and Native assistance in the discharge of our duties.]

He had submitted officially, he said, to the Home authorities some personal suggestions in harmony with the foregoing views. "But," says Sir Alfred Lyall, "his very liberal proposals were not sanctioned in their entirety."

The limits of space compel me to cut short any further reference to Lord Dufferin's achievements. I close with a few quotations of things that he said. Sir Alfred Lyall ought not to have omitted the famous passage, one of the most characteristic and quite the most familiar outbursts of Lord Dufferin's rhetoric—that in which he compared the Egyptian fellah responding to Western civilisation as the statue of Memnon responding to the rays of the rising sun. It is alluded to afterwards, but the reader looks in vain for the passage in the text. When Lord Dufferin addressed the students of St. Andrew's he told them that "far more important than the acquisition of any foreign tongue is the art of skilfully handling your own." "In writing English the two cardinal qualities to be acquired are conciseness and lucidity. The one great danger that besets youth is a love of ornament, metaphor, allusion." He referred to his allusion to Memnon and the rising sun as an illustration of the fault to be avoided. I doubt if he really meant this, and if he did, I entirely dissent from him. It is just those splendid passages of imagination that stick in the popular memory. If there were more of them, Blue Books would not be so arid and neglected a department of literature.

If Lord Dufferin's most famous metaphor was the splendid allusion to Memnon, the most homely and most effective was his comparison of the Irish landlord and tenant to two men in one bed. He said:—

In the estimation of the tenant, Mr. Gladstone's Act put him into the same bed with his landlord. His immediate impulse has been to kick his landlord out of bed. The temptation of the Government will be to quiet the disturbance by giving the

tenant a little more of the bed. This will prove a vain expedient. The tenant will only say to himself, "One kick more, and the villain is on the floor." If, however, instead of giving the tenant more of the bed we cut the bed in two, he will then roll himself up in his blanket, and be all in favour of every man having his own blanket to himself.

Of the vivacity of his dispatches Sir Alfred gives a fair example in a quotation from his prorogation of the Canadian Parliament, with regard to the need for keeping a Committee of Inquiry alive. He said:—

However much I might have desired to do so, I could not have treated Parliament as a pregnant woman and prolonged its existence for the sake of the lesser life attached to it.

His illustrations were always striking. He wrote to his daughter:—

All my life long, whenever I have made a speech, I have had to consider at least two, and sometimes three, audiences at once, like the circus-riders who have to stand on the backs of several galloping horses at once.

Of the stately and ornate splendour of his oratory, take the following example from the speech delivered at Belfast on his return from India:—

To our fond imagination, in whatever distant lands we may be serving, amid all our troubles and anxieties, England rises from our view as she did to the men of Creecy, like a living presence, a sceptred isle amid inviolate seas, a dear and honoured mistress, the mother of a race which it may truly be said has done as much as any other for the general, moral, and material happiness of mankind.

I regret that space will not permit me to quote at

length from the numerous descriptions of places and persons with which these volumes are begemmed. Lord Dufferin met most people of note among his contemporaries, and he has a good deal to say about many of them. The most interesting part of his Life, from the historical point of view, is the account which is given of the Afghan-Indian side of the Penjdeh dispute which so nearly embroiled England and Russia in war. The Ameer took a much more sensible view of the question than the English, who, from Mr. Gladstone downward, lost their heads at that time almost as badly as our newspapers lost theirs over the Dogger Bank incident.

But I must close this inadequate review of a biography which recalls to our memory the "radiant shape of fame" which lit up with its glory the annals of the Victorian era. Sir Alfred Lyall has done his work with admirable tact, and the two volumes are a marvel of condensation. But as we lay them down we cannot repress a sigh—

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

And perhaps it is the highest praise the biographer can earn that he reminds us how much more there was in the man than can ever find expression in his "Life."

The three portraits in this article are reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray from three of the photogravures which enrich the volumes under review.



In our next issue, we shall publish an interesting illustrated article on "THE ABORIGINES OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA, AND A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTIES SURROUNDING THE ABORIGINES QUESTION," by CAPTAIN H. V. BARCLAY, the famous Australian explorer, who led the recent expedition in Central Australia, and is about returning to it to carry out further investigations.

THE DOOM OF RUSSIAN AUTOCRACY.

By E. J. DILLON.

[Under the above title, Dr. E. J. Dillon, the well-known writer, contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* the following article. It was written in response to a cabled request by the editor of that magazine soon after the riots of Sunday, January 22, of which Dr. Dillon was an eye-witness. The article is really historical, and that is the reason why we publish it; but whether the recent events which have taken place in Russia justify the title which Dr. Dillon has given to his article we leave our readers to judge. Here, in Australia, with our democratic tendencies and institutions, the condition of things in Russia can hardly be appreciated. Most of the things making for freedom that the Russian populace is hungering for we have; but the foundations of the Russian autocracy strike so deeply, and have already withstood such fearful convulsions, that one is almost afraid to prophesy that even the terrible condition now prevailing will cause the superstructure to yet topple over.—EDITOR.]



Photograph by]

[Levitsky.

The Tsar in National Costume.

The Russian revolution, long foretold, has at last begun in earnest. The first episode in what threatens to be a long series of mighty upheavals will be dated January 22nd, 1905, and may be classed by historians as a victory for the autocracy. A Pyrrhic victory, a wanton massacre, a suicidal deed. It was the nation's baptism of blood, the first overt act in the sanguinary struggle between monarch and people, which can end only in the disappearance of one-man rule in Russia. True, the contest was certain to be waged in any case, whatever attitude the Government might have taken on that historic Sunday. The average observer who

knew anything about Russian affairs had long since foreseen the coming of the crisis, and even the short-sighted could see that its advent was nigh. But the issue might have been tried and decided without the effusion of the innocent blood of the people, and without the fateful identifications of autocrat and autocracy which are among the most painful results of the crime and folly that characterised the fourth Sunday of the new year.

The Tsardom of Russia, which was a sufficiently practical system of government when first instituted, had long ceased to be felt as other than an irksome burden. It had become a paralysing drag on the activity, a terrible drain on the vital forces of the people, and even the obtuse and ignorant masses were rapidly becoming conscious of the fact. . . . And even people of the upper classes learned only very late in life, if at all, that the Tsardom, when first established in Moscow, was essentially a limited monarchy, and that instead of developing on those lines, instead of slowly and judiciously qualifying the people to govern themselves, it usurped and misused every known function of authority, and deprived the multitude of almost every vestige of right, until at last it seemed as if in Russia State omnipotence were wielded by a weak-willed boy and Church infallibility were claimed by a fallen spirit. What can be urged in favour of a cultured and Christian government which in the twentieth century forbids professors of high schools to proclaim the fact that the Emperor Paul was murdered by his subjects, and orders them to teach the students that he died of a wound which he accidentally inflicted upon himself while eating his dinner; of a state which imprisons for thirty, forty, or fifty years in murky, dank, stone cells upright, conscientious Christians who hold that Luther's teaching is a nearer approach to the doctrine of Christ than Orthodoxy? Yet that treatment has been meted out to men and women down to this day. The sufferers bowed to the inevitable, and deplored that "God is in heaven and the Tsar far away."

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL BANKRUPTCY OF THE OLD REGIME.

But these are mere details. In every essential of



Photograph by]

The Grand Duke Vladimir.

[Levitsky.

real government the theocratic autocracy had miserably failed. The people were and still are kept in a semi-savage state which excites the pity or the loathing of civilised outsiders, who from time to time visit the country districts. Their worship is fetichism, their dogmas are gross superstitious beliefs, their notions of life and the world childish,

their dwellings are "black holes," their food is insufficient for normal human life. And to remedy these grievances practically nothing was being done. On the contrary, ever since the present Emperor came to the throne, his ministers have been not only keeping the masses where they were, but thrusting them down still lower in the slough of despond. Increased taxes were imposed upon the peasantry from which the upper classes were exempted; special laws were framed to debar the children of the lower orders from the school-rooms; as though the tillers of the soil were minors, a body of guardians was instituted with power to deal summarily with them and stand generally *in loco parentis* to whole districts, and the late Minister of the Interior, Plehve, was engaged in restoring as much of serfdom as is still possible in Russia when his life was suddenly taken. The peasants silently endured it all, regretting that God was in heaven and the Tsar far away.

The war with Japan made things immeasurably worse than they had been. A new triple tax was automatically levied upon the peasants without the need of a law or an imperial ukase. Every district in which troops were mobilised was forced to deprive itself of its best workingmen, who were sent to the front; to pay all the expenses of mobilisation, which, in other countries, are defrayed by the State; and, over and above, to provide for the wants of the necessitous when war had made them widows, orphans, or cripples. And, in spite of these vast sacrifices, there was no advantage gained, no victory won, and no hope of an early peace! There was no discharge in that war, which was a quarrel of the autocracy, not of the people. And the autocrat, like the daughters of the Biblical horseleech, kept crying ever, "Give, give." Some of the recruits and reservists kicked against the pricks; they hid, deserted, committed suicide, killed each other, but the Government punished the survivors, and drove one and all like cattle to the millet fields of Manchuria; for "God was in heaven and the Tsar far away."

There appeared to be no help from heaven or earth, no surcease of sorrow this side of the grave, for the despairing muzhik. But when night seemed darkest the first grey streaks of dawn appeared, bringing promise of day. Help came—not from the Little Father, but from the hands of an obscure assassin, Sozonoff, whose bomb put a sudden end to M. Plehve's career, and may be truly said to have changed the whole course of the Emperor's policy and Muscovite history as well.

Plehve's disappearance was a fateful event. For it marked the end of a system as well as the death of a man. The system was coercion pure and simple, checked by troubles in universities and high schools, by peasant risings in the country districts and workmen's strikes in town, by the massacre of crowds and the assassination of State officials. It

was a system of thoroughness applied to the heroic treatment of mere symptoms, and the results were in harmony with the aim and methods. Plehve put down riots and disorders, destroyed opposition, silenced complaints, and called the result tranquillity. But it was only silence, ominous silence. For, once the safety valves were shut and sealed, the explosions began and continued until one of them swept himself away. And people are now beginning to see that, together with Plehve, the autocracy was burst up. For the Tsardom had had no such resolute, methodical man in recent times. He kept his eye fixed on the goal and walked straight forward, regardless of consequences. He put system, organisation, power, will, and perseverance in the service of absolutism, and probably obtained the highest results that a clever combination of all these can give; he certainly achieved a more complete success than any Russian bureaucrat can ever again hope to win for that obnoxious cause. For that reason, every one felt that what he failed to accomplish was unfeasible. Hence the long interregnum that ensued. For weeks and weeks there was no Minister of the Interior.

PRINCE MIRSKI GIVES RUSSIA BREATHING-SPACE.

Prince Svytopolok-Mirski, the murdered Minister's successor, brought a change of scene with him and a message of confidence. Plehve had treated the bulk of educated Russians as public enemies, against whom espionage, treachery, violence, and death were permissible. Hence all the best men still living in the empire were to be found in exile or in prison. Of these Prince Mirski recalled many, and promised to treat the rest with justice. In the nation he professed to put implicit confidence. At first the people could hardly realise the significance of his words. Like a fly cramped in the palm of a boy's hand, it failed to use the liberty thus suddenly bestowed. But when the prison portals opened on untried prisoners, when the press began to express frank thoughts on current events, when espionage was relaxed and men saw that they could breathe freely, they resolved to accept the proffered hand and to work together with the Government. The result was the famous Congress of the Zemstvo Presidents and the list of their demands. What this petition amounted to was a reasonable request that the system of repression enforced by Plehve, Sipagin, and their predecessors should be made impossible for all time. It did not go very much beyond that. But the champions of autocracy, especially the Grand Dukes, and several other dignitaries, headed by Pobyedonostzev, scenting danger to the principle of absolutism, sounded the alarm. The Tsar thereupon restricted the relative freedom accorded to the press, several newspapers were punished, all were forbidden to write about a constitution, and the air was full of ugly rumours of a contemplated reaction.



Photograph by]

[Levitsky.

The Tsar's Brother—the Grand Duke Michael.

But a reaction seemed and probably was and is impossible, except as a mere episode in a struggle between monarch and people. As a system of government it was inconceivable thenceforward. And to prove this, banquets were arranged, lectures delivered, meetings called, balls given, and private meetings convened, at which representatives of all the educated classes loudly condemned one-man rule, clamoured for peace with Japan, criticised the Government, and encouraged each other to persevere in fighting the good fight. University professors, masters of grammar schools, official assemblies of the nobility, provincial zemsky congresses, members of the liberal professions, petitioned the Minister or the Tsar to listen to the voice of those who had signed the petition of rights. The growth of the new spirit might be likened to the gathering of a storm. It was rapid, natural, unconscious. No single actor in that national drama had a rounded conception of the whole play, and most of them would have indignantly thrown up their parts if they had had an inkling of the real significance of the work they were engaged in. Thus, officials, officers, civil servants, professors, academicians, and privy councillors came smiling to banquets, never dreaming that they would there sign a document requesting the Tsar to abandon part of his prerogatives. Most of them would have remained away



General Trepoff.

(Appointed Governor-General of St. Petersburg).

had they foreseen such a negation of their principles, such a breach of the proprieties. But in the course of the repast somebody conceived the idea of drawing up a declaration against absolute government and handing it around for signature. At first dismay was depicted on the countenances of the assembled notables. They wrinkled their brows, shrugged their shoulders, read the paper, and passed it on disapprovingly. A few minutes later they were almost snatching it from each other's hands, and signing it with effusive delight. All were filled with the revolutionary spirit which had suddenly descended upon them, and they began to speak with tongues foreign to them before. Then the public hardly recognised in them the men whom they had heretofore known as bureaucrats.

THE TSAR'S UKASE AND ITS SHAM REFORMS.

Meanwhile the Tsar's answer to the petition of rights was daily and hourly expected, and rumour was very busy as to its character. . . .

Finally, the Emperor's answer came, and with it disenchantment. It promised all the reforms for which the Russian monarch considered his subjects were ripe, but these were few and very slight. Not one was thorough. No liberty of conscience, no liberty of the press, no liberty of association, no control of the public purse, no voice in legislation, no guarantee that law would be substituted for arbitrary orders. The peasants, who were least ripe, came in for the lion's share of reforms. The

curious part of the matter was that, having frankly admitted the need of radical improvements, the Emperor allowed his Government to issue an official communication stigmatising the agitators who had obtained the ukase as public enemies! Nothing could well be more ungracious than that sally unless it was the conduct of those provincial governors who refused to allow the Imperial ukase to be published, while disseminating the *communiqué* broadcast. And as if that was not disappointment enough for liberal Russia, a few days later another official document was issued explaining away the promised peasant reform, and generally the whole Imperial ukase, and "with His Majesty's approval." That was the last drop that caused the cup to overflow.

Behind the scenes the battle had been fought, of which the ukase and the other documents that followed it were but the outer tokens. It was M. Witte who had drawn up the Russian Magna Charta, of which the first draft contained a clause creating an elective representative assembly. It was a very mild institution, if we may judge by the fact that it was unanimously approved by all the members of the council. Afterward, Grand Duke Sergius and the finance minister Kokofftseff, in their zeal for autocracy, emasculated it, and as nobody else cared to break a lance for it in its new and mutilated form, it was struck out. Thus, the old grand ducal influence got the upper hand again. Prince Mirski, having repeatedly tendered his resignation, was told by his Imperial master that he must stay on, and harvest in the fruits of which he had sown the seeds. . . .

On the festival of the Epiphany,* which will long be remembered in the annals of autocracy . . . as the Tsar and the Imperial family were gathered together at the solemn blessing of the waters of the Neva, one of the guns used to fire the salutes was loaded with case-shot and pointed at the little rotunda where the Emperor stood, and it failed by an error of a mere millimetre to kill or wound several of the highest personages in the land. This abortive attempt was certainly not the outcome of an army plot, but it was doubtless the work of a man who knew what he wanted, and did his utmost to effect his end. Astonishment was the prevalent feeling in the Russian capital—astonishment at the ocular demonstration that even on such solemn occasions there is no real protection for the Autocrat of all the Russias from the hand of any man who is ready to lay down his life.

NO REDRESS FOR THE STRIKERS.

But before the public had recovered from its stupor it received a still more violent shock. The operatives of some steel works in the capital suddenly struck work in consequence of a misunder-

* The 6th of Russian January and the 19th of ours.

standing with their employers on a subject of slight import. They were all members of a very curious association organised by the police for the purpose of arresting the spread of social democracy and revolutionary principles. In Moscow, a few years back, the police founded the first democratic society of this hybrid type, gave its members large exclusive privileges, took their part against their employers—even when the latter were in the right—and all this on the sole condition that they should belong body and soul to the autocracy, and make war by fair and unfair means on their brother operatives who favoured the liberal movement. The head of the St. Petersburg association was a young priest, George Gapon, who had received the chaplaincy of a forwarding prison from the late M. Plehve, who also helped him to a post of influence among the working-men. Gapon himself states that as there was no other means of devoting himself to the service of his fellows, he stooped beneath the humiliating yoke. He expected that in another two or three months the working-men would be ripe "for manly action." Meanwhile he preached to them, catechised them, aroused and gratified their interest in matters that lay outside the province of Russian operatives, and acquired an almost absolute power over them. All at once the dismissal of four "hands" aroused the ire of their comrades; the moderate demand that they should be kept on was rejected by the firm, after which the men, turning out the lights, struck work.

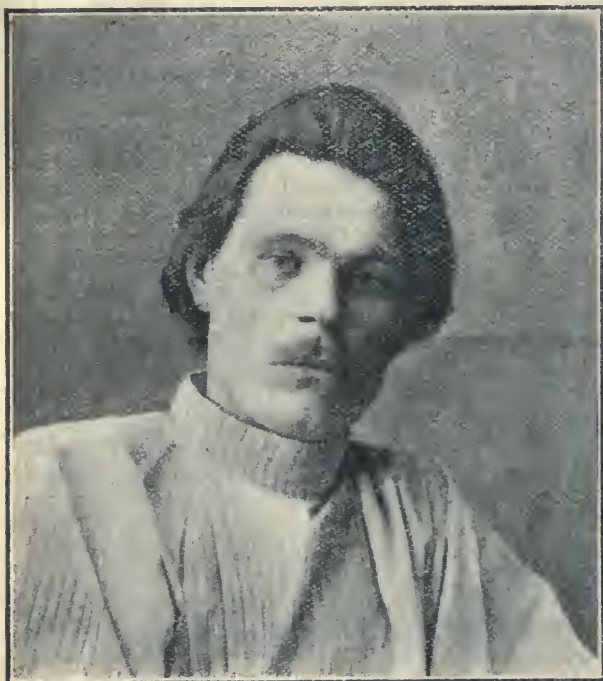
Father Gapon put himself at the head of the operatives and appealed to the inspector of works. In vain. Then he deliberately added to the list of his demands a clause asking for an eight-hour working day and other reforms; he presented that to the Minister of Finance. But here, too, he was bowed out. He was, they said, trampling on etiquette and ignoring traditions. Besides, the obstacles in the way of reforms were of a political character, and could not be removed. "Down with the political obstacles, then!" exclaimed Father Gapon; and his operatives repeated the sentiment. That was the turning-point at which the demonstration became a political movement. The tens of thousands who had struck were now joined by scores of thousands, their demands put in writing were improved upon by claims formulated by word of mouth, and the political landmarks of centuries were swept away in a couple of hours. As the director of the Putiloff works, the Government Inspector, and the Minister of Finance had all turned a deaf ear to the working-men, Father Gapon proposed that they should appeal to the Tsar. Was he not the Little Father of his subjects, or, at least, of the Russian and Orthodox section of them? They would go, then, in procession on Sunday, bearing the holy cross and the Tsar's portrait aloft in sign of their nationality, religion and loyalty. The Little Father would see that they came by their rights.

If he granted but one demand in their long list they would worship him, they said.

"VLADIMIR'S DAY IN ST. PETERSBURG."

Hitherto workmen and educated classes kept apart, the former regarding the latter with distrust. But on the night before the historic Sunday, a number of literary men gathered together in the office of a newspaper and discussed the situation. Being well versed in Russian history, they were anxious to keep the people out of harm's way. Therefore, they adjured the working-men to abandon their intention to proceed to the Winter Palace, lest they be fired upon by the troops. But the working-men's representatives answered that it was too late. Then a deputation was sent to Prince Mirski, and to M. Witte, beseeching them, in the name of patriotism, religion and humanity, to do their utmost to hinder the effusion of blood. But they received no encouragement. Prince Mirski would not see them, and M. Witte could not help them. There was no head in Russia, no responsibility, nothing but blind fate and its occasional instruments.

The fateful Sunday dawned bright and frosty. From the outskirts of St. Petersburg came the working-men in units, tens, hundreds, thousands, unarmed and hopeful. But all the bridges and other avenues to the city had been occupied overnight by Cossacks, guards, soldiers of the line, policemen. Bivouac fires burned brightly in the snow-covered streets, rifles were stacked, troops were dancing, playing, laughing. Artillery was ostentatiously wheeled over to the Basil Island. St. Petersburg, in a word, wore the aspect of a city taken by a foreign invader. But the working-men had no misgivings. God might still be in heaven, but the Tsar, to whom they had given due notice of their peaceful intention, was now no longer far away; he would surely come from Tsarskoe-Selo to St. Petersburg and hear the heart's desire of these the least of his children! Had he done so he would have succeeded in accomplishing what neither Grand Duke Vladimir, with his anti-Nihilistic League, nor Grand Duke Sergius, with his Loyal Workmen's Democratic Association, had effected; he would have carried the lower classes with him almost to a man, and deprived the Liberals of the support both of the peasantry and of the workmen, without whom no revolution is possible in Russia. It was a rare opportunity, worthy of a great or a good monarch. Many of the extreme revolutionists trembled lest the Tsar would go, as Nicholas had gone, to his rebellious subjects fearlessly and bravely. But he stayed in the apartments of his palace instead. He had put the Grand Duke Vladimir in command, and this personage is reported to have exclaimed, "If I am not Nicholas the Second, I shall be a second Nicholas!" And he was. He gave his orders to Prince Vassilchikoff, who carried them out to the letter.



M. Maxim Gorki.

(The well-known Russian author, who was one of the deputation to persuade the Tsar to receive the workmen's petition, and who was afterwards arrested.)

A general staff was got together; the city of St. Petersburg was divided into sections, of which each one was assigned to a body of the troops; officers gathered around a green table on which lay an outspread map; adjutants came and went continually; in a word, the game of war was being played elaborately. Then the "invading army" was attacked in sections and driven back with great slaughter—individuals of both sexes and all ages. The man who carried the Tsar's portrait was short dead; the likeness pierced; the priest Gapon, arrayed in his vestments, was borne down by his falling comrades; men, women, children, were shot, not like the Japanese, who are made prisoners if unarmed, but like wild beasts. Boys perched on the boughs of leafless trees, women clinging to the iron railings of public gardens, babies in their mothers' arms, passers-by who ran into adjacent houses for shelter, were slain deliberately, mercilessly, gleefully. . . . God was still in heaven, but the Tsar far away. Aye, further than he has ever been since Russia became an empire. An abyss now separates him from his people. And if the Grand Duke Vladimir was not Nicholas the Second, he was in many respects a second Nicholas.

THERE IS NO LITTLE FATHER.

The innocent people who had been shot like public enemies were buried like dogs. The hospital

authorities refused the names of the slain, even to parents and relatives. They made a pretence of communicating the time of burial, but always interred the bodies secretly during the night. Many persons disappeared completely. On Sunday night, Father Gapon characterised the situation briefly in this letter.—

Comrades, Russian Workingmen: There is no Tsar. Between him and the Russian nation torrents of blood have flowed to-day. It is high time for Russian workmen to begin without him to carry on the struggle for national freedom. You have my blessing for that fight. To-morrow I will be among you. To-day I am busy working for the cause. (Signed) FATHER GAPON.

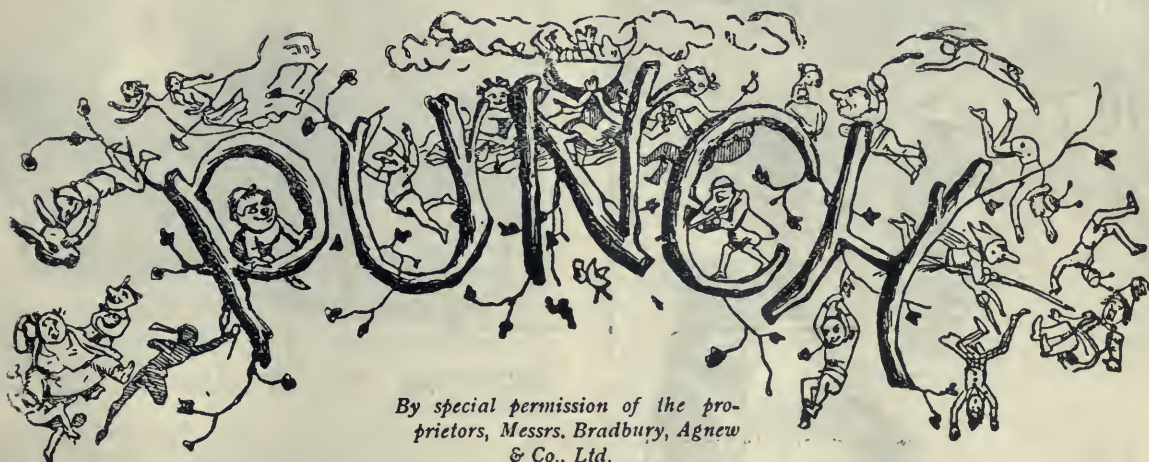
A large part of Russia publicly expressed its sympathy with the capital. Strikes were organised in Moscow, Riga, Reval, Kovno, Warsaw, and other places. The Council of the High Schools informed the Government that until the present *régime* was changed they could not teach; the doctors, that they could not cope with epidemics; the lawyers, that they could not hope for the establishment of law; the zemstvos of Kharkov and other cities, that the country would go to rack and ruin, and the throne of the Tsar be shattered—in a word, all Russia has declared plainly and emphatically that, come what may, the autocracy must cease. . . .

FORECAST OF THE FUTURE.

The revolution has not failed; it has only begun. It is likely to prove a slow process in a country where the troops are with the ruler against the people, and in Russia it is certain to assume a peculiar character of its own. Unhappily, the authorities imported a deplorable element into the struggle when they taught by example that killing and murder for political purposes are no crimes. The situation is sufficiently characterised by these salient facts. All sections of society, from the peasant and the workman to the Tsar, proclaim that Russia cannot go on as she is going. Law must take the place of caprice. The Tsar himself, in his ukase, openly confesses all this, and more than this. The whole nation has since assured him that autocracy cannot save the country, but that the country may save the Autocrat if he be wise in time. . . .

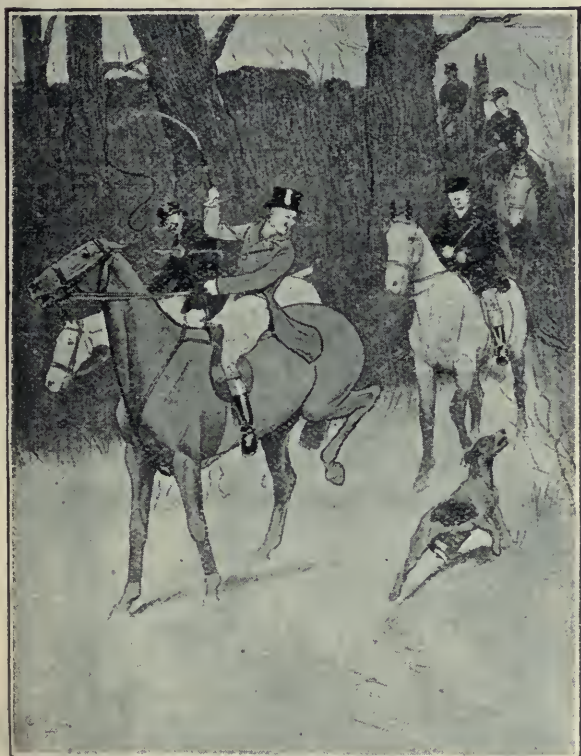
Between these two, then—the nation and the Tsar—the struggle will now be carried on. The first encounter took place on Sunday, January 22nd, between the troops of the autocracy and the unarmed multitude, and the autocracy, in possession of brute force, won the day. The people will now resort to force, but to force aided by cunning, and the next episodes of political justice may perhaps be classified by friends of the autocracy as crimes. But in matters of that kind public opinion is deemed to be the right rule of conscience, and in Russia public opinion approves the violent deed of Sozonoff.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM THE LONDON



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WE have made arrangements with the Proprietors of the *London Punch* which enable us each month to give our readers the most interesting cartoons and articles from what is universally admitted to be the foremost humorous journal of the world.



A Little Misunderstanding.

FARMER (to Young Snobley, whose horse has just kicked one of the hounds): "I should give the brute a good hiding for that, sir."

SNOBLEY (whose knowledge of hounds and hunting is only at present in embryo), proceeds (as he thinks) to do it!

HOTELS SIRIUS, LTD.

[Hotels for dogs have been started in America. These hotels are replete with every luxury and refinement: sumptuously fitted suites, baths, restaurants, gymnasiums and shampooing rooms are provided. Chambermaids and waiters of a superior order are placed at the disposal of dogs unaccompanied by their own valets.]

NOTICE.

Ladies and gentlemen belonging to Residents at this hotel are requested strictly to observe the following rules:—

1. Visitors desirous of being recognised may view Residents from behind the glass panels of the Caniary, whence they may endeavour to attract attention by quiet gesticulation. Tapping, whistling, chirping



"Enough is as Good as a Feast."

LADY: "There's your horse, Count! There!"

THE COUNT (who has taken several tosses): "Merci, Madame. I wish him not. It is enough. I finish—I go home!"



The Motor-Bath.

NURSE: "Oh, baby, look at the diver!"

noises made with the lips, or other sounds likely to disturb Residents are strictly prohibited.

2. Sticks, umbrellas and whips must be handed to the hall-porter.

3. Damp, muddy, or untidy persons will on no account be admitted.

4. Dresses of serge or other rough material are strictly prohibited in the Lap-dog Lounge.

5. Boots must be removed prior to entering the rooms marked "Silence." List slippers may be obtained from the attendants on payment of 2d.

6. Evening-dress must be worn by all visitors invited to dine with the Residents to whom they belong.

7. Considerable offence having been given to Residents by the growing practice of visitors of speaking to them without introduction, the Management are now compelled summarily to expel all persons detected in this breach of good manners.

8. Visitors are on no account to pass comments whilst watching middle-aged or obese Residents exercising in the gymnasium.

9. Approved children, if not suffering from coughs, colds, chapped hands, or similar complaints, may join the recreation of juvenile Residents in the Puppies' Pandemonium between 10 and 11.30 a.m.

10. Visitors may on no account use the brushes or towels provided for Residents in the toilette departments.

11. During Siesta hours—2.0 to 5.0 and 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.—the hotel is closed.



IRATE STATIONMASTER: "What the devil are ye waitin' for?"

ENGINE-DRIVER: "Can't ye see the signals is against me?"

STATIONMASTER: "Is it the signals? Sure now, ye're mighty particular!"

The "White Slave Traffic" Once More.—"The Earl of Londesborough has intimated to the tenants on his Scoreby Estate, near York, and his Tathwell and Hallington domains, in North Lincolnshire, that he is about to have them put up for sale by auction."—The Standard.

With a view to allaying the alarm caused by the frequent ignition of motor omnibuses, we are requested to state that in no instance, so far, have the passengers been more than slightly singed.

As the result of a dispute, the pulpit of the Evangelical Union Church at Dalkeith was last week occupied by two rival preachers at the same time, each of them struggling to obtain a hearing. There is little doubt that, if every place of worship were to provide similar attractions, we should hear less of empty churches.

THE LITTLE FATHER.

Nichol, Nichol, little Czar,
How I wonder where you are!
You who thought it best to fly,
Being so afraid to die.
Now the sullen crowds are gone,
Now there's naught to fire upon;
Sweet your sleigh bells ring afar,
Twinkle, twinkle, little Czar.



Trouble in the Interior.

"Some men are born great; others have greatness thrust upon them."



(There is a legend that the practice of leaving the bottom button of the waistcoat unfastened has an Etonian origin.)

JOVIAL PASSENGER: "Eton?"

PERFECT STRANGER: "No. Drinkin'!"

Little Ozar, with soul so small,
How are you a Czar at all?
Yours had been a happier lot
In some peasant's humble cot.
Yet to you was given a day
With a noble part to play,
As an Emperor and a Man;
When it came—"then Nicky ran."

Little Czar, beware the hour
When the people strikes at Power;
Soul and body held in thrall,
They are human after all.
Thrones that reek of blood and tears
Fall before the avenging years.
While you watch your sinking star,
Tremble, tremble, little Czar!

BRAN BATHS.

The above form of cold weather ablution, so much in vogue in Parisian circles, will appeal to the more highly strung and delicately nurtured among us who share the Continental prejudice against soap and water. We guarantee that if our readers will try the

following directions (borrowed from a lady's paper) they will not only enjoy a complete change of complexion, but experience after-effects which the passage of many days will fail to wipe off. Boil four quarts of bran in a gallon of water, pour the liquid into a bath, massage the flesh with bags made of cheese cloth (obtainable at any American cheese merchant's) containing a mixture of the bran—well cooked as above as glutinous—orris root crushed, castile soap and powdered borax. The new coat thus formed on the surface of the skin must be allowed to harden before adding a second coat of emollient jelly, composed of gum tragacanth, glycerine, alcohol, and oil of violet. The proper smearing consistency of this mixture is not attained until it is the thickness of honey or golden syrup.

We must advise our readers at this point to suppress an overwhelming desire for moonlight soap and a scrubbing brush, as by exercising patience and self-control the bran bather will soon become accustomed to a sensation of stickiness. The treatment must be continued through the cold weather, as it has the additional charm of protecting the pores from the rigours of our spring climate.

We hasten to add that the *bran bath* must not be confused with the *bran tub*, one of the many points of difference being that a dip in the latter creates a desire to repeat the experiment, which is rarely the case with the former.



Feminine Amenities.

MISS GUSH: "What do you think of my new hunter? Isn't she a dream?"
MRS. SHARP: "Quite. A perfect nightmare, I should say!"



Juggernautical.

UNFORTUNATE CYCLIST (who has been bowled over by motor-car): "Did you see the number?"

JARGE: "Yes. There was three on 'em. Two men and a woman."



An Infant Roscius

STAGE MANAGER (interviewing children with the idea of engaging them for a new play): "Has this child been on the stage?"

PROUD MOTHER: "No; but he's been on an inquest, and he speaks up fine."



WIFE: "I hope you talked plainly to him."

HUSBAND: "I did, indeed. I told him he was a fool, a perfect fool!"

WIFE (approvingly): "Dear John! How exactly like you!"



"The Desire of the Moth for the Star"

MISTRESS: "And you dare to tell me, Belinda, that you have actually answered a theatrical advertisement? How could you be such a wicked girl?"

BELINDA (whimpering): "Well, mum—other young ladies—gow on the—stige—why shouldn't I gow?"



HISTORIAN: "Boy, is this the field upon which the great battle was fought?"

NATIVE BOY: "No, zur, that be it at the top of that hill."

HISTORIAN: "Dear, dear! That hill must be quite a mile away!" (Playfully) "Why ever didn't they fight in this field?"

BOY: "I zuppose because this here yield belongs to Varmer Jonson. He never will lend his yields for anything, not even for t' village sports!"

WHO IS FATHER GAPON ?

BY CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY.

[In the American *Outlook* for February an interesting article appears under the above heading. The editor says of the author:—"She is the daughter of a nobleman and earnest philanthropist; then revolutionist, hard labour convict, and exile for 23 years in Siberia, and now a heroic old woman of sixty-one. She has plunged again into the dangerous struggle for freedom."]

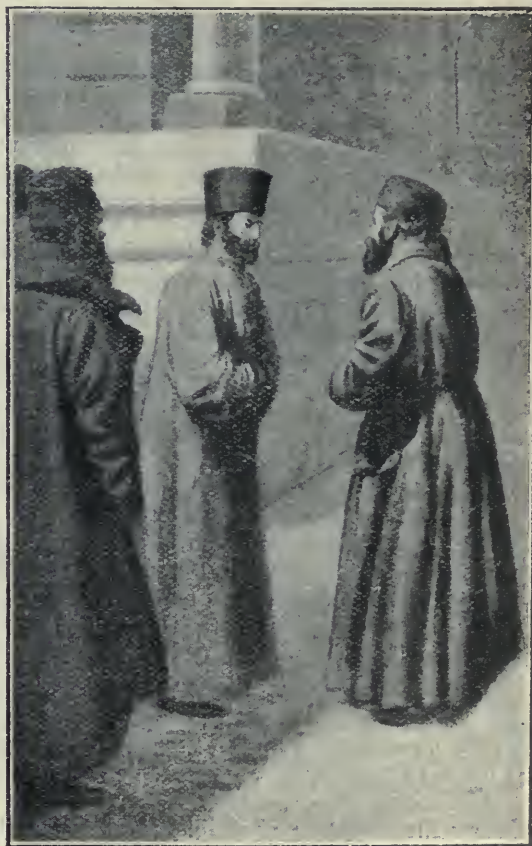
Catherine Breshkovsky's views of the revolt in Russia, and of the character of leadership represented by Father Gapon, will interest our readers. With regard to the personality of Father Gapon, very little is positively known. The article really deals with Father Gapon as a type rather than an individual, and points to him as one of a numerous class of men who is endeavouring to lead Russia out of the slough into which she has cast herself. It is also a comparison between him and Count Tolstoi, and it shows how entirely different the two men are in their methods, although they are both struggling for the ideal. She asks, "Who is Father Gapon?"

FATHER GAPON A TYPE.

"He is not a Revolutionary Socialist. He is not a Social Democrat. He is not a Liberal. What is he, then—this Father Gapon? Father Gapon is a type known for centuries in Russian history. The Tsar-made laws had done all that was possible to divide the Russian people into classes privileged and not privileged; they had done all that was possible to construct institutions which should form a race of nobles entirely different from that of the peasants; but the immense mass of the Slav race remains always forged from the same metal, in spite of the amalgam of nationalities which on all sides surrounds the indestructible mass. Yes, the Russian people present a compact whole, all of the same fibre, having for their representatives Father Gapon if peasants, Count Tolstoi if nobles. Both are perfectly typical of the classes to which they belong, and both, in spite of the difference in position, carry in themselves the characteristic traits of their people. Both have faith, and are true optimists; both regards the sacrifice of life for a noble ideal as the highest end of human existence.

A COMPARISON.

"Father Gapon, like Count Tolstoi, has an indestructible faith in the moral force of man—in the absolute power of his soul. God and man, man and God—they stand on heights almost equal in the eyes of the Russian peasant, and this is why nothing is impossible to the Russian idealist. So it is, more or less, with all of our idealists, but this pantheistic psychology is most strongly expressed in our two heroes of to-day. However, these two natures, similar as they are, seem to act differently under the same circumstances. Both are devoted to the in-



From the American "*Review of Reviews*."

Father Gapon.

(Leader of the Russian strikers in St. Petersburg talking to one of the workmen.)

terests of the people. Both are against government by Tsar; but, while Count Tolstoi preaches inaction and supreme self-abnegation, Father Gapon calls men to action, in the name of God certainly, but always to action, even through force of arms.

"Whence come these different points of view? How it is that these two persons, so alike in all their moral and intellectual traits, take two different directions when they reach the decisive question? The enigma is not difficult to solve. Father Gapon is the son of a peasant; the life of misery and degradation of the people is known to him not only

by hearsay, but by his own experience; his soul revolts to think of allowing the continuance of a *régime* the existence of which causes sorrow to the whole country and atrocious torment to a population of more than a hundred million. Having himself known all these sufferings, he dares not ask his people to suffer on and on. The normal sense, the instinct of a true altruist, makes him hasten to the relief of his fellow-men; he cannot remain quiet, seeing their despair."

COUNT TOLSTOI'S POINT OF VIEW.

She thinks that Count Tolstoi, although a noble idealist, can never penetrate the depth of the sufferings of his people, because he has had no personal experience of them. He has a natural repugnance of evil, revolts against injustice, understands the humiliation of a man, prostrates himself beneath his gross passions, but he approaches the sufferings of the people only as a grey-haired philosopher, who has spent the heat of his sentiment, and from whose warm heart enthusiasm is waning. His habit is contemplation without emotion:—

"It is because of this that this truly great man, who feels himself so near to God, can no longer enter into the real suffering of men; that, in a tone calm and reasonable, he preaches patience and moral perfection; that he forbids men to raise a hand against the evil which threatens to crush them and their descendants.

"Here, at the point where they teach real life, the two great men separate. One remains in the skies, surrounded by beautiful ideas and righteous thoughts; the other descends to earth, places himself at the side of his unhappy *confrères*, and puts in action all his force, all his sentiment, all his energy, to end the sufferings, to end the cries, the tears, the maledictions. He is no longer patient, nor does he wish to be patient, for he sees clearly that it would be a crime on his part to witness the agony of his people without making an effort to withdraw them from the precipice over which their blind patience had precipitated them. He cries, 'To arms! Take what is your own!' while Tolstoi advises, 'Suffer, and ignore the wicked, solely.' Here it is that they differ.

A POINT OF VIEW NECESSARY.

"Better to understand what are the forces which produce types such as these two great men, we must understand the mental side of the Russian people—their every-day psychology, so to speak. We must know what they think about the destiny of the world, what are their beliefs about God and the duties that He imposes upon each human being. It may very probably astonish you to learn that this same Russian people, who have covered all their immense country with rich churches in every form of architecture; who, in order to be baptised, betrothed, married, buried, support hundreds of thousands of ignorant and lazy priests; who visit, in

innumerable multitudes, monasteries that contain miraculous ikons—that these same people, I say, are by no means attached to these things. They do not satisfy the heart that yearns for justice. For the Russian people God is justice, sacred justice; and all that is justice is divine. And it is not because the churches are God's houses, and the priests the servants of God's houses, and because the monasteries contain the relics of men whom God loved: it is not on account of all this that the entire framework and equipment of religious organisation is accepted by the Russian people. For a long time they have been so engaged in seeking for the truth in this direction that they have failed in all their economic and political relations—everywhere and always. And if the world knew how much effort, sincere, touching, and heroic, these good people have put forth to find this justice which had somehow evaded them, and was lost to them, the world would then never see in this people, gentle and generous by nature, beings stupid, wild, and foreign to civilisation. How many poems, capital stories, true narrations, depict for us the ardour and earnestness with which the best representatives of our peasants, encouraged by their comrades, set out on foot and traverse thousands of versts, from one country to another, seeking always the truth, seeking 'sacred justice,' whether in the form of a holy man, a saint, an inspired writing, or even in the person of the Tsar.

"But what is truth; what is justice? Oh, the Russian peasants know what constitutes this important thing, the answer to this question so difficult to solve. The Russian peasants say that justice (or God) demands that all human beings should be happy, that they shall have means of enjoying life without doing evil to others and without being oppressed by them. This is the justice so greatly longed for. But, beyond this, Russian peasants are bold enough to believe that they know not only what constitutes truth, but also the means of putting it in practice here on earth. They say, for instance, that a good God has created man, that He gave man with life the right to enjoy all that it created by Him for the benefit of mankind. So the land, with all its riches, forests and streams, all this belongs to all of us, because it is the work of God. It follows that all that is produced by the hands of man belongs to him whose hands have wrought out the individual product.

"This is the economic aspect of truth to the Russian peasants; as to the moral side, it consists in never doing evil to one's neighbour and in aiding him in his toil. Daily toil does not frighten the Russian labourer; he loves the land and values his work, which makes his life pleasanter and more intelligent. He loves to contemplate the beauties of nature, to seek out the solutions of serious questions, to enjoy a tranquil conscience. This is the real Russian peasant: but up to the present time

he is misunderstood by all the world, for he has not as yet had the opportunity to make himself seen and heard.

"Nevertheless, Russian history shows us more than one Father Gapon working for the happiness of his people, applying his great strength to the benefit of his neighbour; so living that he may create better surroundings for those weaker than himself, those more oppressed by life. For instance, four centuries ago the mujik Stéphan left his family in a northern province, turned hermit, and dedicated himself to God; and he, like other Russian peasants who have become monks, passed his whole life in converting the heathen, in teaching them to build houses, cultivate the soil, and erect defences to protect their villages against the wild tribes.

"Again, it was a Russian mujik, Stenka Razine, who will always remain the hero most beloved by all the Russian people. It was he who, in order to deliver the common people from all the persecution and terrible taxes by which they were borne down through the decrees of the Tsar Alexis Mikchaylovich, effected a rising of the population on the banks of the Volga, and led his forces against Moscow in order to force the Tsar to yield to the demands of the people. This was in the middle of the seventeenth century, and now, at the beginning of the twentieth, it is again a mujik who is at the head of a band of working-men marching towards the Winter Palace. Again, there was the famous Lomonosoff, the very first student of science among the Russians, who, through his passionate love for science, came on foot and during the winter over the enormous distance from Archangel to Moscow in order to enter himself as a student in a college, and was sent, on account of his remarkable abilities, by the Empress Elizabeth into Germany, whence he returned to establish the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg—was he not also a peasant? And before him the famous Nikon, the mujik who became Patriarch and the reformer of the religious service of the Greco-Russian Church, dared to dispute as to his rights with the Tsar Alexis that he might secure for his country a religion which he believed to be pure."

FOREIGN UNDERSTANDING IMPOSSIBLE.

"It is absolutely impossible for foreigners to bring before themselves the actual condition of the peasant in Russia. There are eighty million people, not only poor, not only deprived of all practical education, but also devoid of all hope. All the factories and shops in Russia cannot employ more than three million hands, and thus the rest of the population has no other means of living but by supporting itself through the land, which the Russian peasant regards as the kind of life which is most suitable to him. But how may he find that land when it is divided up in the hands of the Royal family, in-

cluding the Tsar himself, the nobles, the monasteries, and the capitalists, who all think it profitable to acquire forests and pasture lands, with the hope of drawing great revenues from them. There remains Siberia. The peasants have tried to betake themselves thither in order to seek for open land, that they may thus gain the support of their families. But the watchful eye of the bureaucracy quickly took note of this; and forthwith there appeared, in 1900 (ten years after the beginning of an active emigration from Europe into Asia), a new law, declaring that by the will of the Tsar all the unoccupied land of Siberia belonging to the Crown (elsewhere one would say to the State) could be distributed only in the following way:—The nobles had the right to acquire three thousand *désiatines* each (every *désiatine* equals two-thirds of an acre) at the rate of two roubles; as to the peasants, they could not receive more than fifteen *désiatines* apiece, but should pay at the same rate. The wish of the Tsar was to manufacture landlords even in Asia. As these conditions made it impossible for the peasants to occupy the new land, it remained uncultivated—and our peasants continue to perish of famine and misery. We may well believe that the instinct of self-preservation caused forceful men like Father Gapon to spring up of themselves from the mass of the population—men of intelligence, who not only recognised the necessity of allowing the farming communities to acquire the full control of land, but who also had the courage to pour forth their own blood in order to bring about this act of justice. Such men alone are capable of restoring the now deplorable economical condition of the country to what it should be.

It is true that often the smaller nationalities which surround the Slavs take the initiative, so to speak, and become impatient to see the Russian people at last arouse themselves and give the word for a decisive advance; but we must take account of the fact that the entire mass of the Slav population, the so-called Russia, is placed near Asia, and touches Europe only along a narrow strip bordering upon foreign peoples. Again, one may well be surprised that, despite its Asiatic limits, despite its own Government, which is despotic and hostile to the education of the country, the Russian people have offered to our view such names as those of Tchernychevsky, the famous economist; Fouchencka, the famous critic; such writers as Turgenieff, Chtdrine, the celebrated satirist, whose work cannot be translated into another tongue, so original and individual was his genius; such painters as Repine, Verestchagin, and many others; musicians like Tchaikowski, Rochmaninoff, Glinka, and the like; so many men remarkable in one way or another as are to be found among the great Russian revolutionary leaders—men and women also. And besides there is Tolstoi!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

By W. T. STEAD.

"CANDIDA," "POWERS OF DARKNESS," "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Last month I saw three plays, G. B. Shaw's "Candida" at the Court Theatre, Count Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness" at the Royalty, and Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" at the Adelphi—nine plays in all. I begin to feel that I am already losing one of the distinctive advantages of the inexperienced playgoer. When you see your first play the people on the stage are to you only as the characters of that play. You have never seen them in any other rôle, never heard their accents uttering the sentiments of any other person. But after you see other plays—and "Candida" was my seventh—a confusion begins to creep in. The personality of the actor brings back associations of other parts which he has filled in other plays, and memory helps to spoil the illusion. You cannot do justice to the play owing to the pestilent intrusion of the personality of the player. Take an instance of this. The actor who played the tragic and pathetic part of Mr. Keegan, the suspended priest, in "John Bull's Other Island," played in "Candida" the part of a decadent young ape of a latter-day poet, who acted like a zany, and who richly deserved to have been kicked out of the house for his insufferable impertinence. Now it so happens that this same actor has a voice of a peculiar fibre in it which is not unpleasing, but is penetrating and unmistakable. Hence, when the youth was mooning and grovelling about the stage as a kind of odious caricature of Richard Le Gallienne, he spoke all the time with the accent of the poor mad priest Keegan. The effect was bizarre. The incongruity between the new part and the old was as great as if a great singer, who had thrilled you by singing "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," were with the same voice and accent to render the music-hall ditty that laments the disappearance of Bill Bailey.

A similar instance occurred in the "Taming of the Shrew," although to nothing like the same disagreeable degree, when the actor who had played the tragic part in Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness" filled a comic rôle in the Shakespearian farce. It cannot be helped, but if I had a wishing-cap I think I would have as many players as there are characters in all the plays on the stage, and rigidly enforce the rule One player One part. Otherwise associations of other plays will keep intruding.

Then, again, another mischief is beginning to be perceptible. I am beginning to differentiate between the play as the author wrote it and the play as the actors present it. For the full enjoyment and profit of the play, you should forget that there is any distinction between author and actor. You ought to see life in action before your eyes, and it is as distracting to the full appreciation of the spectacle to differentiate between the author and the actor as it is distracting to the perception of a beautiful woman to distinguish what are the charms she owes to nature and what to her dressmaker. The *tout ensemble* is the thing. And I very much fear that every fresh play I go to see impairs the child-like capacity for the *tout ensemble* which I possessed in my earlier experiences. For instance, in "Candida," as I saw it at the Court Theatre, I could not help feeling that if Bernard Shaw had been in my place he would have slain at least two of the actors, not because they did not act well, but because they overdid their parts, both in action, manner and make-up, and went far to convert what, even as Mr. Shaw wrote it, is a broad enough burlesque into a preposterous farce. And at the same time I think, if I had been one at least of the actresses, I should have been equally disposed to slay Mr. Shaw at sight for dooming me to act such a travesty of the possibilities of actual womanhood.

VII.—"CANDIDA" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

"Why do you take Shaw so seriously?" said a friendly critic. In the opinion of some people Mr. Shaw always has his tongue in his cheek. To them he is a grotesque *farceur*, who has so long practised the art of uttering paradoxes that he now thinks nothing is true that is not apparently false, and the more absurd a thing sounds the more implicitly ought it to be believed. But that is as gross an exaggeration as that of any of the characters in a Shaw play. There is at least one man

who takes G. Bernard Shaw seriously, and as that is the man who knows G. Bernard Shaw better than anyone else in the world—to wit, G. Bernard Shaw himself—I humbly endeavour to accept him at his own valuation as the only contemporary English dramatist who has inherited the traditions of Euripides and Shakespeare, and who may be compared to Ibsen and Maeterlinck. And perhaps it is because I judge him from that lofty standpoint that "Candida" somewhat disappointed me.

The story is simple enough. A popular, socialistically minded Anglican parson, who, except in appearance, recalls reminiscences of a mixture of Stewart Headlam and Hugh Price Hughes, is devoted to his wife Candida, the daughter of a grotesque vulgarian who appears to typify Mr. Shaw's conception of the London employer—that is to say, a man who is at once a fool and a knave, and who sweats his workpeople and misuses his aspirates with equal brutality. All the women—especially his shorthand typists—are in love with Candida's husband. This appears to be chronic, and is genially known in the household as "Prossy's complaint"—Prossy being the name of the young lady who at the moment is acting as his secretary. Into this household comes a young fool of a school-boy poet, an earl's nephew of eighteen, picked up starving on the Embankment, with a bank draft in his pocket which he did not know how to cash. He develops rapidly a violent attack of calf-love. He is moonstruck with the charms of Candida, and that lady promptly utilises his devotion by making him black boots and slice onions for the household. He gets out of bounds, waxes alternately imbecile and impertinent, and tells the parson that he loves his wife, and that such a peerless and glorious, and ethereal, and divine woman as Candida could not, would not, and did not love such a miserable creature as her husband. The parson first laughs, then loses his temper, and then is tortured by jealousy. Upon this mood Candida plays for a time, wilfully or otherwise, praising up her calf-lover, and telling her husband that the only reason why people flock to hear him is not because he does them any good, but merely because they've all got Prossy's complaint. Waxing wrath, the parson goes off to address a meeting, leaving the poet alone with Candida. When he comes back some hours later, he finds the lad at his wife's feet making love to her with the foolishness of bleats. Then ensues a scene terminating in the dismissal of the poet, and the curtain falls after Candida and her husband, locked in each other's arms, have wiped all memory of his existence from their minds.

To call this a study in calf-love is to perpetrate an outrage on the calf. If it were played differently, it might be possible, by a powerful exercise of credulity, to imagine that the course of events went as Mr. Shaw represents them as going. Played as the poet was at the Court Theatre, with his absurdities exaggerated to idiotcy and apery, the character knocked the bottom out of the credibility of the drama. It is absolutely inconceivable that so energetic, genial and sensible a parson, who inspired every woman with affection—his wife most of all—could have been quite such an imbecile as to have tolerated so much of the gibbering nonsense of the half-witted lad in the first place, or in the second place to have distressed himself about such a rival. He could as soon have been jealous

of a poodle or a performing bear. If the lad with the long hair, who perched himself like a blue-nosed monkey in the easy-chair, had been less of an antic, Candida might have taken compassion upon him, with the sensible idea of conferring upon him the benefit which every good and sensible woman can confer upon a raw youth, by allowing him to worship her. She might also very reasonably have thought that it was a laudable thing to let her husband feel how she had often felt when she noticed the adoration of his shorthand typist. But that presupposes, as a postulate, that it was conceivably possible that a man like her husband, who was really devoted to his wife and the mother of his children, could have experienced even a twinge of jealousy about such a feckless loon, such a blithering idiot as the boy-poet.

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the true inner significance of "Candida." To Mr. Shaw, I believe, it has some subtle esoteric meaning, which I make bold to say no one could possibly divine from the spectacle presented on the boards at the Court Theatre. What was quite obvious from the play, as it was played, was that the play ought not to have been called "Candida." It ought to have been called "Prossy's Complaint." "Prossy's complaint" is the energy imparted to the discharge of the duties of everyday life by the love which man generates in woman and woman generates in man when the normal outlet of direct expression is closed. In old days, when the principle of the zenana still haunted Christian civilisation, Prossy's complaint was regarded as little short of a deadly sin—at least, when it attacked women. Nowadays, with every successive extension of the area of woman's activity outside the walls of her own home, it is beginning to be recognised that Prossy's complaint, so far from being sinful, is one of the blessed and potent forces for the improvement of the world. Candida is the prophetess of Prossy's complaint. She is a good, sensible, matter-of-fact, pretty housewife, capable of experiencing and of evoking passionate affection. Her husband is a devoted, eloquent, excellent clergyman, who dotes upon his wife, but who, nevertheless, being what he is, inevitably excites what Candida calls "Prossy's complaint" in his shorthand typists, and in all the women who crowd his church and do good works under his direction. Candida sees clearly enough that it is this affection which a good, eloquent, devoted, sympathetic man can command, far more than his doctrine or his preaching, which explains his success. She sees it, and is amused, not vexed, but there is sufficient *Schadenfreude* in her nature to love to tease her husband by exciting "Prossy's complaint" in the boy poet, a youth of eighteen—she being thirty-five. Unfortunately the malady attacks the lad in a virulent form, temporarily depriving him of his reason, and leading him to make

a brutal scene with the husband, who, in striking contrast to the serenity of Candida in presence of the development of this malady among her husband's lady friends, becomes foolishly jealous. Mr. Shaw possibly desires in this subtle way to suggest the superiority of woman to man. The parson's ladies never allowed Prossy's complaint to lead them to insult his wife or even to declare their affection for him. Candida, although she had far more reason for jealousy, takes a sensible view of it, and is rather proud than otherwise when she thinks of the rows of women who are in love with her husband. It is a pity that this is not more strongly emphasised, as it might have been if the parson had answered his wife's exposition of the real secret of his influence by saying, "And how proud you ought to be, Candida, to know that it is your husband who can generate, in all these workers so much increased energy and devotion—simply because he cannot help letting them fall in love with him." But, although the parson was too foolish in his idiotic jealousy to say this, Candida felt it, and it was natural that she should. For she was a sensible woman, whereas her husband, not being sensible, but jealous, was fool enough to be irritated by the adoration which Candida received from the poet. He might have seen that Prossy's complaint was working the same good results in the poet as it worked with Prossy. It led to his doing some useful work at last, and to regard the slicing of onions and the blacking of boots as foretaste of paradise. Candida ought to have kept him better in hand, but any sensible husband would have watched her handling of the patient with a sympathetic eye of genial humour.

I wonder how it is that "Prossy's complaint" has never passed into current slang as the description of the natural affection which men and women generate in each other, to the immense increase of

their own energy and working power, when there is no possibility of any gratification or even articulate expression of their passion. Every clergyman among his lady workers—nay, every priest in his flock and every bishop among his nuns—derives half of his influence—often more than half—from the fact that, consciously or unconsciously, he inoculates them with Prossy's complaint. In "Candida," as in a very unfinished charcoal sketch, we see the same complaint affecting a lad. It is very crude and exaggerated, but it is interesting as suggesting what might have been a powerful situation if the poet had not been such an insufferable ass.

The shorthand typist, who suffers from "Prossy's complaint," is spoiled by the same absurd note of exaggeration, for which, however, Mr. Shaw is responsible. Typewriting girls may sometimes be pert, but no young lady who ever struck a keyboard would abuse her employer's father-in-law, as if she were 'Arriet slanging Mary Jane's 'Arry in the New Cut. And to bring her on to the stage worse for drink in the closing scene merely for the purpose of letting off a feeble witticism—"she was not a champagne teetotaler; she was only a beer teetotaler"—was little short of an outrage. It left a very disagreeable impression, much as if a painter, having drawn a figure of a pretty woman, were to insert a cutty pipe between her lips. But Mr. Shaw loves to smudge his pictures.

Candida's father is an absurd and preposterous figure. Broadbent, in "John Bull's Other Island," may have been his lineal descendant, and the difference between the two represents the progress made in the evolution of the type. In "Candida" he is a caricature who seems to have walked out of the "comic" cartoons in *Ally Sloper*. Considering what Mr. Shaw has done and can do, and, still more, what he aspires to do, this kind of humour seems out of place.

VIII.—TOLSTOI'S "POWERS OF DARKNESS."

There must be some light even in Hell, otherwise Dante could never have seen the denizens of the Inferno. It is much the same kind of lurid light which revealed the characters in Count Tolstoi's tragedy of Russian Peasant Life which the Stage Society presented at the Royalty Theatre last month. For tragic unrelieved horror it recalls the most sombre efforts of the later Elizabethan drama. "Titus Andronicus" could hardly be played in London to-day, and "The Powers of Darkness" is almost as repulsive. Judge from the story. A well-to-do Russian peasant in an advanced stage of consumption is introduced to us with his second wife, a young and attractive woman, who has played him false with his labourer, the hero of the play. He has two daughters, one by each wife. The labourer, a village Don Juan, has ruined among other victims a village maiden—a dowerless orphan

—whose wrongs impel his father, a kind of Tolstoian Christ-moujik, to insist that he must marry the girl. This, however, suits neither the labourer, his mistress, nor his mother. The three of them combine their forces to destroy the reputation of the friendless orphan. The labourer first swears before the icon that he never touched her, and then promptly flings her off, the methods of procedure of the gallinaceous male being equally contemptible and brutal in all countries and in all classes of society.

His mother, desiring to obtain for her son the farm and the savings of his employer, suggests to his guilty wife that she should put poison in his tea. This, after much hesitation, she consents to do. The consumptive, coughing horribly, seems as if he were about to die a natural death on the stage. But as dissolution lingered, he was helped out of life, just behind the scenes—his dying groans

and coughing agonies being only too audible—by an extra dose of poison. The self-made widow seizes the hoarded wealth of her victim and hands it over to her paramour, and the first part of the play closes.

When the second part begins the labourer has entered into his ill-gotten spoil. He has married his mistress, and is squandering her wealth in drunkenness and riotous living. The work of the farm is entrusted to a hired man, an ex-soldier, who was formerly a hard drinker, and who is now a somewhat cynical but good-natured man of the world. The hero has soon tired of his wife. He has transferred his "affections" to her stepdaughter, who is about to bear him a child. The Tolstoian Christ-moujik arrives on the scene seeking assistance, money being needed to replace a dead horse. He and the old soldier hold a conversation, in which the Tolstoian doctrines of the wickedness of interest and the curse of riches are duly insisted upon preparatory to the object-lesson afforded of their truth by the arrival of the drunken hero with his latest paramour. Vice, blatant and unashamed—spiteful on the part of the girl, genially brutal on the part of the man—flaunts itself before the horrified eyes of the old father, who departs, refusing to touch the accursed roubles.

Nemesis speedily overtakes the wealthy and drunken adulterer. His wife's step-daughter is betrothed, and even on the day when her betrothal was to take place she gives birth to her child. The mother and the wife decide that the new-born infant must be killed, and that

its father must do the murder. He recoils in horror at first, but is driven by mother and wife to put the living child into a hole which he has dug in the cellar and crush it to death. The horror of the midnight murder in the cellar is described by the little sister who hears the infant's cries, and in agonised terror asks the old soldier, who is lying asleep on the top of the stove, what it means. The conversation between the child, who cannot sleep, and the good-natured old soldier on the stove is piteously pathetic, and the explanations of the man, who understands all, and who tries to keep the child in the dark, are almost the only passages in the play which do not reek with horror.

The last scene is very powerful. It represents the awakening of the conscience of the man on the very day of the wedding of the girl whose baby he had killed. At first he meditates suicide, but ultimately makes a clean breast of everything before everybody, and is led off in custody, the real culprits—his mother and his wife—being by him expressly exonerated from guilt.

What is there to be said about such a play? The little girl, when she hears from the old soldier of the fate of millions of women who go to the devil and for whom nobody cares, asks plaintively, "Then what is one to do?" There is no answer. The silence is of despair. And if the life of the peasant millions of Russia is accurately portrayed in "The Powers of Darkness," there is indeed only too much justification for despair. But Despair is never the note of Truth.

IX.—"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

I saw Mr. Oscar Asche play Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Adelphi from the pit on a foggy December afternoon. The rollicking farce which is interwoven with the comedy of Bianca's wooing went well. But the stage play brought out much more clearly than I had realised on reading the drama how entirely Shakespeare ignored the only real human problem implied in the title of his play. The difficulty of managing a bad-tempered wife is not solved, it is not even approached. The farce is amusing, although the postulates are somewhat degrading, implying as they do that the absolute sovereignty of the husband is not only sound in law but a matter of divine ordinance. What is the difficulty which husbands experience in managing their wives? It consists, first and foremost, and all the time, in the fact that they are dealing with women who are wives, that is to say, with women whom they either love, or, at least, have been sufficiently attracted by to enter into conjugal relations with them. It is that, and that alone, which constitutes the problem. In his play Shakespeare calmly eliminates it. Katharina and Petruchio are not creatures in whom the attrac-

tions of sex have any existence. They are two human beings, one of whom, representing, say, ten foot-tons of energy, obtains legal possession of another human being whose maximum energy amounts to only six foot-tons.

The more powerful unit consents to accept the conveyance to him of the weaker unit as an appendage to her dowry. When his human chattel is made over to him he uses his superior strength and his unlimited and absolute right of ownership to break in the weaker unit exactly as trainers break in wild beasts. He starves her into submission, and what hunger might fail to effect he accomplishes by sleeplessness. Katharina is in no sense a woman to him. She is merely recalcitrant matter to be crushed by superior force. To regard this as a picture of a real struggle between an unmanageable wife and a masterful husband would be as absurd as to present us with a picture of a wrestling match in which the weaker wrestler is never even allowed to get a grip of his antagonist. Katharina never had a chance of bringing to bear upon Petruchio the arts and wiles and subtle influences to which in every age her sex have resorted, to counterbalance the brute strength of her lord and master.

Interviews on Topics of the Month.

XXIX.—GENERAL BOOTH: HEAD OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

This interview, necessarily short, is only the prelude to a comprehensive illustrated character sketch of General Booth which we shall publish in an early issue of the "Review of Reviews."

Of necessity one must interview General Booth, the head of the great Salvation Army, now visiting our lands, and so I found him besieged by newspaper reporters, for even the great dailies must recognise this truly wonderful man and his still more wonderful work. But of choice the "Review of Reviews" would interview him, for he is one of the comparatively few men who have abandoned themselves to the work of lifting up their fellow-men. So it was that I called upon him at the headquarters of the Army in Melbourne, where he was spending a few days prior to starting for New Zealand.

I found him keenly alive to everything around him. Hair and flowing beard as white as snow might well have signified failure of mental powers, but his brain is keen and active as those of a man in his prime.

"Your mission here, General?" I said, after the friendliest of greetings, for time was short, and the Hon. Alfred Deakin was to see him when I had finished.

"To see my beloved comrades in these lands, to inspire them to fresh enterprises and greater conquests, and to say to them, face to face—for the last time, possibly, who knows?—the things I want to say to my comrades-in-arms who are upholding the banner in these far-off lands."

"How are you solving your problems of society; for we have the same here, the same in kind, only smaller in proportion?"

"I can see that. Here in your strong youth you have the weaknesses that the countries of the old world with hoary locks have. But, briefly, I want to work on a huge scale. As I said to a meeting of stockbrokers and business men of varying nationalities and characters just before I left England, 'If only I could have part of what you spend in a year in pleasure, I would clear the streets of London of the unemployed, the unemployable and dissolute.'"

"A large order, General, but I wish you God-speed in it. What would it take?"

"If I had £10,000,000, and some legislative assistance, I would take all these helpless ones and either transfer them to farm colonies, or establish factories and get them all to work under better conditions. I would divide them into three classes. First, there are men and women over, say, forty

years of age, getting into the ruts, who will fall in the way unless helped. I would establish homes for them in other lands. They only want change of place and a start in life. They are the men who would help to populate your spare lands and would make good colonists. There are thousands of them. Then there are the younger unemployed, and the unemployable because of lack of fitness, likely to drift into evil courses. The nation needs to save them. After that come the dissolute and depraved, the drunkards, the profligate. These also I would take, but I must have the right to keep them, and compel them. It is of no use without that. If a man would not work, I would feed him on bread and water, but work he must. A sum of money like that would enable me to solve the problem that now goes unsolved. Why shouldn't I get it?" said the General, with a fire in his eye that was good for reformers to behold. "So much spent on self, so little on God."

"And is that the whole plan?"

"No, only half of it. The principle underlying the whole scheme is regeneration. All of the classes must be helped to be better. They can be made better, and they must be changed in heart and life to make the scheme successful. My scheme (this with a touch of a jocular mood) combines a large quantity of help with a heavy admixture of religion. The people must be converted, turned from evil, dissolute ways to righteousness. I should expect no success apart from that, and would not undertake any remedial work under other conditions. I have seen farms started again and again on the help principle alone, and they have signally failed. I propose that the people shall be helped, and that they shall be reformed if possible. That is only, after all, what we are carrying out every day. We pick up wastrels constantly, wash their wounds, bind them up, clothe them and feed them, and try to convert them." So the veteran soldier in the only justifiable war on the earth—the war against wrong—discoursed eloquently of his scheme.

"Are you likely to negotiate for lands here for emigrants from Home?"

"No; why should I? There are such vast areas of untouched lands elsewhere, and some of the Governments of the nations are approaching me with offers, nations that want population; but Australia does not want population. I send no wastrels. You see, my scheme provides for these in other ways; I send out to other lands men who only want opportunities to become splendid and desirable ad-

ditions to the population of any country. I have offered to me all the lands I want."

"And yet," I said sadly, "we need them so badly!"

But there was no time for more, and I regretfully parted with the General—one of the few men making history, and one of the fewer making it in the right way. And as I left him and stepped into the glorious sunshine of an autumn day, the vision involuntarily floated before my eyes of "the new

heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness," for the General inspires.

General Booth left for New Zealand on the 12th inst. for a short visit. He returns to Australia in about a month. In New Zealand his influence on the "No-license" question will undoubtedly tend to strongly swell the tide of temperance reform which is flowing over that colony, which this year enters upon another of its Titanic struggles against the liquor traffic.

XXX.—HON. SIR JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

Sir Joseph Ward, Colonial Secretary, Postmaster-General, and Minister for Railways in New Zealand, has been spending a week or two in Melbourne, and I called upon him at the Grand Hotel to have a chat over New Zealand matters. Of course, he did not need to be reminded of the keen interest which Australians take in the progressive legislation of the prosperous country in which he has so large a stake.

Speaking of the Metric system, which New Zealand has been courageous and progressive enough to introduce, Sir Joseph said that he views the change without any apprehension whatever. Tables have been prepared showing the comparative value of measures under the old and the new systems, and it is intended to educate the children in the State schools in it, in view of its adoption, so that almost imperceptibly the change will come.

"Of course you hope that it will lead to decimal coinage?"

"That is so. It will certainly prepare the way for it. A change in the coinage can only be a matter of time. There is no doubt as to the values of both the metric system and decimal coinage. The great advantages of both systems for carrying on the commerce of a country are such that I have often wondered why those responsible for the conduct of trade in the Colonies have not vigorously taken the matter up years ago. A little difficulty at first may be experienced, but that will soon, with ordinary practice, disappear."

Regarding the much debated Land question, Sir Joseph said: "We are awaiting the result of the findings of the Royal Commission. There is a demand on the part of some of the Crown tenants to secure the freehold. They have generally done well under the leasehold, and there has been an agitation in some quarters to give them the right of purchase, but one of the initial difficulties that those agitating have experienced is as to whether the right of purchase ought to be at the unimproved value of the land when they took it up. Of course, great progress and general development has been made in the Colony, and a very large Public Works expenditure has taken place, and naturally there has been an enormous increase in the general value of the leasehold lands of

the Crown and all other lands, and that is one of the points upon which the Royal Commission now sitting will, no doubt, investigate and have some recommendation to make. The whole subject is fraught with great difficulties, and we are waiting till the Commission sets the matter out in all its bearings. It is a question of such vital interest to the Colony that it should, if possible, be approached entirely independent of Party politics. Though I am sorry to say there have already been strong indications to the contrary."

"Speaking generally, I presume that there are great facilities in New Zealand for land settlement?"

"Undoubtedly. We want to settle as many people on the land as possible in the easiest and cheapest way to them. There are, of course, two distinct classes of Crown lands. The one class is that of lands which have never passed from the Crown, and it is concerning these that the chief agitation for granting the freehold has arisen. The other class is that of Crown estates which have been acquired under the Land Resumption policy, the freehold of which has, in recent years, been purchased by the Government. Evidence is also being taken in this branch of our Crown lands by the Royal Commission."

"You have no lack of properties offering for resumption?"

"No. Out of a large number of estates resumed in recent years, only a few have been dealt with compulsorily. The policy of resumption of large landed estates is a wise one, and this is generally recognised throughout the country. In course of time we shall have the colony covered with a vast agricultural population."

"I hope that New Zealand will join in the Vancouver mail service?"

"We are quite willing to do so. If the Vancouver boats will call at a New Zealand port, we are willing to pay a subsidy of £20,000 a year."

"Do you attach much importance to the opening of the Panama Canal?"

"Most assuredly. It will be to us one of the biggest things of the century. We will be able to

connect with the Old World in an almost straight line, to say nothing of touching more easily the Eastern States of North America. Be assured that we shall take every advantage of it."

"I understand that you have shut alcoholic liquor out of all the railway refreshment rooms?"

"Yes, on the first of this month all bars at railway stations were abolished. We had not many bars attached to railway stations in New Zealand, and as a matter of policy it was considered that the few should be abolished, and that it would be better that the travelling public should obtain their requirements in this respect from the hotels which, in districts where licences exist, are adjacent to railway stations."

"Of course I do not need to remind our readers of the warm welcome you give to visitors? The hos-

pitality of New Zealanders I know by my own experience."

"No," Sir Joseph cheerily remarked, "we try to give every one such a good time that they either want to stay or return to us. Our Tourist Department was established especially to assist all travellers, and I am glad to say that I have had many communications from people visiting our Colony from all parts of the world, expressing their appreciation of the services and assistance rendered to them. There is a very large number of people who visit the Colony entirely for the purpose of seeing its natural beauties, and our effort is to make them acquainted with the many attractive and extraordinary features of our wonderful and beautiful land."

XXXI.—HON. H. DAGLISH, PREMIER OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

(A Photograph of Mr. Daglish appeared in the September "Review of Reviews.")

As the Hon. H. Daglish, Premier of West Australia, was passing through Melbourne on his return from the Hobart Conference, I called upon him at the Federal Parliament House to chat over one or two West Australian matters which just now are attracting general attention. Mr. Daglish had spent a few days in Sydney before returning to his Western home.

Of course, the question which must necessarily take precedence of all others as regards the Western State is Dr. Roth's report on the aboriginal question. In answer to a query as to what the Government intended to do, Mr. Daglish said that as Dr. Roth's report had been published after he left, he could not exactly outline the Government policy, but that I might rest assured that the Government would do everything that was necessary to ameliorate the condition of the aborigines. "As a proof," he said, "of the Government's determination in that respect, I may say that the fact that a Bill was brought forward by us to improve the condition of the aborigines, before Dr. Roth reported, is a very clear indication that we are anxious to do the best that is possible for the natives. Any abuses which may be shown to exist will be removed."

"I understand that the action of your Government in sending a lecturer through the other States, calling attention to the facilities afforded by the West Australian Government for settlers, has caused a good deal of adverse comment from other States?"

"I do not see why that should be. It is surely better for Australians to settle in some other part of the continent than to go away to South Africa, or Canada, or South America. Australia is their home, and we are anxious, if they are leaving their present habitation, to receive them in the West. More-

over, if a man goes to Canada, the climatic conditions are against him; here in Australia he can get all that he wants within his own latitudes. Canada will give him land for nothing, so will West Australia. We will give him 160 acres. If he wants any more he will have to purchase it at a price not exceeding 10s. per acre, payable in 20 years, but we will give him the 160 acres, and he can make his selection where he chooses in the land which is thrown open for selection. It is safe to state that any person who is doing well in the State where he now resides will not desire to leave it. Any resident of a State desirous of settling on the land will prefer to do so in the State he lives in, if it can offer him suitable opportunities. Those who cannot obtain in the Eastern States the facilities they require, and who perforce have to go further afield, we shall endeavour to obtain for Western Australia. If we succeed in our effort, we are not only benefiting ourselves and our new settler, but acting in the interest of the Commonwealth by retaining for it a taxpayer who otherwise might be lost. Our freedom from droughts may be a temptation to many farmers to go West, when they have suffered through the droughts in the Eastern States."

"Do you give any facilities in the way of advances to settlers?"

"Yes. We have a splendid institution, the 'Agricultural Bank.' Its capital was raised last session from £400,000 to £500,000. The money is obtained from the Savings Bank and lent to the Agricultural Bank at 3½ per cent., which again lends to the settler at 5 per cent. on the security of land and improvements and also of stock. We have a splendid manager, and you may judge how well the thing has worked when I tell you that, although the bank has been running many years, it has only

lost £10 as bad debt. It has been a wonderful help to many of our best settlers."

"I suppose West Australia is extremely anxious to have the railway commenced?"

"Undoubtedly. It will be the only outward and visible sign of Federation, of which there is at present none. We are just as remote and out of touch with the rest of Australia as we were before Federal delay in carrying the Survey Bill and at the methods adopted by its opponents."

"I noticed that at the Premier's Conference you voted in favour of the transfer of State debts."

"Yes, I did, conditionally. Personally I supported the general condition with regard to the extension of the Braddon Clause. We are, of course, eager to have that retained, as it is essential to the well-being of all the States. A local condition which I demanded is that we have the right to purchase the Midland Railway with stock domiciled in London, without any reference to the Federal Treasurer. Another local condition was the extension of the bookkeeping system, which expires in 18 months, or else the adoption of some other means of return-

ing to West Australia an amount representing her surplus of Customs revenue. Under present conditions we should lose from £400,000 to £500,000 a year unless the bookkeeping period was extended."

"You also gave your consent to the transference of State properties?"

"Yes. I gave a reluctant consent on condition that the sinking fund is paid out of the Federal revenue, because the extension of the Braddon Clause is all-important, and unless some arrangement is come to about State debts and transferred properties, there is little likelihood of that extension. I think interest, as well as the sinking fund, should be paid out of the Federal one-fourth. Of course, this has yet to be confirmed by my Cabinet."

"What do you think is the actual result of the Conference?"

"The Transfer of Properties question will, without doubt, be settled, but I doubt whether any of the other questions discussed will bear fruit for a long time. But, at any rate, we understand one another better, and that is a great deal."

XXXII.—THE WOMEN'S BILL: MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P.

MR. WILL CROOKS, M.P., introduced last session the Women's Enfranchisement Bill. This he did on behalf of the Independent Labour Party in the absence of its representative, Mr. Keir Hardie. The Bill provides that in all Acts relating to the right to vote at Parliamentary elections words importing the masculine gender shall be held to include women. It was in order to ascertain Mr. Crooks's views in regard to the prospects of the Bill that I called upon him at his house in Poplar.

"What are the prospects of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill next Session?"

"As large a number of members as possible must be induced to ballot for a place for its discussion, for only one of the first seven or eight places is of any use. As far as I personally am concerned, I wish the Women's Enfranchisement Bill to be one of these measures, and I shall strongly urge its inclusion in the labour programme for the coming Session."

"The enfranchisement of the women of Australia is due chiefly to the efforts of the Labour Party there. Are the women of this country to receive similar assistance from the Labour Party in England?"

"The members of the Independent Labour Group in the House of Commons all support the enfranchisement of women, and I am convinced that the working-men electors desire it too."

"Various Liberal leaders have pronounced in favour of electoral reform, but so far they are silent as to whether women are to have votes. It is feared that the Liberal party, when it comes into power, may

establish manhood suffrage, leaving the disqualification of sex still standing. What do you think likely?"

"I cannot speak as to what the Liberal party may or may not do, but this I do know—namely, that the Labour men in the House will protest with all their force against the exclusion of women from any measure of electoral reform which may be brought forward by the present or any government."

"One is, indeed, glad of this assurance, Mr. Crooks. By bringing forward the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, which raises the issue with regard to women's franchise so neatly, the Labour Party will define its attitude clearly and unmistakably. Even failing the complete success of the Bill next Session, the work done by the Labour members in its support will serve to show the leaders of the other two parties that labour demands equal justice for women as an essential part of electoral reform."

Mr. Crooks has been addressing meetings in Scotland and the North of England, and finds that everywhere the movement for labour representation is growing and strengthening amongst the working-men voters.

"All this brings home to one very strongly the contrast between the position of the working men who have won their citizen rights and that of the working women who, still voteless, cannot take their rightful place in the great Labour movement. Is it not so, Mr. Crooks?"

"Certainly; and I hope that before long we shall, by securing the franchise for women, render possible a true union of all the forces of labour."

DAY BY DAY.

A CHRONOLOGICAL DIARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE WORLD.

March 8.—Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, resigns ... Two German warships run aground in the North Sea ... The St. Petersburg strike is still extending.

March 9.—The question of religious education causes dissension in the Canadian Ministry ... A fire breaks out on the "Warrimoo," between Melbourne and Hobart; no lives are lost, and the fire is subdued ... The German Reichstag rejects a request for 20 additional squadrons of cavalry ... China delays in expressing her adhesion to the Tibetan Treaty ... A royal tomb, 3400 years old, is discovered in Egypt.

March 10.—Earl Rosebery delivers a notable address on "Imperial Politics" ... The English House of Commons agrees to the whole cost of the late war in Somaliland ... The outbreak of bubonic plague in India causes 34,000 deaths in one week.

March 13.—The revolt against Russian rule in Armenia increases. Many Russian officials have been assassinated. It is reported that 40,000 peasants are armed for a rising ... The Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill passes a second reading in the British House of Commons ... Mrs. Stanford, the millionaire philanthropist, is found to have been poisoned by strychnine ... Another Somali raid is carried out.

March 14.—The Morocco pretender brutally murders seven prisoners ... It is announced at the opening of the Cape Colony Parliament that prosecutions for the participation in the late rebellions would cease ... Mrs. Chadwick is convicted of forging Mr. A. Carnegie's name to a promissory note for £1,000,000 ... Several changes in the Balfour Government are announced as the result of Mr. G. Wyndham's resignation.

March 15.—The wreck of the barque "Accacia" is found on Mainwaring Island ... It is reported that the Tsar accuses Ministers of concealing the true situation of affairs from him ... A severe outbreak of bubonic plague occurs in Chili ... The British army's estimates for 1905-6 amount to £29,813,000—an increase of £983,000.

March 16.—The Marquis of Anglesey dies at Monte Carlo, aged 29 years ... It is announced that Italy proposes to expend money largely in fortifying the Austrian frontier ... The Sunday Closing of Shops Bill is read a second time in the House of Lords ... It is assumed that a surplus of several million pounds is assured in connection with the Imperial Budget ... A jewellery robber secures a haul of £10,000 in Birmingham ... The revolted peasants in Russia damage the estates of the Tsar and the Grand Dukes in the Tchernigoff district to the extent of several million roubles.

March 17.—The British ship "Kyber" is wrecked near Penzance; only three sailors out of 26 escape ... The United States Senate lays aside the treaty made by President Roosevelt with San Domingo ... It is announced that King Alphonso, of Spain, will visit Paris and London in June next ... Five leaders in a military conspiracy in Poland are hanged ... A bomb explosion takes place in Moscow.

March 18.—It is stated in the English House of Commons that short weight jam was sent from Australia to South Africa during the war ... The army of Afghanistan is favourably disposed to establish a military academy with European teachers ... The German Reichstag alters its previous decision to refuse 20 additional squadrons of cavalry ... A remarkable

phenomenon of a moving mountain is in progress in Wales.

March 20.—The significant courtesy of the German Emperor to members of the French Embassy in Berlin is favourably commented upon ... The Princess Victoria and Queen Alexandra pay a visit to the Royal House of Portugal ... Tests at Cherbourg demonstrate the superiority of submersible over submarine war vessels.

March 21.—France and Italy complain of Venezuela's invasion of the rights of foreign residents and investors ... The Ex-Princess of Saxony, deprived of the rights which remained to her after her divorce, is the recipient of £2050, subscribed by her sympathisers in Saxony ... The Emperor William arranges to visit Morocco ... All the labour organisations in Warsaw agree to strike simultaneously when the Tsar's mobilisation orders make their appearance.

March 22.—A fearful fire in Massachusetts causes the death of 140 persons ... Germany ignores the Anglo-French agreement of last year with reference to Morocco ... Twenty-four miners are killed at an explosion in a colliery in West Virginia.

March 23.—In view of the approaching visit of the Kaiser to Morocco, a column of 18,000 French troops crosses the Algerian Western frontier into Morocco ... The Indian police force is to be reorganised and strengthened at the cost of £1,000,000 per annum ... Dynamite outrages continue to take place in Warsaw ... The peasant rising in Southern Russia is extending ... The German Reichstag determines to take severer steps towards preventing brutality of officers towards private soldiers in the Army ... The Christians of the Greek Church and Turkish moslems combine against the Bulgarians ... Russia establishes a Consulate at Bandar Abbas, a Persian port.

March 24.—The leaders of the Liberal Party are interviewed with reference to Licensing Law reform in Britain ... A Diamond Export Tax is rejected by the Legislative Council of Cape Colony ... The insurances on the life of the late Marquis of Anglesey are said to amount to £250,000.

March 25.—The German Kaiser, in a speech, declares for peace, although determining to keep the army in a fit condition for war ... Russian troops in Poland practise fearful barbarities, firing at peasants.

March 27.—It is asserted that the Tsar is wholly under the influence of "Father John," of Cronstadt ... The prospect of an extension of the Anglo-Japanese alliance arouses keen interest in Russia ... The death is announced of Jules Verne, aged 77 years ... It is stated that the United States authorities refuse to allow shipments of Australian butter to enter the country because the butter contains boracic acid.

March 29.—The Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, is transferred to the see of Ballarat ... The German Reichstag introduces a Bill to remedy labour grievances ... Mr. J. Keir Hardie, in the British House of Commons, raises a discussion relative to the attendance of underfed children at Government schools ... It is arranged that King Edward and Queen Alexandra shall, in April, visit Copenhagen ... A strong movement is in progress in Crete to have the affairs of the island administered by Cretans.

March 30.—The Victorian Supreme Court allows the appeal to the Privy Council with regard to the liability of Federal officers to State income tax ...

Russian stocks have fallen from £91 to £85 in six weeks, owing to the insurrectionary movement in Poland ... It is reported that a Cuban sergeant destroyed the "Maine" under the impression that she was a Spanish warship ... President Roosevelt proposes that the United States shall appoint a collector of customs in San Domingo, who shall retain 50 per cent. of the duties for the liquidation of the public debts ... The Federal Parliament is further prorogued until April 28 ... Mr. C. K. Cook, of the Royal Colonial Institute, recommends that provision be made for the immigration to the colonies of English State children ... A supply of motor omnibuses is ordered for use in Melbourne to be used as feeders for the railways.

March 31.—The Tsar makes a feeble attempt to pacify the Poles ... German settlers in Samoa claim £22,400 in connection with the late war ... Mr. Dane, who has been representing the Indian Government at Cabul, is returning to Simla with a concluded agreement ... It is reported that a French fleet of warships will pay a friendly visit to Spithead during the summer ... Germany is disputing the right of France to exercise influence in Morocco ... A Bill is introduced in the British House of Commons for the creation of a Minister of Commerce at a salary of £5000 per annum.

April 1.—The postage on British letters to Australia is reduced to one penny, and that of letters travelling the other way to twopence ... Mr. Lyttelton, in the British House of Commons, refers to the treatment of natives in West Australia ... Dengue fever is rampant in Brisbane.

April 3.—Conscription in Poland is suspended ... One million persons in Andalusia in Spain are suffering the horrors of famine.

April 4.—The Prince of Wales undergoes a slight surgical operation successfully ... The Venezuelan High Court menaces France's cable rights ... Another slaughter is perpetrated by the Russians on the Poles ... Lord Milner, retiring High Commissioner in South Africa, and Governor of the Transvaal, is entertained at a farewell banquet in Johannesburg; and Earl Selborne, Lord Milner's successor, is accorded an audience by King Edward on the eve of his departure for South Africa ... The German Emperor's action over Morocco is deprecated generally.

April 5.—The assassin of Duke Sergius proclaims himself a nobleman ... The Orient Company's offer to carry English mails is accepted by the Federal Government, the contract being £120,000 ... In the British House of Commons a Bill enabling female ratepayers to be elected as councillors and aldermen of county councils passes its second reading by 150 votes ... The Chinese Government arranges to make a monopoly of the opium trade in China.

April 6.—In connection with the cruise of Queen Alexandra, it is intended to visit Greece. King Edward will travel by rail incognito through France to meet Queen Alexandra at Marseilles ... A serious earthquake occurs at Lahore in the Punjab.

THE WAR.

March 8.—The strike of Russian railway employes renders it impossible to forward supplies to the army ... The Japanese line of retreat along the Mukden-Harbin road is cut off.

March 9.—The Japanese are successfully carrying out a great encircling movement ... General Kuropatkin retires from Mukden ... It is announced that the Baltic fleet will be further reinforced.

March 10.—All the Sha-ho defences are evacuated ... Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet leaves Madagascar presumably for Jubail in the Gulf of Aden.

March 11.—The Russian army is in a desperate

situation ... The third Pacific squadron makes slow progress through the Mediterranean ... Britain accepts the sum of £65,000 as indemnity over the Dogger Bank incident.

March 13.—The defeat of the Russian army is now certain.

March 14.—General Kuropatkin talks of resigning his position ... The Japanese capture of guns and spoils is tremendous ... The French newspapers advocate that Russia should conclude peace.

March 15.—Japanese warships are sighted near Palawan, an island in the Malay Archipelago ... It is continually asserted that secret negotiations for peace are being carried on ... Vladivostock is menaced by Japanese infantry and cavalry ... It is decided in Russia to mobilise three new divisions and two army corps to be under the command of General Gripenburg ... The flotation of the Russian war loan of £40,000,000 is postponed by France.

March 17.—It is supposed that by the postponement of the Russian war loan France is endeavouring to bring pressure upon the Tsar to sue for peace.

March 18.—The Japanese cut the railway north of Chang-tu-fu ... The Russians continue their retreat north of Tie-ling ... It is announced that General Kuropatkin has been recalled to St. Petersburg, and that General Linevitch will succeed him.

March 20.—The beaten troops are said to be in despair ... The Russian Government endeavours to raise its loan at Home.

March 21.—It is stated that General Kuropatkin will remain at the front in a subordinate position as Commander of the first army.

March 22.—The Japanese forces occupy Kai-yuan, 40 miles north of Tialing.

March 23.—The pursuit by the Japanese somewhat slackens ... The third Pacific squadron has sailed from Crete for Port Said.

March 24.—It is stated that the Russian army has lost most of its food supply in the recent battle.

March 25.—The Russian Commandant at Vladivostock orders all women in the town to leave.

March 26.—Women and children leave Harbin in expectation of a battle ... The Japanese alter the gauge of the Manchurian railway ... The Japanese war loan of £30,000,000 is underwritten in London.

March 28.—A majority of the Tsar's Counsellors and Ministers are said to have agreed that the time is opportune for the initiation of negotiations for peace ... The Japanese are rapidly advancing towards Vladivostock.

March 29.—It is stated that the original scheme of Russia to mobilise 400,000 reserves as reinforcements is abandoned ... The flying Japanese squadron spent the 18th inst. at Labuan ... Doubts are raised as to the existence of Russia's gold reserve.

March 30.—Russia repudiates the reports of peace negotiations ... The Japanese loan is reported to have been subscribed tenfold ... Russian stocks are reported to be still falling ... The Baltic fleet is stated to be steering in an easterly direction.

April 1.—The Japanese succeed in cutting the railway line between Harbin and Vladivostock ... President Roosevelt is stated to be acting as a mediator in the war ... Preparations are said to be in progress in Russia for the despatch of a fourth squadron.

April 4.—Lieutenant-General Sakhoroff returns to Russia on account of differences with General Linevitch.

April 5.—It is stated that the Tsar decided to continue the war with Japan "at all costs" ... Japan's home loan of £10,000,000 is subscribed fivefold.

April 6.—Four hundred thousand Chinese round Mukden are in a state of starvation.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE CRISIS IN RUSSIA.

AS SEEN FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

THE reviews teem with articles on the situation in Russia. One of the clearest, sanest, and best-informed articles is that entitled "Revolution by Telegraph"—by *Daily Telegraph* presumably—which Mr. R. Long contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* from St. Petersburg. Mr. Long is one of the few British journalists who can speak Russian with facility.

DISCONTENT, BUT NO REVOLUTION.

As representing an influential group of American newspapers, he has had access to everybody, from the Grand Duke Vladimir down to the wildest revolutionist, and he sums up his estimate of the whole matter as follows :—

The essential facts are perfectly plain to those who seriously studied events on the spot, unaffected by the tissue of incoherent sensationalism sent over the long-suffering wires from St. Petersburg to London. There was no revolution, no revolutionary movement, hardly any revolutionary feeling in the Russian capital. Of the conditions precedent of revolution, not one, save widespread anger and discontent, exists. There is not an armed people, or the possibility of getting arms. There is not a mutinous soldiery. There is not an exhausted Treasury. And lastly, and most important of all, there is little symptom of any great religious or philosophical awakening, such as inspired and directed the successful popular revolts of Western Europe.

AN AUTOCRACY UPHELD BY A WOMAN.

But although there was neither revolution nor the revolutionary spirit, Mr. Long warns us that this does—not imply that the Government's oppressive policy is based upon the confidence of strength. The one fact which neither party disputes is that Autocracy is suffering from the incurable weakness of senility. The reactionaries, in fact, are more wrath with the present system for its feebleness than the progressives are for its tyranny. Russia unanimously believes that the present supreme opponent to sweeping reform is not the Tsar, who has no power, or his Ministers, who have no opinions, but a certain aged and highly-placed lady who adds to power and opinions an inflexible persistency and indomitable heart. I regard the complete surrender of Autocracy to the people's demands as more probable than the enforcement of those demands by successful revolt.

NICHOLAS II.

Mr. Long naturally pours contempt upon the astonishing farrago of malicious lies that were so greedily swallowed by the British public about the Tsar and Bloody Sunday. He was appalled by the tragedy, and was prostrated with horror. But "Nicholas II. is no more responsible for the shooting of his subjects on January 22nd than he is for an eclipse of the moon." The preposterous legend of his alleged cowardice is without foundation. "Nicholas II. did not run away from his subjects, or scuttle from palace to palace to escape the perils of a revolution which no one expected." Nevertheless Mr. Long says frankly, "The Tsar has failed as a ruler. He has

made no fight. His subjects neither love him nor dread him" :—

The convinced reformers hope nothing from him. The convinced reactionaries despise him, primarily, for what they are pleased to call truckling to the un-Imperial sentiment of peace. The unnumbered dumb men who have not yet learnt to discriminate between reaction and reform are not impressed by his personality. The merely stupid, unmoral world of society regards him with indifference. Even his domesticated life is a cause of offence.

When a ruler is hated because he loves peace and does not commit adultery, there is at least ground for a suspension of judgment.

M. WITTE THE INDISPENSABLE.

But if Mr. Long is hard on the Tsar, he has succumbed to the glamour of M. Witte :—

The longer-headed men of both parties agree that there is only one man in the Empire fit to face the peril. The ex-Finance Minister, M. Witte, never towered above his phrasemonger colleagues as he does to-day. Russia trusts in and hopes in the ex-Minister of Finance. The rude, brusque manners, never laid aside save when there is an object to gain, the massive, awkward figure, the unconcealed irritability of speech and blunt denunciation of folly, all appeal to a people accustomed to the rule of the elegant weakling phrasemongers who have hitherto held the upper hand only because the vast bureaucratic machine, which they pretend to control, possesses sufficient cohesion and power to rule, though badly, by itself. During the last five years M. Witte has grown greyer, more morose in manner, and less inclined to the civilities of ordinary intercourse. But friends and enemies alike affirm that he is the same man, with the same miraculous power of work, the same resolute bearing towards opposition, the same invariable habit of doing what has to be done without hesitation or delay.

Nobody knows how far he sympathises with reform. He has in a brief term of years condemned autocratic oppression, created an economic system which is the only mainstay of the autocratic system left, and coquetted with the most advanced Constitutionalists. How he will act no one knows. But everyone feels that he will at least act decisively. He will not be a petty oppressor or a half-hearted emancipator.

He speaks bitterly, wears his irritation and contempt on his sleeve, and plainly lets everyone see that he is quite conscious of his power to drag Russia out of the abyss into which she has sunk, and furious at the ingratitude with which he has been treated. And this plain speech alienates many who have no objection to his policy. Yet, despite his condemned financial policy, his unbearable manner, his doubtful Liberalism, there is not one intelligent Russian who does not mention his name with respect and awe.

THE MACHINE KEEPS GOING.

The machine of Government keeps going, despite all the discontent. The educated classes dislike it, but they fear that but for its support the Labour movement would get out of hand :—

Many moderate Liberals affirm that a successful working-class revolt would culminate in a general and infuriated attack upon everyone who wore the "European" garb of infamy, and did not cut his hair over the nape, wear bast-shoes, and a sheep-skin *shuba*.

Hence cultivated society will support the Government against a working class revolt, and unarmed and distrusted labour can effect nothing by itself.

Yet Russia is united as to the need of some kind of representative Government. M. Korolenko says:—"I give Autocracy two years' life at most. A Constitution is the only possible alternative to a revolution in the near future."

PRELIMINARIES AND FUNDAMENTALS.

In the same Review Mr. Alex. Kinloch writes on the social and political condition of Russia:—

The complex elements at work in her polity are altogether too heterogeneous to apply any Western ideas of reform. It would amount to a claim to crown an edifice, before its lower storeys shall have been built. It is the raising of the status of the peasantry by the withdrawal of restrictive measures and the influence of true education, that is wanting to enable her to meet the exigencies of her agricultural industry—the main asset in her financial resources. Further, the peasant is sorely in need of some system of providing him with material aid which would enable him to improve his antiquated methods of cultivating the land. He also requires some impetus which will instil into him a spirit of self-respect and self-reliance, and help to raise him to a point of equality as a citizen of the empire. Then and only then will there be time to talk of organising deliberative assemblies with executive power, but certainly not without a recognition of the supreme authority of the Tsar. Any scheme of reform in Russia, which is to be lasting, must be based on the two great principles of obedience and love as represented by loyalty to the Tsar and fidelity to the Church.

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RIVALRY IN ASIA.

BRITISH PLANS IN INDIA.

In the opening article in *La Revue* of February 1st, Alexandre Ular, writing on India and Anglo-Russian Rivalry in Asia, says that the problem of the domination of Asia is so far-reaching that every event of importance which has occurred in recent years in the countries of any of the great Powers, including social crises, the Moroccan imbroglio, the Macedonian and Armenian massacres, and the Transvaal War is connected with it by innumerable ties. At the present moment the Anglo-Russian struggle for the leadership in Asia is more than ever the pivot of history, and if it seems to be somewhat obscured by the war in Manchuria, it is none the less true that behind the scenes of this tragedy a greater tragedy is being played with equal ardour and devotion, notwithstanding that the two principal champions refuse to recognise the existence of the yellow peril.

BRITISH AND RUSSIAN METHODS OF COLONISATION.

A curious contrast between the methods of colonisation followed by the two countries is presented to us. While England has never lost faith in her financial and commercial superiority, and her Colonial conquests have been made by merchants, Russia, instead of sending commercial emissaries to open up new markets, has preferred to expatriate her peasantry and provide them with military protection against the natives. Under the pressure of economic distress, rather than allured by the acquisition of wealth or the desire for activity, the peasants have founded colonies in a passive fashion, and an essential point of such expansion is that it in no way contributes to the wealth of the nation. It reduces the advantages to

the Empire to vague, political prestige, and in due course develops into a method of military conquest whenever a serious obstacle in the form of an organised State is met with. In this way the military and diplomatic action of Russia in Manchuria, Tibet, Afghanistan, Persia, and elsewhere in Asia is explained.

AUTOCRACY IN INDIA.

The methods of Russia, continues the writer, have taken the place of British Asiatic policy. So long as England had no economic rival to fear in Asia, she could remain indifferent to the colonial steeplechase of the Powers to the markets of Central and Eastern Asia. As the world-policy of England has always been the principle of the open door, while Russian conquest signifies the closed door, the rapid political expansion of the Russian possessions in Asia appeared to English eyes a grave peril. It was more serious when Russia, in appropriating Manchuria, gained a preponderating influence at the Courts of Peking and Seoul, and England decided to counteract Russian action by having recourse to Russian methods. This is the explanation of the British Imperialists (and notably of Lord Curzon) for the vast policy of conquest pursued in India during the last two years. Lord Curzon is described as a veritable autocrat, and the policy of England in Asia as Indian Imperialism.

LORD CURZON'S GIGANTIC TASK.

It is suggested that there are three formidable enterprises in Central Asia which England should undertake, Lord Curzon being an ideal man to carry out such a complex and grandiose task. They are:—

1. The means of communication between England and India ought to be made so secure that in case of grave difficulties arising, the routes to India would remain in the hands of England.

2. India should be reorganised on a military basis as a united and compact empire.

3. An energetic policy should be adopted to organise the dependencies so that a rampart of territories governed by India would surround her.

The three great rivals that England should endeavour to keep out of India are France, with her influence in Egypt and in Syria, Germany championed by Turkey in Arabia and Chaldea, and especially Russia, the suzerain of the Shah of Persia.

According to the writer, the general programme to be followed by England is as follows:—

To assure the absolute possession of Egypt, to connect Egypt by railways with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean so as to invalidate the hypothetical route to India from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, to weaken Turkish power in Arabia, to institute in the holy places of Islam the suzerainty of the Khedive, to spread English influence on the East Coast of the Red Sea and so render illusory the benefits to Turkey and Germany of the construction of the railway already begun between Damascus and Mecca, to acquire gradually the other coasts of Arabia and win the sympathies of the peoples of the interior, and to organise in Southern Persia a system of peaceful penetration capable of arresting the similar method pursued by Russia.

And the first condition necessary for the execution of the scheme was the conclusion of the Anglo-French Alliance.

PROSPECTS OF PEACE, AND AFTER:

A JAPANESE VIEW OF JAPAN'S AMBITIONS.

THE first article in the *Nouvelle Revue* is on the Ambitions of Japan. It is by a Western Diplomatist, and is a discussion of an article by the Japanese Professor Tomizu, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Revue Diplomatique*.

The Japanese Professor's way of looking at Japan is certainly not wanting in originality. He considers the present war the greatest event in Japanese history, but he says it is only a beginning, a lifting of the curtain, and the future drama of the twentieth century will be fought in the Pacific with Africa, Oceania, America, and Asia.

Enumerating all the scientific inventions of recent years, the Professor says Napoleon I. belonged to the Middle Ages, for, Emperor as he was, he had never travelled on a railway and had never received a single telegraphic message. Bismarck, too, was a man of the Middle Ages. He was an old man when the telephone was invented, and he died without seeing the Russo-Japanese War! The nineteenth century was the end of the Middle Ages. It is owing to the perfection attained in the means of communication that the next historical drama will be played in the Pacific. The position of Japan gives her the right to dominate the Pacific.

A revolution in China will be one of the elements of the future drama. China is tired of absolute government since European civilisation and the constitution of Japan have been translated into Chinese. At the beginning of the war the Chinese were uneasy about Manchuria, says the Professor. They said, if Japan wins, Manchuria will perhaps become Japanese; then they thought Japan would be sure to give back Manchuria to China, but China would have to pay an indemnity to Japan; and

finally they concluded they would get back Manchuria without any indemnity. Indemnity or no indemnity, Manchuria, argues the Professor, must only be given up in name; even then China must still pay an indemnity.

To begin with, Manchuria must be a Japanese possession, otherwise Russia would invade the country again, and there would be another war. Secondly, if trouble arises in China, the Japanese troops in Manchuria must be ready to enter China the moment circumstances seem to require it. Thanks to the

duration of the war, Japan, unable to acquire Manchuria without serious cost, will be justified in keeping possession of it; she must establish a military government there, protect agriculture, and collect taxes.

Manchuria, in short, is the necessary key to preponderating influence in Eastern Asia. With possession of Manchuria it would be easy to go a step farther and annex Siberia. In the next war Japan can set up her flag on the Ural and water her horses in the Volga. Manchuria will be a solid base for the second expedition, and it will also guarantee the possession of Korea. The war has broken the power of Russia, and Japan will now be supreme in Eastern Asia.



The War in the East: After One Year.

This map shows, by the shaded portion, the advance made by the Japanese in the twelve months since the night attack upon Port Arthur on February 8th, 1904.

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE.

An anonymous writer discusses, in the first number of the *Revue de Paris*, the conditions of peace in the Far East—that is to say, the conditions which will be imposed by Japan. Asia for the Asiatics, he says, is the cry of Japan. Japan declares she went to war only to re-establish a lasting peace in the Far East, a peace which will make Russian ambitions impossible. By her skilful attitude during the negotiations with Russia in 1903, she gave the impression to the world, and especially to the Anglo-Saxon world, that the war was a defensive war forced upon her, and not a war of expansion.

Japan has always considered Korea a dependency, and

the war with China in 1894-5 was undertaken chiefly to wrest Korea from Chinese influence, and to keep out Russia. But the Korean problem is only a piece of a vast system, and it would be a mistake to suppose Japan would be satisfied with concessions in Korea. The Japanese have opposed the Russian occupation of Manchuria under the pretext that such occupation would be a constant menace to the independence of Korea.

Then China is sick, and only Japan can save her. If Japan gets possession of Manchuria, she will make her

war in Europe, not with Japan. He also stated that the economic situation of the country is not going to interfere with the prosecution of the war.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

MR. RICHARD BARRY, in the *Century*, gives sketches of features of the historic siege. One or two may be given. The Japanese at least have learned something from South Africa :—

The Japanese attaché in South Africa had seen the Boer commandos, under fire, suddenly vanish in waving stalks of corn, projected, screen-like, across a tell-tale front. It was a savage trick, learned by the Boers from the Kafirs; and though school-bred British minds sneered at a ruse apparently so childish, yet many times their game was lost through such manoeuvres. The Boers used their maize in wholesale fashion, covering their front with deep layers of whole sheaves. The Japanese improved on this. Students of nature, disciples of nature, they gave no gross imitations. In late autumn, over a field battle-tossed for three months, trampled by two armies, and sickled by the husbandman Death, they advanced, resurrecting the corn-fields as they went, till the Russian eye beyond could not guess the point where maize standing by chance left off and maize erected by besiegers began. Each angle of advance was concealed by these brown, withered sheaves.

The commanding officers were given the traditional bird's-eye view of the battlefield in bomb-proofs cut in the solid rock a thousand yards in advance of the artillery and overtopping the firing-line. The Commander-in-Chief had a fine look-out in the rear centre of his army, two and a half miles from the town of Port Arthur.

While his optic vision was extraordinary, his mental horizon was vast and comprehensive. Telephones centering to a switch-board in the next bomb-proof connected him with every battery and every regiment under his command. He was in instant touch with the most outlying operations, and, almost with the ease and certainty of Napoleon at Austerlitz, could march and countermarch, enfilade and assault.

TELEPHONE AND POST OFFICE IN THE FIRING-LINE.

Telephone and post office follow the flag. In the advance of the Japanese army down the peninsula, telephone linesmen bearing on their shoulders coils of thin copper wire, not much larger and of no more weight than a pack-thread, followed through the kaoliang fields on each side of the commander. The moment he stopped, a table was produced, a receiver was snapped on the wire, and a telegrapher stood ready. More remarkable was the advance of the telephone into the contested redoubt of the Eternal Dragon, where a station was placed and operated for four months, with the Russians holding trenches only forty meters distant and on three sides. At this station, along the front of which twenty men a day were slain by sharpshooters, mail was delivered every time that a transport arrived, with was almost daily. Men on the firing-line received postal cards from their sweethearts and mothers an hour before death.

In the *Round-About* for February there is a very amusing example of "English as she is wrote" in the shape of a letter by a Japanese gentleman, describing his travels, to an English lady. He felt like a fish out of water when on land, and when he got on board the steamer he says, "It was just like a fish got into water after capitulation in a basket for some time." Confronted with a broken promise, he says, "If I had two bodies to represent my two minds, I might have escaped from the crisis. With one body I had to work two minds."



Minneapolis Journal.

"Go up, thou Bald Head!"

The bear will get 'em one of these days.

influence felt at Peking. Vladivostok, as well as Manchuria, will have to be abandoned by Russia, and no Russian naval base in the Pacific will be permitted.

A series of reforms will be instituted in Korea by Japan, and there will be a general reconstruction of the Far East by pacific methods, but with the threat of an appeal to arms. Such is the Japanese idea of peace.

M. WITTE'S VIEWS.

In an interview with M. de Witte, which Mr. Macgowan contributes to the *Century*, the Russian Minister emphatically declares :—

The war will not end on account of failing financial resources on the part of Russia. When it began I gave my opinion, officially, that if we should succeed, in the end, in defeating the Japanese, it would be by virtue of our superior finances. The Japanese cannot resist our finances. I have nothing to say of the other two factors—the army and navy. Perhaps the Japanese can carry on the war one and a half, two—at the most, two and a half years. Considering the finances alone, we can keep it up for four years. Other factors being left out of account, the Japanese can therefore be brought to sue for peace by their financial ruin.

M. de Witte proceeded to say that he had for ten years been preparing for war, but he was thinking of

MODERN BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN MORLEY.

MR. JOHN MORLEY publishes, in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, the first half of a review of Mr. Hobhouse's book on Democracy and Reaction. The major part of the article is devoted to a *résumé* of Mr. Hobhouse's thesis, but incidentally Mr. Morley says some things that are well worth quoting.

THE ORIGIN OF JINGO IMPERIALISM.

Mr. Morley points out that Mr. Hobhouse misses, by inadvertence I suppose, the historic origin of this far-reaching movement of the day, for he does not remind us that it first began in the rejection of Home Rule in 1886. Unionists, in resisting the new Liberal policy for Ireland, were naturally forced to make their appeal to all the feelings and opinions bound up with concentration, imperial Parliament, imperial unity, and determined mastery in the hands of "the predominant partner." Conservative reaction had set in during the general election of the previous year, and had shown itself in the unconcealed schism between the two wings of the Liberal party (for the Liberal party is always by its essence a coalition). What precipitated this reaction in the direction of Imperialism was the proposal of Home Rule, and the arguments and temper in which its antagonists found their most effective resort.

THE TWO IMPERIALISMS.

Mr. Morley points out that the new bastard Jingo Imperialism differs *toto cælo* from sane Liberal Imperialism:—

By Imperialism was understood a free informal union with the Colonies, combined with a conscientious but tolerant government of tropical dependencies. This was in essence the conception of the Empire bequeathed by the older generation of Liberals, and precisely the antithesis of present-day Imperialism, the operative principle of which is the forcible establishment and maintenance of racial ascendancy.

Between 1885 and 1900 Great Britain added between three and four million square miles and a population little short of sixty millions to her Imperial dominion; and the expenditure on the two war services has risen since 1875 from twenty-four to over seventy millions of pounds.

The annexation, through military conquest, of two small States, lawfully inhabited, possessed, and governed by white men, is so striking an example of reaction—I am not sure whether against democracy or not, but—against our ruling maxims for a century past, that it was impossible for him not to dwell upon it.

A GRAVE QUESTION.

Mr. Morley asks, in view of this:—

Is it not true that even the old idols of theatre and marketplace have fallen from their pedestals; that an epidemic of unbelief has run through our Western world—unbelief in institutions, in principles, churches, parliaments, books, divinities, worst of all, and at the root of all, in man himself? Such epidemics are familiar in the annals of mankind; they are part of the terrible manichæism of human history, the everlasting struggle between the principles of good and evil; they make us think of Luther's comparison of our race to the drunken man on horseback—you no sooner prop him on one side than he sways heavily to the other. What is the share of democracy in bringing the rider to this precarious and undifying case?

Reformers overlooked the truth set out by Tocqueville when he said, "Nations are like men; they are still prouder of what flatters their passions than of what serves their interests." The idea of empire intervened, partly because the circumstances of empire changed.

FOUR CAUSES OF REACTION.

Mr. Hobhouse attributes the reaction to four causes:

(1) the decay of religious belief; (2) the diffusion of

a stream of German idealism; (3) the example of Bismarck; and (4) the filtration into the popular mind that the notion that Might is Right has been proved by Darwin to be scientifically true. Mr. Morley states these conclusions, but is sparing in his comment. He says:—

The relations of Christianity and the Churches to democracy, empire, war, have never been of profounder interest or moment than they are to-day. We might have expected the gospel that teaches man to love his neighbour as himself, and to regard all men as equally the sons of one divine Father—such a gospel might have been expected to weaken pride of race, and all the passions that are bound up with imperial conquest. Yet that has hardly been so. As for democracy, it has often been pointed out for how many centuries the Christian empire was not less despotic than the pagan. Why, again, should decay in dogmatic beliefs about the supernatural lead to a decline in the influence of Christian ethics? All this poignant theme, however, goes far too deep even to approach in a parenthetic paragraph.

It is to be hoped that in the second part of this article there will be more Mr. Morley and less Mr. Hobhouse.

CURIOSITIES OF TAXATION.

"THE theory of taxation is magnificent; the practice of it is by most of us regarded as disagreeable," says Mr. Benjamin Taylor truly enough in *Temple Bar* for March.

In his article on Taxation, Mr. Benjamin Taylor explains the origin and development of the tax. First, it was an imposition by a conqueror upon the vanquished; then it was regarded as a gift from the individual to the Government; next it became the response of the people to the prayer of the Government for support; then a favour, a grant-in-aid from the individual to the State; later it assumed the virtue of a sacrifice in the interests of the State; with the development of economic ideas it became an obligation or duty; and finally it developed into a rate assessable by the officers of the State upon the citizen—a tax.

Among the curiosities of taxation he describes the hearth tax, or chimney money, which was always detested. A strange tax was that on births, deaths and marriages, with an annual tax on bachelors and widowers. These taxes were suggested by Holland, where similar taxes were in force. The first was graded according to rank and condition. A duke or an archbishop, for instance, paid about £50 when he married, £30 when his eldest son was born, and £25 for every younger son, £30 when his eldest son was married, £50 when his wife was buried, and £30 when his eldest son was buried. The bachelor tax existed from 1695 to 1706, and the tax for a duke or archbishop was over £12; the lowest bachelor tax was 1s.; the window tax continued until 1851, the tax on advertising till 1853, and the newspaper tax till 1855.

In the March number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. W. A. Atkinson writes on the Taxation of Windows.

EUROPEAN SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION v. AMERICAN.

THE GERMANS TO THE FRONT.

THE third of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip's interesting series of papers appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*, on "Political Problems in Europe," deals with Government Education, and the gist of it is contained in the following paragraph:—

In America we find a school system designed to make intelligent citizens; in Germany, a system whose object is the production of the most efficient economic units possible; in France a system designed uniformly to mould all minds to pass through the door of a Government examination, the only door which opens to a reduction of the forced military service, and to possible civil employment. In England none of these standards seem to have been set up. No British statesman seems ever to have conceived that a perfect system of education would redound to national greatness.

TECHNICAL TRAINING IN COMMERCE.

Mr. Vanderlip insists on the increasing importance of technical education. Those nations, he insists, which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the greatest industrial progress. Stereotyped education means industry without initiative. Two generations ago, he says,

the trained engineer was looked on with disfavour by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in the business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognised, and no important industrial operation would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Germany and the start in higher commercial education which we are making in this country are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field.

VOTER OR ECONOMIC UNIT?

In America education has been regarded largely from the point of view of turning out good citizens for the proper political development of the Republic—good, intelligent voters, that is. In Europe education has been differently regarded:—

The theory of education in Germany has been that it should be the work of the Government schools to turn out the most efficient economic units, while the tasks of the captains of industry were to organise these units into the most effective economic corps possible. The result has been the most thoroughly trained and organised system of industry in the world, with the possible exception of our own, and in many respects the German system presents points of superiority even in comparison with our own industrial system.

The German system, therefore, aimed above all things at turning out efficient industrial units. The Kaiser had no use for too much intelligent citizenship.

THE FRENCH IDEAL.

In France—to which probably Mr. Vanderlip does not do justice—the aim of education seems to be to turn out students able to pass the Government Civil Service examination. French economy, which he considers almost a national disease, has created an army of people with a small capital invested, which, however, does not bring them in quite enough to live

on. With some small salaried Government post, however, they manage very well. Hence it is that four vacancies for clerkships in the office of Prefect of the Seine called forth 4,398 applicants! The result of the French system is to produce an extraordinary uniformity of mental type and capacity, especially among the middle classes. Yet Mr. Vanderlip is fair enough to admit, speaking of French dexterity and supremacy where artistic capacity is needed, that "no tariff walls are effective barriers against superior taste and art." Yet, according to him, the exact uniformity of French is almost unbelievable:—

The Minister of Instruction, sitting in his office in Paris, can tell at any moment just what fable of de la Fontaine each child of a certain age throughout the whole of France is reciting. Teachers are not allowed any latitude at all. The result is to leave both teachers and scholars almost completely lacking in mental originality.

All which reads very oddly considering the position of France in art and letters, in everything, in fact, where originality and high artistic finish are required.

THE GERMAN METHOD.

The American boy, says Mr. Vanderlip, would be staggered by the tasks set to the ordinary French child. He would not, apparently, be much better off if set down to do the German schoolboy's day's work. Of the general superiority of the German system of education Mr. Vanderlip has no doubt. It is even superior, he thinks, to the American system in some particulars:—

Whatever trade a German youth may pursue, he will find open to him evening schools in which he may improve himself in his trade, may strengthen his technical knowledge so as to fit himself for a higher position, and at the same time may have his "formative power," as the Germans call it, strengthened and diversified.

This is the underlying idea in the whole German educational system: first of all, a certain fundamental set of subjects well learned, such as elementary mathematics, the German language, and possibly some foreign language; after that the opportunity, whatever the man's circumstances, to improve himself in his trade and in his general education, either in a day-school or in a night-school. In other words, a series of schools so diversified as to serve the interests of every class in the national population.

Moreover, although Germany is supposed to be the land of small salaries, America is unable to attract the great German professors of industrial chemistry, because, forsooth, she, the land of high salaries, cannot pay them enough to make it worth their while to come. These large emoluments of German industrial-chemical professors are due to their connection with large industrial enterprises, a connection, it seems, which is most remunerative.

ENGLISH IRRELEVANCE.

In German trade-schools the teachers usually come direct from the trade they are teaching. Often they work at the trade in the day and teach it in the evening and on Sundays. Thirty-five per cent. of the teaching hours in Saxon industrial schools are on Sunday. This, remarks Mr. Vanderlip, contrasts curiously with "the tremendous pother" over the English Education Bill. Moreover, the German

Emperor takes the greatest interest in the technical schools, occasionally attending lectures at them himself. Incidentally Mr. Vanderlip has some severe remarks to make about our long-drawn debates and furious controversies in which so much energy and ink are wasted over one small and comparatively unimportant point—as it seems to an outsider—while the whole enormously important question of what system of education will enable Great Britain thoroughly to hold her own is entirely lost sight of. Evidently he thinks it much like worrying about a broken window-pane when the foundations of your house are rocking.

THE GENESIS OF MORALITY.

THE ORIGIN OF ETHICS, BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for March publishes another instalment of the fascinating study by Prince Kropotkin upon the natural origin of human morality. This chapter is entitled "The Morality of Nature."

He shows us Nature not as an Infernal Power, red in tooth and claw, screaming with red ravin against the merciful and compassionate Gospel of Christ, but rather as the beneficent Angelic Schoolmaster who inculcated, long æons ago, the earliest germ of the Golden Rule.

That sex is the Sinai of all religions, and that in the attraction of the sexes for each other, and the resultant love of parent for child, is a formula very familiar to readers of this Review. It is substantially what Prince Kropotkin has to tell us, although he insists, properly enough, upon the important part played by the love of the children of one family for each other in the evolution of morality. But that, like the love of parent for offspring, is secondary and derivative, and springs from sex, the original primal and eternal source of the revelation of the Creator to His creatures.

THE GERM OF ALL ETHICS.

This was Darwin's idea, although he stated it tentatively and cautiously:—

The parental and filial instincts, he suggested, "apparently lie at the base of the social instincts"; and in another place he wrote: "The feeling of pleasure from society is probably an extension of the parental or filial affections, since the social instinct seems to be developed by the young remaining for a long time with their parents."

Prince Kropotkin traces the origin of Kant's Categorical Imperative to the "primeval germ of the social community" which "lay in the prolonged coherence of the group of parents and offspring, *or of the offspring without the parents.*" He considers "the social and the parental instincts as *two* closely connected instincts, of which the former is perhaps the earlier, and therefore the stronger, and which both go hand in hand in the evolution of the animal world."

THE ORIGIN OF THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE.

Prince Kropotkin says:—

The most important point in the ethical theory of Darwin is his explanation of the moral conscience of man and his sense of

remorse and duty. This point has always been the stumbling-block of all ethical theories. Kant, as is known, utterly failed, in his otherwise so beautifully written work on morality, to establish why his "categorical imperative" should be obeyed at all, unless such be the will of a supreme power. But the answer is to be found, according to Darwin, in the fact that in human nature the "the more enduring social instincts conquer the less persistent instincts." Moral conscience has always a retrospective character; it speaks in us when we think of our past actions; and it is the result of a struggle, during which the less persistent the less permanent *individual* instinct yields before the more permanently present and the more enduring *social* instinct.

We have thus, for the first time, an explanation of the sense of duty on a natural basis, which reveals the first germs of the "ought"—the appearance of the first whisper of the voice which pronounces that word. If that much has been explained, the accumulated experience of the community and its collective teachings will explain the rest. Nature has thus to be recognised *as the first ethical teacher of man.*

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST?

What, then, about the survival of the fittest? The Prince replies that it applies not to individuals, but to groups, tribes and societies:—

The instinct of mutual aid pervades the animal world, because natural selection works for maintaining and further developing it, and pitilessly destroys those species which lose it. In the great struggle for life which every animal species carries on against the hostile agencies of climate, surroundings and natural enemies, big and small, those species which most consistently carry out the principle of mutual support have the best chance to survive, while the others die out. And the same great principle is confirmed by the history of mankind.

ANIMALS AS THE TEACHERS OF MEN.

Prince Kropotkin says that primitive men lived in the midst of animals and learned from them all their wisdom. Among other things they learned from them the idea of the clan. They did not realise the individual, but only the family.

Primitive man saw, next, that even among the carnivorous beasts, which live by killing other animals, there is one general and invariable rule: They never kill each other. The fact is that every life is respected by a savage, or rather it was before he came into contact with Europeans.

In that identification, or, we might even say, in this absorption of the "I" by the tribe, lies the root of all ethical thought. The self-asserting "individual" came much later on. Even now, with the lower savages, the "individual" hardly exists at all. It is the tribe, with its hard-and-fast rules, superstitions, taboos, habits, and interests, which is always present in the mind of the child of nature. And in that constant, ever-present identification of the unit with the whole lies the substratum of all ethics, the germ out of which all the subsequent conceptions of justice, and the still higher conceptions of morality, grew up in the course of evolution.

It is to be regretted that even to this day man has not assimilated the morality of the carnivores.

"A BELLE OF THE FIFTIES" (Heinemann. 386 pp. 10s. 6d. net) gives a brilliant picture of society in Washington and Richmond at the time of the secession of the Southern States. The standpoint, that of the Confederate sympathiser, is new to most readers, and the old-world charm of a bygone time is felt in every page. Mrs. Clay, of Alabama, was the wife of a prominent Confederate official, and her account of her experiences during and after the war certainly make a very fascinating story.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. GLADSTONE.

BY MR. C. S. ROUNDELL.

THE *Independent Review* for March publishes some reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone partly Mr. Roundell's and partly by two of Mr. Roundell's friends. Some of the items are curious, others very characteristic.

W. E. G. BAD AT FIGURES!

When Dean Stanley went to see his private schoolmaster, the Rev. Mr. Rawson, at Liverpool, he reminded his teacher of his inability to do anything with arithmetic.

Mr. Rawson replied: "Well, Mr. Gladstone was with me a few years before you; and, when he was with me, he also was a bad hand at sums."

"With regard to his early want of turn for arithmetic" (says one of the friends to whom I am indebted for several contributions of great interest), "Mr. Gladstone told me that this was the case until he got into the higher mathematics, which interested him. He added (though no one who knew his work agreed with him) that he was always slow at casting up figures."

AN INVETERATE CONSERVATIVE.

His conservative instincts have often been noticed. They came out in many curious directions. He never approved of the closing of old town-churchyards, turning a deaf ear to all the unanswerable sanitary arguments on the other side. His reverent sentiment, partly historical, partly religious, for ancient laws and customs, for the throne, and the aristocracy, reminded one of his Celtic blood. He disliked the throwing open of Constitution Hill, the hoisting of a flag on the Victoria Tower during the sittings of the Houses of Parliament, and even the setting up of a telephone at Hawarden Castle; the first, because he thought it disrespectful to the Crown, the others from sheer dislike of a new-fangled thing.

This strong conservative leaning also showed itself in his view of the Revised Version of the Old and New Testaments. He read the Revised Version of the New Testament with great interest when it first came out, and was very severe upon it. For some reason or other he held cheap all that had been done in recent years in the collation of the different texts, and considered that the choice made amongst them by the revisers was little better than arbitrary.

I fought its battles, and said of his reverence for the Old Version: "Really, you speak of it as if it had come straight down from heaven." To which he replied: "It came a great deal straighter than this one." As to the New Version of the Old Testament, I never could persuade him to study it at all; and he had no patience with me for saying that the Psalms were a great improvement on the Prayer Book version, which he was passionately fond of.

HIS WISH TO RETIRE IN 1881.

Mr. Gladstone was bent upon an early retirement from his political leadership. It was in November, 1881. From a private journal of that period I take the following extracts:—An intimate friend had talks with Mr. Gladstone about his resignation, which he is very seriously contemplating next Easter, on the strength of having carried out all the great matters of foreign policy that he took office to do. . . . He said it was only fair to Lords Granville and Hartington, who had led the Party through difficult and disagreeable times.

HIS CAPACITY FOR CONCENTRATION AND SLEEP.

What distinguished Mr. Gladstone from other men was his wonderful power of abstraction, of concentration—his intensity. One morning, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. Francis Palgrave (who had once been his private secretary), called to see him in Carlton House Terrace. He spent half an hour with him, talking about music. Mr. Gladstone then got up and said: "This is most interesting, but I have to bring in my Budget this afternoon."

When making an electioneering progress through Wales, it was arranged that he should make short speeches at four or five

stations at which the train was to stop. I have been told by the friend who accompanied him that the process was as follows: Mr. Gladstone stipulated that he should be awakened just as the train was drawing into a stopping station. He then made his speech, and, as soon as the train began to move on, he lay down again, and at once fell asleep.

HIS CLOSING DAYS.

When he was nearing his end he spoke one day about the Benedicite:—

Then, in reply to my question, he answered: "I like it because of the great testimony it bears to the existence of a Creator of all things—a truth not known to the ancients." I expressed surprise, and asked if it was really unknown to the Greeks. He said: "They had some vague notion of a First Cause, but none of a Personal Creator." Then, kindling with his subject in his old style, and fixing his eye, which for the moment had almost its former fire, on one of the party, he went on with increasing fervour: "Marvellous! that a small despised people, with no special gifts of intellect, should have grasped two fundamental ideas, unknown to the Greeks, unknown to the Romans—the sense of sin, and the belief in a Divine Maker of all things. O wonderful! 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'" After this outburst of feeling, which carried one back to the days of his prime, he collapsed again into the broken and pain-stricken old man.

In the winter of 1897, towards the close of his life, music softly played was the greatest comfort to him. He listened intently, sometimes dozing, sometimes murmuring: "Beautiful. Beautiful. Again, if you please." And then, as seven o'clock approached, the hour which brought the visit of the doctor, the unflinching request: "A hymn to close, if you please," sometimes: "'Days and moments quickly flying,' if you have no objection."

In the closing days of this great Christian statesman's life his entreaty to his friends was for the prayer: "Loose him and let him go."

A PLEA FOR QUADRENNIAL PARLIAMENTS.

IN the *Positivist Review* for March Mr. Frederic Harrison publishes a plea for Quadrennial Parliaments:—

The most striking facts in the political development of our constitution within the last two generations have been: 1, the increased influence of the Crown; 2, the revival of the House of Lords as a blocking power; 3, the dwindling authority and prestige of the House of Commons. As to the Crown, its subtle and intangible power has of late been exerted uniformly for good public ends, without at all infringing on the constitutional duty of impartiality and non-interference. The House of Lords has developed from being a check or drag upon popular reforms into acquiring a right of final closure, with an absolute veto upon all legislation which is not approved by the privileged classes. The House of Lords has become the Council of Ten in our Venetian Constitution.

Why this great reversal in the traditions of our constitution? Obviously, it has been brought about by the decay of the House of Commons: its loss of real authority, of public credit, of self-respect. The Commons have become the tool, the lackey, almost the butt of the Ministry. We are fast coming to see the merits of a fixed Quadrennial term to Parliaments: not, of course, exclusive of even earlier dissolutions. A House of Commons which has never represented the nation, except in an hour of warlike "mafficking," which depends, not on its constituents, but on its special caucus, which is careless of public opinion, and which free public opinion cannot reach, such a House is naturally tempted to regard itself as invested with permanent, at least, with long-continued, power. A House which comes to regard itself as an office to register the mandates of government should at most be trusted for three or four years, and yet be liable to be dissolved at any time, as at present.

DID MOSES REALLY EXIST?

DR. CHEYNE SAYS: "UNPROVED AND IMPROBABLE."

DR. EMIL REICH'S vigorous announcement in the February *Contemporary* that the Higher Criticism was bankrupt has drawn from Canon Cheyne a "remonstrance" in the March number. In the course of his reply Dr. Cheyne compares the stories of Hebrew a foretime with those of Greece and Rome as follows:—

The critical historian must be on his guard against the phantasms of the imagination. Even in Greek and Roman history, in which tradition may justly claim much more respect than was formerly accorded to it, we cannot venture to assume the correctness of unconfirmed details of a romantic appearance. And in Hebrew history, considering the strong subjectivity of the Biblical narrators, we can still less afford to follow the literary tradition, where grounds for suspicion exist, and where there is no external evidence for the facts. I am myself one of those who hold the historical existence of a personage called Moses to be unproved and improbable. It is quite illegitimate to neutralise the critical arguments for this view by a backward gaze of the eye of the imagination. Gladly would I be introduced to such religious heroes as the Abraham and Moses of the Pentateuch writings. But even those who once clung tightly to Abraham as a person are now, for good reasons, loosening their hold, and one can hardly doubt that the same will shortly be the case with the ill-supported belief in Moses. I wish that the facts were otherwise, but no conscientious philological scholar can allow his wishes to dictate to his historical criticism.

"GREAT PERSONALITIES."

It will be observed that the learned Canon allows tradition a just claim on more respect than the higher critics of Greek and Roman history allowed it. To Dr. Reich's plea that great personalities could not have been created by legend or by the narrator, Canon Cheyne makes this somewhat singular reply:—

It is, however, perfectly legitimate to say that the narrators of the lives of Abraham and Moses were, relatively to their age, themselves great personalities, and that they were all the greater because of their supreme humility in not giving a thought to personal fame. And still greater are the personalities of the chief writer-prophets.

But does Dr. Cheyne seriously suggest that the personality of the Yahwist, for example, is dynamically equal to that of the storied Moses or Abraham? John Stuart Mill, in a much-quoted passage, argued that if Jesus were the creation of His ostensible biographers, they would be invested with His greatness, and the difficulty of explaining that greatness would remain as before. Is this Dr. Cheyne's way of forestalling that argument?

THE "NEGRO" TRIBE SEMITIC AFTER ALL.

As to the traditions of the Masai tribe, the existence of which, according to Dr. Reich, upset the higher criticism altogether, Dr. Cheyne rejoins that the Masai are not a negro people; they are "a homogeneous Semitic race." To Dr. Reich's assertion that it is just as possible, with purely philological arguments, to deduce the Masai legends from the Hebrew race as it is to deduce Hebrew legends from Babylonian myths, Canon Cheyne replies, "No person experienced in the comparative study of Hebrew and Babylonian stories would be so bold as to say this."

The man who knows enough to respect Dr. Cheyne's judgment, and yet has a firmer grasp than he on the concrete fact of personality, will probably remember what Dr. Cheyne here says about the arch-critic of Tübingen—"Baur was one of those who had the courage to make mistakes for the benefit of posterity"—and will apply it to the learned Canon himself.

A POSITIVIST VIEW OF THE REVIVAL.

MR. SWINNEY, writing in the *Positivist Review*, takes the note of the superior person, who theorises about questions from an elevation so great as to render his conclusions of little value. He says:—

A study of these revivals shows clearly the radical incompatibility of Christianity not only with the highest aspirations of the modern world, but with all social action having for its end the service of Man. In times past in Ireland, whenever the people were observed to be drinking less than usual, the authorities were thrown into a panic; for they judged that the people were prepared for rebellion. So in Wales, as all minds are full of religion, there is much less drunkenness and gambling. But the good is exorcised with the bad. It would be interesting to know the secret thoughts of Mr. Lloyd-George when, on going to a political meeting, he found that the audience would hear of nothing but the revival. How, under such circumstances, are men to perform the sacred duties of citizenship? How, if politics are neglected, is the moralisation of public life to take place? Or are the admirers of the revival prepared to leave that entirely to those who stand outside the churches? Among Christian ministers there are some who have been honourably known for their public spirit. They must find it difficult to sympathise with Dr. Torrey's appeal to self-interest. They can hardly fail to see that such teaching harmonises ill with their call to social devotion. Yet how is it possible to stand aloof from a mission so completely in accordance with the traditions of Evangelical Christianity? Dr. Clifford, for example, has always been distinguished by his pride in the Nonconformist struggle for liberty. He stood manfully for the right in the Boer War. And he has infused no small share of his own public spirit into his congregation. Yet, though Dr. Torrey's mission is the very negation of this spirit, Dr. Clifford ventures not to repudiate it. The strongest Christian protest has come from another school of thought. But Father Adderley, in his appeal to Dr. Torrey to remember the social as well as the personal vices of the age, to denounce those that grind the faces of the poor, as well as the drunkard and the Sabbath-breaker, even he is not ready to attack the obscurantism and the debasing appeals to self-interest which distinguish the Mission. Assuredly, the world needs salvation, but it is the salvation of Light and Love, of the knowledge that has grown up with the life of Humanity, and of the devotion that spends itself in human service.

If Positivist pundits would take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the men and the topics upon which they dogmatise they would avoid a good deal of discredit. If Mr. Swinney, before writing his article, had spent ten minutes with the men he names—to wit, Mr. Lloyd-George, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Torrey and Father Adderley—he would never have written such nonsense.

IN *Pearson's Magazine* for March, Miss Olive Christian Malvery continues her series of articles entitled "The Heart of Things." In the present number she gives information about the Life of the London Factory Girls in aerated water factories, cardboard-box factories, and jam factories.

"CAMPBELL SAYS."**UTTERANCES NOT EX CATHEDRÀ.**

THE Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, edits the *Young Man*. In the February number he says:—

Why people should wish to know what a preacher says on any political topic is a mystery, and I have neither time nor strength for electioneering, but if I am quoted on any point I should like it to be taken with the context.

This is just what cannot be done. In this column I shall quote what Mr. Campbell says apart from the context, referring those who wish to see the context, to the *Young Man* itself. The extracts, it will be seen,



Westminster Gazette.

A Crowning Tribute.

"It was he who had brought sugar up from £6 to £16 a ton."—SIR ALFRED JONES on Mr. Chamberlain at a lecture on the West Indian fruit industry.

cover a wide range, from Mr. Chamberlain to eternal punishment:—

THE REVIVAL.

With all my heart I wish it well. And yet one must recognise that the atmosphere of the revival meeting has in it much that is objectionable and full of peril. There are people who prefer to live in an atmosphere of religious excitement, but they are seldom the best products of the Christian evangel. This is specially the case when there is much organisation beforehand. . . . Every serious-minded man and lover of his kind will welcome the revival, both in the narrower and the wider uses of the term. Let every one who has any word of light or comfort or inspiration for his fellows speak it forth.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Most Nonconformists are convinced that, in regard to the Education Acts, Mr. Chamberlain has played them false. On the contrary, I think it is not too much to say that, if the various attempts at an equitable settlement which have hitherto been made have come to nothing, the fault is not Mr. Chamberlain's. He understands the question at issue better than any front rank politician, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd-George.

CANON LIDDON.

Liddon was too intense, too honestly inflexible, and too partisan to be a good administrator. Nor as a theologian has

he done much for the world. His thought-forms were too restricted, his sympathies too narrow. But as a discernor of spiritual truth, as a prophet who knew what was in man, as an orator gifted with the magical power of swaying multitudes, his name will live and be revered for generations to come.

SECULAR EDUCATION PLUS BIBLE.

The lines along which a settlement of the religious difficulty can be effected have now become plain to most reasonable men. The solution will, probably, be secular education, with facilities for the teaching of religious subjects. In secular education I would include Bible knowledge if I had my way, for it is difficult to see why the most important book in our language and the one which has had most effect upon our national history should be the only one expressly excluded from the ordinary school curriculum.

TESTS FOR TEACHERS.

The solution of the difficulty as to Catholic teachers might be secured by leaving a shred of a test whereby it should be provided that, if the children attending a particular school were overwhelmingly of one denomination, such a fact might be considered in the staffing of the school.

JESUS AND HELL.

I cannot agree with my correspondent that Jesus either held or meant to teach this doctrine (of eternal torment). Punishment He believed in, and all ethical experience confirms Him; but, as I have shown in previous answers, the element of everlastingness was not present to His thought. Eternal is not everlasting, and ought not to be translated by such a term. It refers either to a vague period of time (æonial), or more probably still, to quality rather than to duration.

SERMONS IN PRISON.

In the *Treasury* during the past few months there has been a series entitled "My First Sermon," contributed by well-known preachers in the Church of England. The sixth of the series appears in the March number, and is by Canon J. W. Horsley. Canon Horsley's first sermon as a deacon was preached on Christmas Day, 1870, in Curbridge Chapel, Witney; and his first sermon in prison on November 5th, 1876. On that Sunday the epistle ended with the words, "I am an ambassador in bonds." Canon Horsley forgets what his subject was, but the following passage from his article may suffice to show something of his experience as a prison chaplain:—

As my daily congregation was never the same, there being sometimes one hundred fresh admissions to the prison in the day, I at once determined to give them a daily sermon, thus preaching eight times a week instead of twice as required by law, and I had no reason to regret my decision, for a more attentive and appreciative congregation no one could desire to have. The whole service lasted for less than half an hour, and included a hymn sung with great vigour by an average of 250 men and 80 women, especially when I had abolished the barrel organ which ground out eight tunes under the brawny arms of the cook.

I started the hymns, which perhaps led to a remark found in a prisoner's letter after I had the occasional services of an assistant chaplain:—"We have two reverend gentlemen; one can preach but can't sing, and the other can sing but can't preach."

My first sermon in Newgate I remember well. It was on a Christmas Day, and as there was only one prisoner there—awaiting execution for the murder of his wife—I told my colleague not to trouble to come up from home, as I would take Newgate after Clerkenwell. But it was not easy to combine the subjects of Christmas and of an approaching death at the hands of the law. Usually my friends were birds of passage, the majority on remand for a week or awaiting trial, but sometimes we had room for a batch of long sentence men from an over-full prison.

HOW MUCH SPACE FOR OUR ORATORS NOW?

In a paper on Parliamentary reporting, which Mr. A. Kinnear contributes to the *Contemporary*, the writer gives the measure of space conceded by newspapers and the press agencies to the reports of our leading statesmen. He remarks on the drop in the demand which has followed the death of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Sir William Harcourt. He says:—

Lord Rosebery, five years ago, was worth what is known professionally as a full report. He is now saleable usually at from half a column to three-quarters of a column to the Press as a whole. Mr. Chamberlain, worth at the outset of his fiscal propaganda two columns reported out of three uttered, has suffered a depreciated valuation from the development of his system and the repetition of his arguments. Mr. Balfour, who would go down commercially for a full report, now gives all the satisfaction required in a *Times* "turnover," say a column and a bit. Mr. Asquith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have a full report value for the leading journals of their Party, but as a general experience of the trade they sell better on the half column scale.

It may be said that verbatim reports are now uncalled for. They are as dead as the Dodo. In a few cases only is a full report acceptable—that is to say, a "note" in the first person and pruned to the extent asked for. The entire *corps d'élite* of Parliamentary speakers—Premier, ex-Premier, Leaders of the Opposition, Chancellor of the Exchequer (except on Budget night), Secretary for Foreign Affairs—may be ranked together as one-column men. The public want no more of them than that. In the House of Commons Mr. Balfour may obtain a column and a half on a great occasion; Mr. Chamberlain may by his personal admirers be reported up to the same maximum.

The demand for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith has increased. But Mr. Winston Churchill has "no quotable value."

"THE GALLERY" GOING, GOING—GONE?

Reporting in the House of Commons is steadily going down:—

Within the past two years no fewer than four first-class London morning papers have discharged their Parliamentary reporters and turned over their political reporting to the Press agencies. So that the journals now retaining special staffs in the gallery are the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post* only.

The change is not wonderful when the difference in cost is remembered:—

The normal Parliamentary staff of a London paper in the two Houses may be placed at ten men, so that the cost of the work may be taken roughly at sixty guineas weekly, or 1,440 guineas for the session of six months. Against this, however, the Press agency will supply a nightly report at five guineas per week, or 120 guineas for the session. It will even supply one at four guineas, or at two guineas, according to class or length. That is a saving to mellow the palate and smooth the way for the Treasury manager to the heart of the weekly Board.

The gallery is now almost left to the Press agencies and the provincial newspapers:—

Of Provincial dailies to support private reporters in the Parliamentary galleries there are the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and the *Manchester Guardian*. But these opulent journals now "adulterate" their reports through the spirited employés of the Press agencies.

If, says Mr. Kinnear, "Hansard were to issue a concurrent leaflet of the sitting of the day, even the Press agencies might find their occupation also gone in the gallery"!

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF COLORADO.

In Colorado women have not only the franchise; they can also be elected to the Legislature. "Ignota," in the *Westminster Review* for March, calls attention to the evidence given before the Judiciary Committee of the Congress at Washington by a deputation from Colorado last year. After the Colorado women had been enfranchised for five years, the Colorado Legislature—the Senate by thirty to one, the Representatives by forty-five to three—passed a resolution urging all other States to adopt woman's suffrage as a measure tending to the advancement of a higher and better social order, on the following grounds:—

Equal suffrage has been in operation in Colorado for five years, during which time women have exercised the privilege as generally as men, with the result that better candidates have been selected for office, methods of election have been purified, the character of legislation improved, civic intelligence increased, and womanhood developed to greater usefulness by political responsibility.

After twelve years' experience the verdict is still the same. Ex-Governor Adams said:—

"I have known personally at least 10,000 women voters of Colorado, and I have never known one to be less a woman, or less a mother, or less a housekeeper, or less a heart keeper, from the fact that she voted—not one."

At the sitting of the Committee of Judiciary, February 16th, 1904, referred to, Mrs. Ellis Meredith, of Denver, a prominent newspaper writer in Colorado, pointed out that the enfranchisement of women in Colorado has resulted in the following amendments of the law: "The prohibition of the employment of children under fourteen in any mine, smelter, mill, or factory, and of their employment more than eight hours a day between fourteen and sixteen. The compulsory attendance at school between eight and fourteen, and, unless the eighth grade has been passed, up to sixteen. The age of consent for girls has been raised to eighteen. Any insurance company insuring the lives of children under ten is liable to criminal proceedings and to forfeiture of charter. Any child under sixteen, if abused, neglected, or reared in vice by its parents, may be taken from them and made a ward of the State. Mothers have been made co-equal guardians of their children with the fathers. Feeble-minded children have been effectively cared for. Cruelty to animals is dealt with by the most stringent and best enforced set of laws of any State of the Union, and no other State has so complete and so well enforced a set of laws for the protection of children as Colorado, thanks to the voluntary services, under State sanction, of over 600 men and women, acting as unpaid agents of the Humane Society,

And all this is but *typical* of the enormous work which has been done by the enfranchised women of Colorado, the complete list being far too lengthy to give in full. Substantially, it may be said that the women have used their political power to secure abounding care for childhood and the helpless, and equal justice between men and women. Surely such freedom for the working of the maternal faculty in social and national life is as sorely needed in England to-day as anywhere in the world.

"THOUGHTS OF A FOOL." (Rosenthal and Co., Chicago, 6s.), by Evelyn Gladys, is a nondescript kind of a book in which there are some grains of wisdom hidden amid many bushels of folly. I am afraid that the reading public will hardly appreciate the author who conceals his identity behind the name of Evelyn Gladys. To enjoy such books is an acquired taste.

ALAS! POOR MAN!

WOMAN: ALPHA, OMEGA, ALL IN ALL.

THE time has now arrived for the mere man to recognise his insignificance. Mrs. Frances Swiney has begun to publish, in the *Westminster Review*, her appalling treatise on the Evolution of the Male. The function hitherto regarded as at least necessitating the continuance of man in this planet, that of fatherhood, is now declared to be one with which the race dispensed at the beginning and will dispense at the end.

MAN QUITE UNNECESSARY.

Mrs. Swiney declares:—

The creative reproductive power lies entirely with the female organism; for fertilisation is not a vitalising process, nor is it necessary for the continuity of species. Moreover, the female is the standard of each species. "The female is not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk." In drawing this logical conclusion we are brought to face a strange flaw in the recognised analysis of sex. There is sex differentiation, but only one sex, the female. As Professor Albrecht avers, "males are rudimentary females."

The male, indeed, was created because the female, at a primitive stage of evolution, required a chemical agent that should still further stimulate growth and promote variety, so as to make constructive developments.

ONE OF THE FEMALE'S FAILURES.

This is the way in which this chemical agent was produced:—

At some remote period of life's history an imperfect cell was produced which, on separation from the mother-cell, perished through lack of sufficient inherent constructive properties. It dissolved into the primal elements; neither matter nor energy were lost, but regeneration arose through a chemical reaction of atomic combinations. The cell was a failure in individual creation and reproduction. This was the first appearance of the male element, the product of waste, change, and decay, in the form of a separate entity. The male cells, therefore, were those which had gone too far in katabolic or disruptive processes "for the possibility of independent development." Thus the male cell, or, strictly, the undeveloped female cell, was the mother's initial failure in creative power. It was the extreme outcome of the expending life-force; the supreme act of diremption of the feminine creative element.

FEMININE MONISM.

As Professor Bjerregaard remarks in "The Eternally Feminine": "Whatever we call it, we mean that it is the feminine principle, and instinctively look upon it as self-procreative. . . . As in physics energy is the only thing known, so in reality the feminine is the only life known or definable. Hence the feminine or central will is by necessity the central principle of all philosophy, and is the Monism we all search for." And this feminine principle creates, conserves, constructs, develops, perfects under the uniform persistent law of growth. For the conditions of creation are four: (1) The aim of creation is production; (2) the law of creation is growth; (3) growth is in proportion to inherent power; (4) construction is dependent upon the conservation of energy or life.

"SHE IS ALL IN ALL."

The eternal feminine is the maternal creative expellant force in nature, and the eternal feminine as the centripetal focus, reabsorbing all things into herself. "And being but one she can do all things, and remaining in herself she maketh all things new," is the concept in Jewish philosophy of the cosmic principle. Further emphasised in the Kabbalah: "And therefore is Aima (the mother) known to be the consummation of all things, and she is signified to be the beginning and the end. . . . Hence unto her arbitration is committed all the

liberty of those inferior, and all the liberty of all things, and all the liberty of sinners, so that all things may be purified." The archaic Rig Veda, in the hymn to Aditi, the supernal mother, is still more explicit: "She is also the father and protector of all; she is the son and the creator; by her grace she saves from sin the souls of those who worship her. She gives unto her children all that is worth giving. She dwells in the forms of all Devas or bright spirits; she is all that is born and all that will be born. She is all in all."

So what with Professor Bjerregaard and Mrs. Swiney reviving these teachings of the Kabbalah and the Vedas, there is nothing for the poor creature man to recognise that his rôle as a chemical agent is strictly temporary, and leave the eternally feminine principle to be the father as well as the mother of the race.

TREASURES ONCE WASTED.

"THE Later Day of Alchemy" is the title which Mr. W. C. Morgan gives to his instructive paper on by-products in *Harper's* for March. The modern chemist is continually changing waste material into veritable gold. Some of the many instances may be cited here. Three-fourths of the prepared paints on the market of to-day are wholly or partly due to the by-products of the petroleum industry. The wood-alcohol and acetic acid obtained in the making of charcoal are worth more than five times the charcoal of which they were once waste products. The ripe boll of the cotton plant is two-thirds seed and one-third fibre. The latter was once the only thing used. Now more than a million tons of seed yield oil in the press. From cotton-seed oil "artificial butter can be made, just as nutritious and far more wholesome than the finest dairy product, and it will keep better." It is also used in lard and soap, while the cake from which the oil has been pressed is a good cattle food and fertiliser. These uses of the once waste cotton-seed add forty million dollars a year to the cotton belt. "Coal-tar is a veritable treasure-house," from which the world of to-day is drawing practically unlimited supplies of the most varied nature, including benzene, aniline, anthracene, which has superseded madder, and indigo. The writer mentions other products of this strangely rich material:—

The very substance that stimulates the olfactory nerve when the aromatic smell of musk, the spicy scent of cloves, or the sweet perfume of heliotrope is wafted to us on the evening breeze, is made to-day from coal-tar; also the essences of vanilla, cinnamon, and wintergreen, those chief favourites among all flavouring extracts. Moreover, a substance six hundred times sweeter than sugar, a pellet of which half the size of a two-grain quinine pill will sweeten a cup of tea or coffee, comes from the same source. If, after partaking too heartily of confections coloured, flavoured, sweetened, and scented with coal-tar products, you should "feel indisposed," half the drugs in the pharmacopœia are at your service, and you may preserve the balance of your sweetmeats for another day with benzoic or salicylic acid, both the drugs and the preservative being furnished by the coal-tar also.

Thus have been derived the means wherewith to satisfy the ever-increasing demands of an exacting civilisation, a treasure greater than that which flowed from India and Arabia into the coffers of the Italian state until Venice ruled the world with a sceptre of gold.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DR. MACNAMARA gives, in the March number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, a picture from the Opposition benches.



[From the "Westminster Gazette."]

To him the Prime Minister is a fascinating personality "because of his rare intellectual qualities, his charm of manner, his interesting appearance, his fine voice, and his very acute dialectical abilities."

In the matter of pure intellect Dr. Macnamara goes so far as to consider him the greatest man in the House of Commons. But he is a lounge,

physically and intellectually, and he is only indomitable when he pleases.

As a debater Mr. Balfour is not the most convincing, but he is the most interesting:—

Mr. Chamberlain is easily the most thoroughly keen, alert, quick and relentless opponent in debate. Mr. Asquith comes next, though his movements are slower and his style a little ponderous. As a mere debater Mr. Balfour comes next. But he does not by any means carry conviction to the mind. He will turn aside the threatened disaster with an ingenuity that is the envy of all his hearers and the admiration of most of them. He will, in the most childlike and bland way, raise you false issues by the score, and demolish them in fine frenzy amidst the enthusiastic applause of his followers. Out of their swollen lobby they will tumble laughing hilariously at the way "Arthur Balfour" once more poured ridicule upon the other fellows. It is very, very clever.

But I regret to say—and say it I must, if I am to be frank—that the same "Arthur Balfour" has a great knack of making a most brilliantly worded, vigorously delivered, and entirely conclusive speech which will knock into the most paralysed of all cocked hats something which the man opposite has never advanced at all; though I admit it is something which comes curiously near, and is yet curiously far from, what he actually did say!

At Question time, again, Dr. Macnamara finds Mr. Balfour an interesting study:—

Mr. Balfour strolls lackadaisically in at about twenty minutes to three (Questions begin at 2.15 a.m., but *his* are always thoughtfully arranged to be taken last). He brings with him a great sheaf of replies, typewritten in the various departments.

"Question Number 34 to the Prime Minister, Mr. Speaker!" says the Interrogator. Not infrequently his colleagues on both sides of him have to nudge the Prime Minister to call his attention to the fact that his questions have been reached.

"Oh, me!" he says, getting up, refixing his *pince-nez* and rapidly fumbling with the sheets in his hands. The sheets will be rearranged once or twice; then three or four of the Treasury Benchmen and half the Opposition will sing out "34!" "Oh, yes, 34! Of course! Exactly!" And the Prime Minister will read out the answer, or rather will rapidly paraphrase for himself the departmental reply.

AN ABOMINATION OF OUR HOSPITALS.

A CASE FOR THE POLICE?

IN the *Grand Magazine* for February "A Medical Practitioner" reveals the existence of a state of habitual outrage upon the persons of poor women patients of our hospitals that calls for the immediate attention of the authorities. To compel women to strip before a horde of medical students merely because they are poor, and the lads want "instruction," is an outrage for which the law ought to provide a remedy. It would be a very interesting question whether the indecent handling of patients for demonstrational purpose against their will under threat of being denied medical treatment is not a crime at common law. If it is not it ought to be. "A Medical Practitioner" says:—

In every hospital recognised by the Medical Council as a place of instruction for students the treatment of the patients is entirely subordinated to the instruction of those students. If a woman objects to being stripped for the casual inspection of two or three dozen youths she is forthwith ordered to leave. It may be said with perfect truth that the girls and young women who attend the public hospitals gain the possible healing of their bodies at the expense of mortal injury to their souls. What, I ask, must be the moral effect on a modest girl who goes to a hospital complaining of some trivial ailment, and is stripped naked to the waist and subjected to the salacious scrutiny of some dozens of youths, who lay hands on her and maul her about to their hearts' content? It is immaterial whether she complains of or has anything the matter with her chest or not. She, in common with her sisters in misfortune, is utilised as "material" for the instruction of students. As in the other cases, any protest or objection and she is forthwith bundled out.

Some months ago, when noting these facts in a large institution, a young man came in and told the visiting physician that he would "like to examine some hearts." "Oh, by all means," said the gentleman who devotes three afternoons a week to the service of the poor; "I'm afraid I haven't any good cases, but you can see for yourself." Thereupon every girl and woman who was waiting to be seen was sent "behind the screen" and ordered to strip to the waist. At one time I saw fourteen young women, of ages from twelve to twenty-five, all standing stripped in this manner.

One girl, aged eighteen, told me she had been attending the hospital nearly every fortnight for over three years. Imagine how much modesty would be left in her after exhibiting herself in this fashion for years to many hundreds of students. There was not the slightest hope of cure or improvement, so that this girl was regularly exposed in this manner merely because she was "an interesting case."

In the wards it is no uncommon thing to see the visiting physician or surgeon pull down the bedclothes and exhibit a woman entirely naked, merely for purposes of demonstration. I have myself seen this done some hundreds of times.

It would be well if the Anti-Vivisection Society were to pay some attention to this matter.

MR. P. W. SERGEANT has taken the character of Catherine of Russia as the subject of an able and well written book. For this character sketch of the great empress he has chosen the title of "The Courtships of Catherine the Great" (Laurie. 337 pp. 10s. 6d. net). Courtship is hardly the correct word in this connection, and the title does not do full justice to Mr. Sergeant, who is no mere scandalous chronicler, and has attempted a serious study of Catherine's remarkable career. His style is easy, and his narrative holds the reader's attention.

IMPRESSIONISM IMPALED

BY SIR PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

"THE Experiment of Impressionism" is discussed at some length in the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. It is a piece of vigorous and piquant criticism. The writer is good enough to give, for the benefit of the lay reader, an account of the origin of the School which he now lays on the dissecting-table. He says:—

About forty years ago a little band of painters in Paris, dissatisfied with what they considered Academic convention and the sterile condition of contemporary art in general, raised a standard of revolt by inventing an original form of technique, by which they hoped to express something absolutely new. In their reaction against Classic or Romantic tradition they determined to eliminate from their work almost all those qualities which the experience of Time, no less than the noblest achievements in the Art of the Past, have proved to be essential to the making of a good picture. Subject, form, tone, colour, quality, and composition—all these in turn were sacrificed to the limited ambition of perpetuating *light* or realistically reproducing the fleeting effects of everyday life. It was an experiment which was, perhaps, worth trying.

With the thing thus originated came the word, whose source is next explained:—

Prominent among the set of malcontents was one Claude Monet, an artist whose work had not hitherto been publicly seen. He had painted, in a very peculiar and unusual style, a sunset effect, which he called "Impressions," and this, when it was not accepted by the Salon in 1863, he exhibited, in company with the work of other men who were in sympathy with his aims, in the Salon des Refusés, where it attracted a certain amount of attention not altogether complimentary. It was from this painting that the nickname of "Impressionists" was given to all those who seemed to identify themselves with the tenets of the new faith.

Behind the official orthodoxy which condemned it the writer discerns a mighty ally, the grave spirit of the everlasting art of the world, which voices her verdict against the new departure. Granted that in the house of Art there are many mansions, and that with the various tenants he can maintain respectful acquaintance, yet with the impressionists he cannot be on even bowing terms. Their admission to any part of the great House more exalted than the cellar would seem to him an offence against proportion. He takes strong exception to Edouard Manet's aphorism, "The principal person in a picture is the light." He objects to the sense of the technical process, which is evident. "The pictures of the impressionist simply smell of paint." In this pungent and caustic vein the critic proceeds. He strongly opposes their rejection of what they call "the literary idea," a rejection which means that a picture must be about nothing at all, tell no story and preach no moral, that it must be "Art for Art's sake." The writer, while deploring the puffing of impressionism, which takes place in many vocal circles, rejoices that the British public, "however ignorant and bewildered it may be in the matter of art, knows its mind about one thing; it will not be persuaded against its will by the most plausible eloquence to admire the picture

which in reality gives it no pleasure. Herein lies safety." Meanwhile the doctrine of impressionism exerts a bad influence on the rank and file of the artistic profession, especially on those to whom talking is easier than painting. "Suggestions and impressions alone are too slight a basis on which to attempt to rear a new religion of art, and disaster, slow, perhaps, but sure, waits the faith built upon such nebulous foundations."

"THE ÆSCHYLUS OF MODERN PAINTERS."

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS is the subject of a beautiful article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Sir William B. Richmond. This panegyric by a brother artist affords delightful reading. Speaking of the exhibition of the artist's pictures at Burlington House, Sir William remarks upon the great thoughts, the calm atmosphere, the grand style, a certain bigness of aspect, the intensity of conviction, the virility of purpose, the purity and restraint without self-conscious correctness. He also sees in the majority of the symbolic pictures deep love of Nature. Watts' portraits are said to show the man at his best: poetry underlies verisimilitude. In such pictures as "Love and Death" and "Love and Life" the very mind of their author is written upon them in all its grave simplicity. The literary element is present, as it must always be present in the most enduring works of art. The greatest art, says Sir William, has its real home in the heart and soul, which continue to vibrate long after the senses have ceased to be immediately operative. But it is impossible to represent by citation the beauty of this appreciation as a whole. Let us take only this passage:—

It is remarkable that, in a swiftly fluctuating age, so full of changes often falsely called developments, change of aspect, worship of Plutus, and eminently material in its directions, an artist should have lived so long within its clutches, and have maintained throughout a dignity of thought and living, separate also in a measure from current influence, yet strongly alive to many lapses and shortcomings. In common with all great men, Watts was keenly alive to whatever remains of nobility of direction, indignant also at any deviation from the highest standard of life and art. He preaches in form and colour as the Hebrew prophet preached in words, and his art does not suffer. However occult the hidden meaning may be, it is splendidly delineated. Noble is the diction of Jeremiah and Isaiah, noble is the diction of the great painter. While inefficacy prevails, or the falling away from the great tradition of the past prevails, the ideal of life, of art, must remain inviolate, even if it is only among a few. There is no pessimism in Watts; when he scourges it is with a golden rod, and even in such pictures as "For He had Great Possessions," "The Curse of Cain," "The Minotaur," the "Mammon," wherein the allegory is prominent or the subject repulsive, Watts does not degrade his art; if strange or even ugly are the forms, no symptom of caricature debases their grandeur. Every true artist retains the dignity of his art, even if it is employed upon a theme which is only permissible if well done. This is a great strength in Watts's art; he ennobles noble themes, and does not degrade his genius when he tells an appalling story. He is never melodramatic, always epic or lyrical, and that is why we have called him the Æschylus of modern painters, as well as an interpreter of the more gentle Tennyson.

A PLEA FOR "KITCHEN MECHANICS."

THE AMERICAN DOMESTIC EMPLOYEE.

WHAT'S in a name? Everything, says Miss Jane Seymour Klink, who describes in the February *Atlantic Monthly* the result of her experience as a housemaid in American households. There are millions of people below the poverty line in America, but although domestic servants earn £50 a year besides their board and lodging, mistresses are at their wits' end for servants, chiefly because they will call them servants. Miss Klink says:—

To establish a school, and frankly call it one for the training of servants, is distinctly against present tendencies; the name alone would kill it. Train domestic employees, home workers, household aids, just as much as you can, but unless the term servant be left out, possibly even from the signs of employment bureaus, you must combat an unappeasable prejudice. One bright girl who was the cook in a home where I was employed invariably referred to us as "the kitchen mechanics," another always called the maids "us girls," still another "the kitchen people;" and in all association with maids in service I have never heard them call themselves servants.

Another reason why domestic service is unpopular is because the hours are longer than mistresses realise:—

There is misapprehension on both sides regarding this. Taking the general houseworker as an illustration, her hours from time of rising until she ceases to be "on call" in the evening are usually from six o'clock a.m. until nine o'clock p.m., fifteen hours, with ordinarily every other Thursday and every other Sunday off. Sometimes the Thursday off means going out as soon as the morning's work is done and remaining until it is time to prepare dinner, thus having the whole day to one's self. Sometimes it means going away directly after luncheon, and spending afternoon and evening out. Sometimes it means going as soon as possible after luncheon and coming home in time to prepare dinner.

The Sunday off generally means an early dinner, any time from one until three, and leaving after the work is done, having first left everything ready for supper. Employers do not always realise how much work is done on the maids' days off. I find on my Sundays off I have worked from eight to eleven hours—and yet it was called "my day out"—and I had "not much to do but get the meals." Eight hours would be a fair day's work, and I never had less than that, excepting at one place in Boston. The work was continuous as well, so that when at four or five o'clock I was ready for my outing I was too tired to do anything but go and sit in the park and rest.

Miss Klink's article is very fair and reasonable. She says that when she began her experimental investigation—

for one thing I was not prepared, and that was that I should pity my mistress. My experiences as a domestic employee led me to see the difficulties of the employer, more clearly than I had ever imagined, through the light of my own mistakes—contrasting the service I was giving with what I felt I should give.

MR. WALTER HIBBERT'S lectures on "Life and Energy," delivered at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, have been issued in an extended form by Longman and Co. (182 pp. 2s. 6d. net). Mr. Hibbert applies the laws of life and energy to religion, and maintains that the lesson of modern science is that "ultimate directivity lies elsewhere" than in the force compulsions of the physical world. The analogy between Lord Kelvin and the Deity is very ingenious and suggestive.

MOTORS AS DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

AFTER reading Mr. F. H. Kimball's paper on the widening use of small electric motors, in *Cassier's Magazine*, the reader may be inclined to apply to motors the old nursery rhyme, "Goosey, goosey gander, Whither will you wander? Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber." For the motor has invaded the domestic arena in America, at least. The writer says:—

Laundry machinery is largely operated by electric motors, and especially is this true of centrifugal dryers and mangles. An attempt has recently been made to operate family washing machines by motors, and the results which have attended the preliminary experiments have been highly gratifying. If durable and reliable machines for household purposes can be produced and put on the market at reasonable prices, which will enable dish washing to be simplified and adequately relieve the rather trying situation which usually develops during the Monday wash and Tuesday's ironing, inventors and manufacturers may be well assured that they will receive the unanimous thanks and liberal patronage of housekeepers in all civilised countries.

In the large hotels and restaurants motor-driven blowers, pumps, dumb-waiters, exhausters, knife cleaners and chopping and mixing machines are in evidence on every hand, while the number of electrically operated sewing machines in the homes of the country is increasing very rapidly.

Recently motor-driven polishers have been brought out for use in caring for the hardwood floors in large halls and public buildings; motor-driven sweepers, which are used in some of the large department stores for quickly sweeping the long aisles and wide open spaces; and also electrically operated carpet sweepers for domestic use. These last are said to perform marvellous work in removing dust and litter of all kinds from carpets and rugs. The peculiar stroke of the rapidly moving brush whips up the finest particles out of the pile of the carpet or rug, and effectually prevents the lodgment of foreign matter in it.

THE BENEFIT OF DEEP BREATHING.

A WRITER in the *Young Man* for February on the Secret of Long Life, after making several recommendations, says:—

There is another valuable habit as a health and longevity practice, to which I would like to draw the attention of those of the readers of the *Young Man* who are unacquainted with it—namely, the definite, deliberate, and daily practice of deep breathing; nasal breathing, abdominal breathing. This is really, a very vitalising exercise. It contributes to a much more complete oxygenation of the blood, and a saturation of the whole system with the life-giving fluid, than does ordinary breathing. It has a potent mental influence as well. As briefly hinted above, the restless life of our time conduces to excitement, agitation, irritability, and shallow, semi-chest breathing, and thus to devaluation. Deep breathing has a remarkably controlling influence on the emotions; it counteracts and controls this, and calms the whole being, so that it has a dual influence on health and life—from the mental as well as the physical side. It is thus also an aid to quiet reflection and meditation. And all the while you are breathing and meditating let the *mind* be kept in a receptive, responsive attitude, open—so to speak—to Divine impressions, influences, impulses and intuitions, which—*mark you*—OBEY. But the reader is mentally inquiring concerning the *modus operandi*. Here it is: Either lie flat on your back and put your hands behind the head, or stand or sit erect with shoulders well back. Simply *slowly* inhale through the nostrils until both chest and stomach are fairly fully expanded; then *as slowly* exhale until both are fully evacuated. Repeat this from six to twelve times, twice daily, or as occasion may require.

A MONTH'S CRUISE IN AN AIRSHIP.

WHAT SANTOS DUMONT WILL DO NEXT.

THERE is a fascinating paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for February entitled, "The Future of the Airship." The author is M. Santos Dumont, the Columbus of the aerial world. He tells us that he is about to spend a month in an aerial cruise over Europe, after which he will visit the North Pole, and then design an aerial cruiser which will revolutionise naval, and, indeed, all kinds of warfare.

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

He maintains that he has solved the hitherto insoluble problem of overcoming the difficulty of condensation and dilatation which has hitherto compelled aeronauts to descend in twenty-four hours. What is wanted is some contrivance which will enable the aerial navigator to neutralise the effect of the changes in temperature. This he has found in "half a kilometre of very thin aluminium tubes disposed vertically in the form of a hollow cone, the whole being suspended inside the balloon from its top." Into these tubes he passes at will a jet of steam. "This steam cannot possibly mingle with my gas, yet it heats it, re-dilates it, and gives new ascensional power to the balloon." With one kilo of petrol he gets thirty kilos of ascensional force. He can therefore remain thirty days in the air with the same quantity of ballast as is needed for one day's journey in an ordinary balloon.

HIS NEW AIRSHIP.

His new airship is so far on its way to completion that he expects to go cruising for a week at a time over Europe this summer in an airship that will be a floating house :—

The aerial yacht is not designed for high speed. Therefore its balloon need not be cylindrical. I am even making it egg-shaped.

The balloon envelope of this aerial yacht—as I may call it—is being sewed. Its car is built. Its boiler and condenser are being constructed. Its motor is ordered. Its propellers exist.

Beneath an egg-shaped balloon, slightly less elongated than the balloon of my "No. 9," will be seen hanging what looks like a little house with a balcony window running half its length on each side. The balcony window will characterise the open, or observation, room of the floating house, or car; and in it the motor will have its place. Behind it is the closed sleeping and reposing room; in front will be an open platform holding the steam-producing boiler.

HIS AERIAL CRUISE.

He will drift as much as possible, to save his engines and petrol :—

A proper handling of the faucets will secure us the level altitude we desire; and we shall float on, watching the great map of Europe unroll beneath us!

We shall dine. We shall watch the stars rise. We shall hang between the constellations and the earth.

We shall awake to the glory of the morning.

So day shall succeed to day. We shall pass frontiers. Now we are over Russia—it would be a pity to stop—let us make a loop and return by way of Hungary and Austria. Here is Vienna! Let us set the propeller working full speed to change our course. Perhaps we shall fall in with a current that will take us to Belgrade!

And now that it is morning again, let us ride on this breeze as far as Constantinople! We shall have time, and shall find means to return to Paris!

TO THE NORTH POLE!

After this cruise he will attempt the discovery of the North Pole. This, he maintains, will be quite simple. A steamer will take him within a few hundred miles of the Pole. If he were to sail at full speed, he could discover the Pole and return between breakfast and supper. But he prefers to take time, and drift on a northerly air-current, merely using his propeller in case of calm, or when the air-currents diverted him from his true course.

THE AIR CRUISER OF THE FUTURE.

The air cruiser, M. Santos Dumont maintains, will enable the enemy to detect and destroy the submarine :—

The balloon ought to be two hundred metres long and twenty-eight metres in its greatest diameter. It would be propelled through the air by thirty propellers, each worked by a separate petroleum motor of one hundred horse-power. This would give a total of three thousand horse-power, sufficient to impart to the airship a steady high speed of as much as one hundred kilometres per hour. To withstand the exterior and interior pressure corresponding to such speed, the balloon envelope ought to be composed of twenty-six thicknesses of Lyons silk properly superposed and varnished.

With a balloon of such lifting power, enough fuel could be carried to make one thousand kilometres at full speed, or from three to four thousand kilometres at reduced speed, and there would remain enough lifting power to carry a crew of twenty men and a supply of explosives to be hurled at the enemy by means of one or two cannons *genre lance-torpille à pair comprimée*.

This cruiser, with 77,000 cubic metres of gas, he calculates, would have a lifting power of 93 tons.

I cannot follow this intrepid voyageur further in his unveiling of the future, but conclude with quoting his belief that, "So quickly do we become habituated to new things, the day when aerial omnibuses begin carrying tourists and business men from Paris to St. Petersburg, you and I will take our places in them as naturally as our grandfathers took the first railway trains."

The German Navy: A False Start.

THE REV. A. T. S. Goodrick in *Cornhill* recalls the fact that the German Revolution in 1848, through its Parliament of Professors at Frankfort, not merely aspired to unify the Fatherland, but to provide it with a fleet. The blockade of German ports by the Danish fleet had become intolerable. The Parliament at Frankfort fixed the cost of a fleet at six million thalers. A few smaller States and many Germans oversea contributed voluntarily; but Austria refused and Prussia declined. A few vessels were purchased, but in 1851 the Diet resolved to hand over the fleet to any voluntary society that would keep it as a going concern. Finally, it was decided to sell the fleet for what it would fetch. It went for about 4 per cent. of the original cost. The first, last and only Admiral of the German Confederation was dismissed in 1853. But next year the Prussian fleet secured a passable naval station at the mouth of the Jahde, and from that day to this has steadily gone on increasing.

THE RELIGION OF UTOPIA.

MR. H. G. WELLS AS PROPHET.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Mr. H. G. Wells, who has tried his hand at many daring speculations, essays a still loftier flight. After having anticipated the social organisation of the future, he has now tried his hand as the prophet or seer of the religion of the future.

In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* he sketches in an interview with his double the religion of the Utopia towards which the process of evolution is taking us. He sketches a new religious order which he calls the *samurai*, concerning whose constitution and rules he gives many interesting particulars.

THE ORDER OF THE SAMURAI.

They are recruited by voluntary enlistment, but they must pass a preliminary examination and bind themselves to abide by the rules:—

Next to the intellectual qualification comes the physical, the man must be in sound health, free from certain foul, avoidable, and demoralising diseases, and in good training. We reject men who are fat, or thin and flabby, or whose nerves are shaky—we refer them back to training. And finally the man or woman must be fully adult.

They are forbidden alcohol, drugs, smoking, betting, and usury, games, trade, and servants.

Save in specified exceptional circumstances, the *samurai* must bathe in cold water, and the men must shave every day; they have the precise directions in such matters; the body must be in health, the skin and muscles and nerves in perfect tone, or the *samurai* must go to the doctors of the order, and give implicit obedience to the regimen prescribed. They must sleep alone at least four nights in five; and they must eat with and talk to anyone in their fellowship who cares for their conversation for an hour, at least, at the nearest club-house of the *samurai* once on three chosen days in every week. Moreover, they must read aloud from the Book of the *Samurai* for at least ten minutes every day. Every month they must buy and read faithfully through at least one book that has been published during the past five years.

GOD.

This leads us up to the religion of these *samurai* Mr. Wells says:—

They will have escaped the delusive simplification of God that vitiates all terrestrial theology. They will hold God to be complex and of an endless variety of aspects, to be expressed by no universal formula, nor approved in any uniform manner. Just as the language of Utopia will be a synthesis, even so will its God be. The aspect of God is different in the measure of every man's individuality, and the intimate thing of religion must, therefore, exist in human solitude, between man and God alone. Religion in its quintessence is a relation between God and man.

WORSHIP.

The *samurai* will be forbidden the religion of dramatically lit altars, organ music, and incense, as distinctly as they are forbidden the love of painted women or the consolations of brandy. And to all the things that are less than religion and that seek to comprehend it, to cosmogonies and philosophies, to creeds and formulae, to catechisms and easy explanations, the attitude of the *samurai*, the note of the Book of *Samurai*, will be distrust. So far as the *samurai* have a purpose in common in maintaining the State, and the order and progress of the world, so far, by their discipline and denial, by their public work and effort, they worship God together.

DOCTRINE.

The leading principle of their religion will be the repudiation of—

the doctrine of original sin; the Utopians hold that man, on the whole, is good. That is their cardinal belief. Man has pride and conscience, they hold, that you may refine by training, as you refine his eye and ear; he has remorse and sorrow in his being, coming on the heels of all inconsequent enjoyments. How can one think of him as bad? He is religious; religion is as natural to him as lust and anger, less intense, indeed, but coming with a wide-sweeping inevitableness as peace comes after all tumults and noises. And in Utopia they understand this, or, at least, the *samurai* do, clearly. They accept Religion as they accept Thirst, as something inseparably in the mysterious rhythms of life.

THEIR "RETREAT."

But the fount of motives lies in the individual life, it lies in silent and deliberate reflections, and at this, the most striking of all the rules of the *samurai* aims. For seven consecutive days in the year, at least, each man or woman under the Rule must go right out of all the life of man into some wild and solitary place, must speak to no man or woman, and have no sort of intercourse with mankind. They must go bookless and weaponless, without pen, or paper, or money. Provisions must be taken for the period of the journey, a rug or sleeping sack, for they must sleep under the open sky, but no means of making a fire.

Partly, it is to ensure good training and sturdiness of body and mind, but partly, also, it is to draw their minds for a space from the insistent details of life, from the intricate arguments and the fretting effort to work, from personal quarrels and personal affections, and the things of the heated room. Out they must go, clean out of the world.

The Sahara and other deserts, the Arctic regions and the unfrequented seas are set apart for this period of solitude. If one goes by sea one must go in a little undecked sailing boat, which can be rowed in a calm; all the other journeys one must do afoot, none aiding.

RESULT.

They have put off the years of decay. They keep their teeth, they keep their digestions, they ward off gout and rheumatism, neuralgia and influenza and all those cognate decays that bend and wrinkle men and women in the middle years of existence. They have extended the level years far into the seventies, and age, when it comes, comes swiftly and easily. The feverish hurry of our earth, the decay that begins before growth has ceased, is replaced by a ripe prolonged maturity. This modern Utopia is an adult world. The flushed romance, the predominant eroticisms, the adventurous uncertainty of a world in which youth prevails, gives place here to a grave deliberation, to a fuller and more powerful emotion, to a broader handling of life.

Says Mr. Wells, in meditating upon the Religion of the *samurai*:—

I saw more clearly now something I had seen dimly already, in the bearing and the faces of this Utopian chivalry, a faint persistent tinge of detachment from the immediate heats and hurries, the little graces and delights, the tensions and stimulations of the daily world. It pleased me strangely to think of this steadfast yearly pilgrimage of solitude, and how near men might come then to the high distances of God.

THE chief feature of *McClure's* for February is the terrible indictment of Mr. Aldrich, the "boss" of the United States, for his commercial management of Rhode Island—"A State for Sale"—by Mr. Lincoln Steffens; and a kindred article by Mr. Peter S. Grosscup, "How to Save the Corporation." Mr. Ray Stannard Baker draws two pictures of lynching in the North—in Springfield—where the authorities were pusillanimous and the outrages were committed; and at Danville, where their one determined Sheriff faced and fought the whole mob and saved the city from the tyranny of Judge Lynch.

RAILWAY PROGRESS IN MADAGASCAR.

THE Rev. James Sibree contributes a very interesting and illustrated article on "A Railway Excursion in Madagascar" to the *Sunday at Home*. It is a remarkable picture of the progress which has followed on the French annexation. He says:—

The French conquest of the island in 1895 has already worked wonderful changes in the country. Hundreds of miles of good roads have been constructed; telegraph wires connect all the principal towns; motor-cars convey the mails and passengers to and from the coast; the capital has been transformed into a handsome city; and a railway is now being built by which the journey which used to occupy a week will eventually be accomplished in a day.

It is to his Excellency, General Gallieni, the very able Governor-General of Madagascar, that the project of the railway is due. His proposal was accepted by the French Parliament and Government; and although it is now (September, 1904) less than four years since the works were commenced, the greater part of the line has already been constructed; about half of it is completed, and it is expected that in about two years from now the railway will reach Antananarivo. And although the length of the line from coast to capital is only about 200 miles, yet Madagascar is a very mountainous country, the interior province is some 4,500 feet above sea-level, and the work has been done by natives, hitherto little accustomed to hard and continuous labour.

MISSIONARIES IN MOTOR-CAR.

Mr. Sibree and a friend, Mr. Standing, went by Government automobile to the point where the rails are being laid. He says:—

It is difficult, probably, for Europeans, accustomed all their lives to rapid locomotion, to enter into our feelings of pleasure and novelty, as we rushed by spots which we had passed times without number, at five or six times the speed of former journeys. Familiar places—villages, mountains, and rocks—looked very different viewed from new points. Here and there we crossed or passed near the old footpaths climbing the hills, by which our bearers used to toil with us; and we noticed swamps which took a good quarter of an hour to struggle through, our men up to their waists in water, but which we now swept past like the wind on the well-macadamised road.

The party could hardly believe that they had arrived at a place in a little over five hours which it had always taken two long days' journeys of seven or eight hours each to reach. They arrived by train at Aniverano, which is described as, on a small scale, the Crewe or Swindon of this Madagascar railway. They were astonished at the completeness of all the appliances for everything required on a railway. Mr. Sibree could not help thinking that the beauty of the railway journey will bring visitors from Reunion and Mauritius, if not from more distant places. He concludes by saying:—

We review the past five days with great admiration for the engineering skill of our French friends, and for the admirable and substantial way in which all the works of this Madagascar railway are being constructed. We were also glad to see that great care was taken to keep the work-people in health, by the presence of doctors, the provision of hospitals all along the line, and the regular supply of quinine and all other necessary medicines. We were pleased to think that visitors from other countries will have such opportunities as this route affords of seeing the beautiful scenery of this island.

This missionary tribute to the beneficent influence of France is all the more interesting reading when we recall the earlier missionary policy of the French conquerors.

HARBOUR-MAKING AT DOVER.

EXPERIENCES IN A DIVING BELL.

IN the *Pall Mall Magazine* for March Mr. Harold J. Shepstone gives a graphic description of his visit to the works at Dover Harbour.

The harbour, he writes, is to have three huge arms or walls. The west and east arms are practically complete, the southern wall or breakwater is in course of erection. The necessity for such a deep-water enclosure is due to the introduction of the torpedo and submarine in naval warfare, and "Dover is to become the Gibraltar of the Channel."

Mr. Shepstone describes how the great concrete blocks are made and are laid to form the permanent extension. The foundation has first to be secured. To do this divers go down in bells to level the solid bed. Mr. Shepstone, who accompanied them, writes:—

Putting on a pair of stockings, leggings and heavy boots, I jumped on to the seat when the huge bell—it weighed forty tons and was as large as a good-sized room—was swung by the powerful crane over the staging, and gradually we were lowered into the sea.

The sensation at first was very strange. As we entered the water, which was driven out of the bell by compressed air, there was a distinct buzzing sound in the ears and head. I was told to hold my nose and blow through it, and I did so. Slowly we descended, and at last reached the bottom, some fifty feet below the surface.

The bell in question was 17 feet long and 10 feet wide. There were six of us in it. It was lighted by electricity, and was almost as bright as day. We first landed on a bed which the divers had previously levelled. The moment the bell touched the ground there was, perhaps, about two feet of water in it. This was quickly driven out by the compressed air, when we walked on comparatively dry ground with the sea all around us.

The man in charge is able to move his bell where he wishes by sending signals up to the man in charge of the great crane to which the bell is attached.

After inspecting the smooth bed on which the bottom blocks are laid, we went out to sea, and, landing on the bottom again, obtained some idea of the difficulties of digging a foundation on the floor of the ocean. It was ragged and rocky. Four men work in a bell under a pressure of 27 lb. to the square inch for three hours at a time, digging up the ground until it is perfectly smooth and level. The material is thrown into a large wooden box, swung in the centre of the bell.

Climbing on to our seats again, the man gave the necessary signals, and away we went, all under water, of course, until we landed once more upon the stones just placed in position. The electric lights in the bell are placed close to the thick little glass windows. When we stayed on the bottom quietly for a little while the fish darted at the light, but at the noise of a shovel they as quickly disappeared.

MR. VINCENT BAYES, in the *Lady's Realm* for March, tells us about the interesting houses of Chelsea—literary, artistic, etc. It is a long list of houses and well-known names.

MR. E. A. ABBEY, the painter of the Coronation Picture, is made the subject of an article in the March number of *Cassell's Magazine*. The writer gives as a probable reason why Mr. Abbey was chosen for the task, the artist's great success in painting large canvases, such as his series of "Grail" pictures. In the Coronation Picture "he has illustrated the pomp and circumstance of the great rite by selecting the principal actors and grouping them around the King just as the Archbishop of Canterbury is about to place the crown on his head."

NEW SCRAPS FROM THOREAU.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for January is distinguished by its publication of hitherto unprinted paragraphs from Thoreau's Journal. These are prefaced by a very attractive and instructive estimate of Thoreau as a diarist, by Mr. Bradford Torrey. From a mine of gems we select a few for setting here:—

FRIENDS

They are like air bubbles on water, hastening to flow together. History tells of Orestes and Pylades, Damon and Pythias, but why should we not put to shame those old reserved worthies by a community of such?

This conjunction of souls, like waves which meet and break, subsides also backward over things, and gives all a fresh aspect.

"PROTESTANT WARMTH."

Without greatcoat or drawers I have advanced thus far into the snowbanks of the winter, without thought and with impunity.

May not the body defend itself against cold by its very nakedness, and its elements be so simple and single that they cannot congeal? Frost does not affect one, but several. My body now affords no more pasture for cold than a leafless twig. I call it a Protestant warmth. If man always conformed to Nature, he would not have to defend himself against her, but find her his constant nurse and friend, as do plants and quadrupeds.

Alas, for this theorising! Seven days later he records, "I am confined to the house by bronchitis."

HIS HOUSE IS A PRISON.

The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in Nature, is her inhabitant and not her guest, and wears her easily and gracefully. But the civilised man has the habits of the house. His house is a prison, in which he finds himself oppressed and confined, not sheltered and protected. He walks as if he sustained the roof; he carries his arms as if the walls would fall in and crush him, and his feet remember the collar beneath. His muscles are never relaxed. It is rare that he overcomes the house, and learns to sit at home in it, and roof and floor and walls support themselves, as the sky and trees and earth.

It is a great art to saunter.

EXCITEMENT SUPERFLUOUS.

The great God is very calm withal. How superfluous is any excitement in His creatures! He listens equally to the prayers of the believer and the unbeliever. The moods of man should unfold and alternate as gradually and placidly as those of Nature. The sun shines for aye! The sudden revolutions of these times and this generation have acquired a very exaggerated importance. They do not interest me much, for they are not in harmony with the longer periods of Nature. The present, in any aspect in which it can be presented to the smallest audience, is always mean. God does not sympathise with the popular movements.

EATING, A SACRAMENT.

The fragrance of an apple evokes the following:—

I realise the existence of a goddess Pomona, and that the gods have really intended that men should feed divinely, like themselves, on their own nectar and ambrosia. They have so painted this fruit, and freighted it with such a fragrance, that it satisfies much more than an animal appetite. Grapes, peaches, berries, nuts, etc., are likewise provided for those who will sit at their sideboard. I have felt, when partaking of this inspiring diet, that my appetite was an indifferent consideration; that eating became a sacrament, a method of communion, an ecstatic exercise, a mingling of bloods, and [a] sitting at the communion table of the world.

The indecent haste and grossness with which our food is swallowed have cast a disgrace on the very act of eating itself.

THE CARES OF THE WORLD.

Most people are so taken up with the cares and rude practice of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Literally the labouring man has not leisure for a strict and lofty integrity day by day. He cannot afford to sustain the fairest and noblest relations. His labour will depreciate in the market.

There are certain current expressions and blasphemous moods of viewing things, as when we say "he is doing a good business," more profane than cursing and swearing. There is death and sin in such words. Let not the children hear them.

HINDOOISM VERSUS JUDAISM.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for February publishes a second instalment of Thoreau's Journal. The most striking passage is this in which he compares Hindooism with Judaism, to the disadvantage of the latter:—

The Hindoos are more serenely and thoughtfully religious than the Hebrews. They have perhaps a purer, more independent and impersonal knowledge of God. Their religious books describe the first inquisitive and contemplative access to God; the Hebrew Bible a conscientious return, a grosser and more personal repentance. Repentance is not a free and fair highway to God. A wise man will dispense with repentance. It is shocking and passionate. God prefers that you approach Him thoughtful, not penitent, though you are the chief of sinners. It is only by forgetting yourself that you draw near to Him.

The calmness and gentleness with which the Hindoo philosophers approach and discourse on forbidden themes is admirable.

What extracts from the Vedas I have read fall on me like the light of a higher and purer luminary, which describes a loftier course through a purer stratum—free from particulars, simple, universal. It rises on me like the full moon after the stars have come out, wading through some far summer stratum of the sky.

The Vedant teaches how, "by forsaking religious rites," the votary may "obtain purification of mind."

One wise sentence is worth the State of Massachusetts many times over.

The Vedas contain a sensible account of God.

The religion and philosophy of the Hebrews are those of a wilder and ruder tribe, wanting the civility and intellectual refinement and subtlety of the Hindoos.

I do not prefer one religion or philosophy to another. I have no sympathy with the bigotry and ignorance which make transient and partial and puerile distinctions between one man's faith or form of faith and another's—as Christian and heathen. I pray to be delivered from narrowness, partiality, exaggeration, bigotry.

A CHURCH NURSERY.

MISS ELIZABETH BANKS describes in the *Quiver* the American Church Nursery. This is an institution in different cities in the United States for taking care of the babies while the mothers attend service. There are special rooms for the purpose. It is a free institution. The young ladies of the Church willingly take their turns as attendants, arranging it so that three or four are on duty every Sunday, so that no particular one shall be obliged to miss the church service oftener than once in five or six weeks. Up to three years of age the children are on the Cradle Roll. Then they enter the Children's Circle. Year by year they advance, going from one room to another. Finally they may become teachers or choristers.

WHY AMERICAN WOMEN WED EUROPEANS?

"THE American Wife in Europe," by the author of "The Highroad," is the first article in the February *Cosmopolitan*. It is illustrated with some portraits of the most eminent varieties of the type mentioned. The author is extremely complimentary to the American woman in general:—

After all, the nicest of American women are incomparable in the world. They have the gracefulness and vivacity of the French, the refined beauty of the high-bred English, a Puritan sense of duty, and the warm kindliness of the descendants of the colonial settler. They are also credited with having a sense of humour, but that isn't true. If they had, they couldn't do half the things they do.

Yet it is just this type of woman who, other things being equal, would prefer a foreigner to an American for a husband. It is not merely the European leisure and culture and romance, and the flavour of ancient times and chivalrous ancestry which appeals to the American belle. The foreigner has a deeper advantage yet. "He belongs to what appears to be a permanent order. When a woman has reached a goal, she wants to look about her in the triumph of safety. Fashion, style, notoriety are but surface things to her." She follows the law of nature which underlies the proverb that "Women love a bully." The European has the strength, not of the strong right arm, but of a position already made. The writer tells a story, which illustrates his thesis, of a by no means distinguished pair:—

There was one American girl who married a foreign title, and according to the press, not only of this country but of Europe, she has had a wonderful social career, entertaining everybody of importance. According to the papers, royalty is always preparing to visit her. Not one word of all this is true, and the stories come about because she has connections in the reportorial world. She is so insignificant in real society that the smartest of the actor-managers would hesitate a long time before accepting one of her invitations, in the fear that it might injure his carefully-tended social position. And yet in her own country her place in the world is vastly enhanced by her marriage, and, leaving society quite out of the question, she would probably shudder at the thought of leaving the position she has. She has lovely homes to live in, not any the less lovely that her money has roofed and warmed them, homes that are mellow with tradition. She is a part of an old and permanent order, and her children are born in it. She is looked up to by thousands of persons in the great middle class of her new country, exactly her own sort of people, the men and women that her family would have been glad to know before her marriage. She has accomplished what is to her a distinct feat. Had she lived in America the chances of her marrying into the real society of this country would have been small. She is married to a man of the second class, but in a land of a hereditary aristocracy he is officially a great man and she is a great lady. And this is typical of more than one foreign marriage; the man ready to sell a share of his station in life and the woman ready to buy in the foreign market what she could not buy at home.

IN the *Young Man* for February, besides "What Campbell Says," there are, at least, two notable articles. The first an interview with Sir George Bruce, the famous North Country civil engineer, and the second, Mr. Robert Guthrie's account of Ruskin Hall, Oxford. Another notable but detestable feature of the magazine is the way in which it is interleaved with advertisements.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WOMAN JOURNALIST.

MISS HELEN M. WINSLOW, a disillusioned woman journalist, sends her confessions to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The upshot of it is that she strongly dissuades any girls from going in for the Press. She says:—

There has been a great influx of women into newspaper offices within the last decade, but I believe they will never be so numerous as reporters again. The life is too hard, and too hardening. Women are not fitted for the rush-at-all-hours a reporter's life demands. There will always be a chance for them as editorial, fashion, household, society, and critical writers, but the time is soon coming when the reporters' ranks will be filled from the men's schools instead of from the girls'. Meanwhile the young woman of literary proclivities will work her way, either from the editor's desk, or from the quiet of her own particular corner at home—as I should have done. Look around you, and see if the women who have really succeeded with the pen have not been those who have kept off the newspaper staff.

I had been far better off to-day had I stayed in my little country town, and worked faithfully and carefully at writing things less ephemeral. I am worn out. My brain is fagged. When I walk along a country road to-day I see no visions. The babbling brooks, the singing birds, the soft west wind, the blue skies above, have no great messages for me. My head aches. I cannot exert my mental faculties to evolve a second set of rhymes, even when the first comes involuntarily. There is no more poetry left in me. I dropped it somewhere in those dusty, musty newspaper offices when I went home after midnight. I did not miss it then, I was too dead tired; but to-day I know where I left all my capabilities for beautiful, poetic fancies. I try to write stories, remembering the great novel which was the early dream of my life. But the blue pencil habit has killed all ability to do fine writing. Condensation is valuable in a newspaper; in a novel it does not help to adorn the page nor point a moral. Human nature is no longer interesting to me; how can I make it so to others? I have seen too much of it. I used to know a man journalist who said, "The newspaper will use you as long as there is any freshness in you; then it will throw you aside like a squeezed lemon." I am a squeezed lemon.

"But you have had your day," says the younger woman. "Why grumble now?" Because it was not the day I wanted, and I only meant to make it the stepping-stone to something better. I did not want to be a newspaper woman and nothing more; and now that I have leisure for something more, I find my mental faculties, instead of being sharpened for further use, dulled. I have done desultory work so long that I cannot take up anything more thorough. I have been a "hack" too many years. I cannot be a racehorse now.

There is a moral to my tale of woe. Let the young woman who has ambitions of a literary nature shun the newspaper office as she would any other hurtful thing.

IN *Macmillan's* for March one of the most interesting papers is that by Mr. Tallentyre on Diderot. Among many remarkable incidents of this erratic genius was that when he was the guest of Catherine the Great, he would, in his excited conversation, hammer her knees black and blue, till the Empress had to put a table in front of her for safety. Wulff Rice urges the plea of British seamen for British ships. He says there are at present nearly 40,000 foreigners in our mercantile marine, who would be withdrawn in time of war, leaving our merchantmen in the lurch. Mr. F. R. Earp gives a long account of the characteristics of the Kurds and Christians on the Turkish and Persian frontiers. A writer on "The Church in the Metropolis" urges that London should be a province, with its Archbishop and with a number of subordinate dioceses.

THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

BY M. AUGUSTE RODIN.

M. RODIN, the most famous of living sculptors, has dictated to a stenographer a discourse upon the Gothic in the cathedrals and churches of France, which Mr. Frederick Lawton has translated into very readable English, and published in the February number of the *North American Review*.

HOW HE STUDIED GOTHIC.

When he was a boy Gothic was still considered barbarous. It was Victor Hugo in France, and Ruskin in England, who first compelled men to realise the beauties of Gothic architecture. M. Rodin says:—

I cannot say that, as a boy, though born in Paris, I paid much attention to the architecture of Notre Dame. Children do not know how to see. I remarked its great size, and that was all. Only when I was in full possession of myself, at the age of about twenty-five, did I begin to make a special study of its beauty, which was generally decried. To some extent, indeed, before I was twenty, my eyes had been opened while I was working for a sculptor named Biès, who had a good deal to do with the so-called "restoring" of Notre Dame. It was to him that Viollet-le-Duc once said: "Forget all you know, and you will execute something Gothic." The expression had its hidden meaning. Profound knowledge is needed to produce the real Gothic—a form which to-day exists only in the monuments of the past.

As I grew older and rid myself of the prejudices of my environment, I acquired more assurance and dared to see for myself. Whenever I travelled, I made it a rule to visit all the cathedrals I could. Even in a small town there is often a real cathedral. I used to awake early in the morning, and hasten to visit what for me were the chief objects of interest. And I remember that the spires and the various parts of these churches gave me an exquisite joy. I would linger and walk round them until I was thoroughly tired out.

HOW TO STUDY GOTHIC.

In commencing to study the Gothic, it matters little where the starting point is. The chief thing is to humble one's self and become a little child, to be content not to master all at once, to be obedient to what Nature can teach, and to be patient through years and years. The study grows easy enough in time. At first, of course, the comprehension is embryonic; you visit one and another edifice; you divine a part of their value, and with each new experience the comprehension increases. A mind capable of analysing and co-ordinating will ultimately succeed in understanding.

To say what has been my own progress in the study and comprehension of the Gothic would be in detail impossible for me. The study has unquestionably influenced my sculpture, giving me more flexibility, more depth, more life in my modelling. This can be seen in my figures, which have become more mysterious, owing to the more perfect chiaroscuro. Not that I could point in particular to one or another of my productions as an instance of the modification. The influence has entered into my blood, and has grown into my being.

ON GOTHIC CATHEDRALS.

M. Rodin is positive that no architect or sculptor has ever been able to properly restore a Gothic church or cathedral:—

Life is made up of strength and grace most variously mingled, and the Gothic gives us this. No one church resembles another. Between the churches of one part of France and another differences exist on a very large scale. The cathedrals of Champagne contrast with those of Burgundy, those of the North still more with those of the West.

To explain why these differences are found is difficult. The

race and soil are probably a partial factor. The sky also may have had its influence. Our French cathedrals are superior to the English and German ones by the greater sculptural expression displayed in them.

The good Gothic style appears in churches and cathedrals built during the four or five hundred years that lie between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. Indeed, it can hardly be said to terminate with the Renaissance; for our Renaissance is still a Gothic style, which we wrongly call Renaissance, and is, in reality, a marriage of the Gothic with the Greek—virtually, all is Gothic, but the details are finished in the Greek manner. In fact, art exists only by oppositions, Gothic art especially. That is to say, if you have something ornamental, you must have, beside it, as a foil, something simple. In Gothic churches this is always the case.

THE SECRET OF GOTHIC ART.

The Gothic is not the Gothic because of the period in which it was developed, but because of the manner of seeing of the period. You enter a cathedral. You find it full of the mysterious life of the forest; and the reason of it is that it reproduces that life by artistic compression, so that the rock, the tree—Nature, in fine—is there; an epitome of Nature. It is a mistake to imagine that the religious conceptions of the time were able to bring forth these masterpieces, any more than the religious conceptions of to-day are responsible for the ugliness of our modern structures. The ancient edifices gained their beauty through the faithful study of Nature practised by the Gothic sculptors. Their only ideal was the vision they had of her; quite as much as the Greeks, they drew from her all their power.

M. Rodin maintains that it is not the idea that leads and that ennobles the work. "I believe rather that it is the strength resulting from labour which adds to the idea. Of itself one idea is poor."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL TRAINING.

BY THE WORLD'S RECORD SPRINTER.

MR. ARTHUR F. DUFFEY, the American sprinter, who won the Amateur Championship of England for 100 yards four years in succession, writes in *C. B. Fry's Magazine* on "What Makes the Sprinter." He says:—

There is no secret that I know of, and I do not believe that my method of training differs in any very important feature from that of hundreds of other runners. But there is no doubt that while in training the most important thing is a man's personal habits. Regular and sufficient sleep, avoidance of drugs, alcohol, and tobacco in any form, and, in a word, the exclusion of every form of even the mildest dissipation, are the first requisites of getting into form. Then comes the diet. A happy medium should be struck between the vegetable and the meat food, and all foods over-rich in starch and sugar should be tabooed, as well as anything that does not agree with the individual's digestion, no matter what it may be. Then as to the exercise proper I would say, first of all, develop the start; learn to start properly, with the least possible effort, and a great deal has been accomplished. After that comes the development of the stride, and intelligent work will accomplish wonders in that direction. Breathing exercises must not be neglected, and the greatest danger of all to the beginner—that is, tiring the muscles by overwork—must be avoided. Last, and by no means least, is the importance of the bath and massage. Nothing restores fatigued muscle to its normal condition so effectively as intelligent massage, and a good "rubber" is a pleasure to the amateur athlete. Training, properly conducted, should not be an ordeal to be feared, but a process that brings out all that is best in the physical man, and stores up a reserve force of vigour that is, more or less, completely under the control of whoever trains faithfully and intelligently.

THE NEXT LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

SOME RADICAL SUGGESTIONS.

IN the *Independent Review* for March there are published two articles suggesting points for the framer of the programme of the next Liberal Government.

(1) BY A WORKMAN.

Mr. Arnold Holt, under the head of "Political Opportunities of Labour," says :—

The artisan class has long lain dormant ; but, working through-out, is a new, strange ferment, a new inarticulate demand for the betterment of social conditions. Not merely for the rights of Labour ; for their rights as *men*. They want not only work, they want respect ; they want to be treated as men with souls of their own. Here lies the great opportunity of the Liberal Party. Now, when everything is favourable to the triumph of their cause, let them show themselves the Party of the People. Let them initiate such legislation as will, in course of time, give the masses an atmosphere to breathe which will be favourable to the growth of ideals noble and lofty, of sobriety, of virtue.

If the leaders of the Liberal Party desire to overcome the suspicion with which they are regarded, they must draw up a programme and send it broadcast through the land.

One question which would have a tremendous influence upon the electorate, if properly treated, is Land Reform. Workmen, whose lives are one ceaseless struggle for existence, cannot see why landlords should draw great revenues from land, the value of which they have done nothing to increase ; and if the Liberal Party would put taxation of land values in the forefront of the programme, they would go a long way towards proving that they are really on the side of the people.

Men, thousands of them losing their manhood in the hopeless search after work ; women losing their virtue ; all of them losing hope. Oh, Liberals, if you are men, when the power is in your hands, listen to the despairing cry of the unemployed, of the slum dweller, of the poor outcast of the street. You who have dreamed dreams of a new and greater England, you have an opportunity, such as the world has never before known, of shaping the ideals and aspirations of the people. The great army of unemployed cry out to you. The opportunity is coming, a glorious opportunity, for you to weave a golden thread into the dull, drab lives of your fellows. God grant the opportunity will find the men ready.

(2) A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY SIDE.

Mr. J. L. Hammond, who writes on the general situation, concludes his article by an appeal for legislation for the rural electors :—

If the gravity of the crisis is grasped, the next Prime Minister will choose for his Minister of Agriculture the most capable, energetic, and dramatic statesman he can find. County Councils must have compulsory powers of purchase for small holdings, as they have already for allotments. Some distinguished authorities would bestow these compulsory powers on Parish Councils. If they are reserved for County Councils, careful measures must be taken to provide that the demands for small holdings shall not be defeated by the social prejudices of the governing classes. There must be constant local inquiry, constant local encouragement. But it is not enough to create small holders. The Government that creates small holders must keep in mind the necessity of substituting some organising power for the broken power of the estate system. That power is to be found in co-operation. The use of State credit to found co-operative banks will lead to other developments of co-operative energy. At any rate, that is the experience of Italy and Ireland. Everything must be done to encourage co-operation in purchase, transport and distribution. The central department must act as a kind of Intelligence service, supplying co-operative groups with expert advice. There must be Government aid for the improvement and the construction of roads. Side by side with these efforts drastic measures should be taken to prevent the wasteful treatment of

land, such as the imposition of a special tax on owners who use for sport or private amusement land that might be used for agriculture, or forestry, or as common grazing ground, to eke out the resources of the crofter and small cultivator. If this policy is resolutely applied, and the State begins to afforest some of the six million acres that Professor Schlich says can be provided by draining and preparing our waste land, the immediate effect will be to create an industry that will become in time remunerative to the State, to add to the beauty of the country, and to develop a number of minor domestic industries, giving variety and resource to village life. If this great transformation is to be carried out, the next Government must show at least as much tenacity in restoring freedom to England as its predecessors have shown in squandering England on conquest.

THE NEXT STEP IN LAND REFORM.

MR. J. H. WHITLEY, M.P., in the *World's Work and Play*, after pointing out the urgent need for land reform, outlines a remedy :—

What is wanted is to put Land, the primary element of production, on a Free Trade basis. Abolish its artificial monopoly. Let it come at Free Trade prices to those who can put it to the highest use. How can this be done ? By taking taxes off production and improvements and placing them on the unimproved value of the land, whether it is used to its full value or not. This would destroy the withholding power, make owners compete for users, and reduce rent to its natural economic level. The method might be very simple, and it might be accompanied by automatic registration of owners.

Mr. Whitley would make the owner, on registering, put down the value of his land :—

If a value were returned too low, the remedy would not be far to seek ; for the register being open, any *bonâ fide* user willing to advance on the declared value could make an offer to the owner, and if the offer were refused, claim that the valuation should be raised at least to that level.

The writer goes on to summarise the result of taxes on these lines levied in New South Wales, of 1d. in £ on capital value. He says it has been quite effective in breaking down the speculative withholding of land, and in promoting the transfer of land to those who could use it best. One result is significant :—

In the preceding four years the number of unemployed registered with the Labour Bureau had been 18,600, 12,145, 13,575, 14,062. In the three years immediately following the figures fell to 6,427, 4,167, 3,483.

Taking £150,000,000 as the minimum estimate of capital value, the land in the United Kingdom would yield £15,625,000 annually.

THERE is not much worthy of special notice in *Harper's* for March, beyond the interesting paper on chemical utilisation of waste products. A few unpublished letters of Charles and Mary Lamb are of slight significance. Dr. Dillon describes some monastery prisons in Russia, and the sufferings to which the inmates are exposed. There is a beautiful series of views of the Hudson River. W. D. Howells gives interesting glimpses of a London season as seen through a pair of American eyes. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll describes the adaptation of means to ends in plant life in the desert. Mr. A. F. Bandelier tells what he describes as "The Truth About Inca Civilisation," as revealed by his researches in Peruvian antiquities. These, he claims, have dispelled the glamour thrown about the Incas, and show them to be by no means so highly civilised as they were supposed to have been.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

DR. SHAW, in his judicial survey of the world's affairs during last month, reviews the action of the United States Senate in respect of the arbitration treaties, and declares public opinion to be insistent in its demand for the election of senators by popular vote. He is quite convinced that the necessary amendment to the Constitution would promptly be approved by the requisite number of States. He reports the common charge against the Senate that a number of its members are owned and controlled by private interests. Second Chambers seem to be the source of as much trouble in American as in British politics.

Perhaps the most striking political article is Mr. Wellman's account of the rise of Mr. R. La Follette, who fought his way up from penury to be three times Governor of Wisconsin, and after defeating the Republican caucus and the dominant capitalists, has now been returned to the Federal Senate. He appears to represent the new Republicans, who will not be controlled by the moneyed interests, but will go for popular measures. It is even suggested that he may be the next Republican candidate for the Presidency.

The relation of San Domingo to the United States is discussed by Professor J. B. Moore, who argues that the States commit no act of international violence in acceding to the request of the lawful Government of San Domingo to help in putting its house in order.

The progress of the Civil Service under President Roosevelt's influence is the subject of a cheering retrospect by Mr. W. B. Shaw. Mr. Bowker's article on the Post Office and its possibilities is interesting for the suggestion it contains of an international postage stamp, of which it gives a picture. Mr. Max West describes the improvements contemplated in the American capital. Though governed by a Congress-appointed triumvirate, it is as well governed and as responsive to public opinion as any American municipality. Its various civic unions, backed by the people themselves, seem bent on making Washington not merely the most beautiful city, but in every respect the model city of mankind. Dr. Dillon predicts the doom of the Russian autocracy, and W. T. Stead describes the Revival in Wales.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

A GOOD number is the March *Independent*, solid rather than brilliant. I notice elsewhere the reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone and the suggestions for Liberal programmes. Mr. H. N. Brailsford tells the story of the Levantine Messiah, Sabbatai Sevi, who was born in Smyrna in 1626. Mr. Laurence Binyon, writing on Watts and National Art, says:—

The last century claims Watts as its most typical and commanding expression in English painting. Reynolds and Gainsborough had painted the character of English men and women in their strength and in their charm. Turner had illustrated the daring and adventure of this race of islanders. It was reserved for Watts to express on canvas the poetic intellect and imagination, which, when our Empire passes, will remain for its greatest glory.

Among the other interesting articles are K. Tar's on the Labour Movement in Russia and an English teacher's vivacious account of "A Farm School in the Transvaal."

THE WORLD'S WORK AND PLAY.

THE March number is not specially distinguished. Mr. Charles H. Garland describes the Pollak-Virag telegraph, which transmits 700 words a minute. Mr. Archer discusses whether it will pay to electrify our railways, and declares that for main line and express service between great cities electric traction is still in an experimental state. Mr. W. H. Dawson describes the German Labour Colony at Wilhelmsdorf. Mr. George Turnbull also deals with schemes for finding work for the willing. Mr. Bovill explains the culture of watercress and its dependence on a continuous flow of pure water, if possible from subterranean sources, so that the temperature shall not fall below 50 degrees. Some beds are worth £60 a year per acre to the landlord. "Home Counties" asks "Can Townsmen Farm?" and describes the training given at agricultural colleges, with interesting photographs. A general survey is given of the work of the London University, with a large portrait of its Principal, Sir Arthur Rücker. Mr. Sampson Morgan describes the coreless apple. There are a number of reproductions of the work of the American artist, J. W. Alexander.

THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE.

IN the *Engineering Magazine* for March the first place is given of right to Mr. Gantt's thoughtful paper on the Compensation of Labour, which we have noticed elsewhere. Another article of rare interest to the non-expert reader is Mr. A. Del Mar's account of Gold Mining in the Ancient Roman Workings in Spain. Spain was, he says, the El Dorado of the Romans. The seven ditches which led the water to the ancient mines make a total length of 182 miles long, every inch of which was chiselled out of rock by hand. "Myriads of lives must have been sacrificed in this work." The writer would almost rank it in grandeur with the pyramids of Egypt. Lucien Périsse discusses the latest types of industrial motor vehicles, and deplores the impossibility of reducing the weight of the steam-engine required for heavier traction. He mentions a rule that "to multiply the speed by 5, we must multiply the power by $7\frac{1}{2}$." The motor truck runs at 6 to 8 miles an hour, as against 1 to 2·2 miles an hour by the ordinary draft horse. Mr. H. L. Arnold gives a full description of the Stores method of a large machine tool works. The rest of the contents are "caviare to the general."

A Lending Library of Pictures.

SOME years ago the late Mr. W. S. Caine proposed to start a lending library of framed pictures in South London. He died without being able to carry out his design. Now I hear of a similar movement being started quite independently at Browning Settlement, in Walworth. The idea is that a collection of, say, a thousand neatly framed pictures might be got together which might be lent out on the lending library principle to the dwellers in the neighbourhood. Those of our readers who think well of the notion will do well to forward their subscriptions, either in pictures or in cash for framing other pictures, to Miss Olivette Taylor, Browning Hall, Walworth, S.E.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THERE are several distinguished papers in the March number which have claimed separate notice.

CONSTITUTIONAL EXPERIMENT IN INDIA.

At a time when the Indian National Congress and its proposals are much discussed, it is interesting to read Mr. D. C. Boulger's account of the constitutional government granted to Mysore in 1881. Laws could thenceforth only be passed by the Representative Assembly of five hundred persons chosen by all classes of the people. It meets for a fortnight once every year. The population numbers five and a half millions, 95 2 per cent. of whom were returned in the last census as illiterate. Yet Mr. Boulger reports that "the Mysore Government is progressive and equal to its responsibilities."

WAITING TO BE FORCED.

The coercion of Turkey is put in an unwonted light by Mr. W. A. Moore. He urges that "the Sultan would be disgraced in the eyes of his Mohammedan subjects if he yielded to the infidel without the latter first displaying force. Only under compulsion does the sacred law allow concession: destiny must be submitted to, and involves no discredit." This, with pleasant humour he argues, is the true way of observing "a due regard for the susceptibilities of the Porte." A list of precedents lead him to urge that for the settlement of the Macedonian trouble our Government should be prepared to display force. It may hope for two allies. Both Russia and Austria have their hands full: and, even if Great Britain, acting alone, were faced by an overwhelming combination, she could retire with dignity and without war.

ETHICS AND SCIENCE IN EDUCATION.

Sir Edward Fry writes with much common sense on science and education. He sums up his contention as follows:—

We live in an age when physical science has advanced by strides, and I fear lest "the unlocking of the gates of sense and the kindling of a greater natural light" may lead many to offer an undue pre-eminence to science above morals in the scheme of education; lest we should forget that it is not power that is a blessing, but the good use made of such powers as we possess; and lest in the art and practice of education a somewhat superficial psychology should be made to take the place of that influence of the mind and soul of the teacher on the minds and souls of the taught, without which all science in teaching will be useless.

BROWNING'S "SET."

Professor W. Hall Griffin supplies much interesting information concerning "Early Friends of Robert Browning," chiefly derived from the letters of one of them, Joseph Arnould. The "Colloquials," as "the set" was called, used to meet in Limehouse—then a riverside village—and comprised Browning, Domett (later Prime Minister of New Zealand), Arnould (later a judge in Bombay), and Benjamin Jowett, the future Master of Balliol—all four born in Camberwell. Arnould's feeling towards Browning may be seen from a few lines in early letters:—

He is a true friend; he has an energy of kindness about him which never slumbers. He is a noble fellow. His life is so pure, so energetic, so simple, so laborious, so loftily enthusiastic. It is impossible to know and not to love him. Every time I see him I like him more and more. He is so thoroughly and out and out right in heart and head.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. J. S. Mann discusses the new treaties of commerce made by Germany with seven middle European States. The Human Telephonic Exchange is the title of a meta-

physical paper by Mrs. Caillard, in which she argues for the credibility of the external sources, from which messages purport to come to our consciousness. Mr. J. A. Spender, in a paper entitled "Twenty Months After," gives us the quintessence of the leading articles which he has contributed in that period to the *Westminster Gazette*.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE March number has as its special feature an article by M. Emile Combes, late Prime Minister of France, upon Republican policy and the Catholic Church during his Ministry. It is an elaborate attempt, covering seventeen pages, to justify the persecuting policy of the French Republicans to the British public. M. Combes says:—

My object in writing this article for the *National Review* is to narrate for the benefit of its readers the two principal events of my Ministry—the suppression of about five hundred teaching, preaching, and commercial orders, and the vindication of the religious rights of the State. Both events are the natural and logical consequence of the recognised Republican policy of the last thirty years. They form an integral part of the system which starts with the supremacy of the State, whose guiding principle is uniform neutrality in legislation, and which aims at the application of liberty to associations as to individuals.

Mr. H. W. Wilson raises a cry of alarm over the British naval programme for 1905. The command of the sea, he declares, is in danger because the naval estimates are to be reduced by three millions. He says:—

The disregard of the vital lessons of the present war in the Far East by the same Government which has ignored all the lessons of the South African conflict is heart-breaking to a loyal Unionist and calculated to do infinite harm to the party.

Lady Minto writes enthusiastically about the Dominion of Canada. Mr. F. St. John Morrow writes on The Mysterious Case of Sir Antony MacDonnell:—

No parliamentary, not to say permanent, Under-Secretary in this country would have dared to embark upon the course Sir Antony MacDonnell has steered with self-satisfied composure since his appointment.

Agnosticism, says the Rev. W. Barry, D.D., has now evolved a new Decalogue, which is manufacturing National Decay:—

The test and proof that a mistake has been made by our agnostic philosophers are to be found in the national decay which follows on their teaching, as darkness follows on eclipse. And by national decay nothing else is meant than the suicide of the race, consequent on frauds in marriage, a dwindling birth-rate, unlimited divorce, degeneracy in offspring, the abuse of stimulants and of pleasure, the clouding of intellect, all which are fated to terminate in one disease—the denial of the will to live.

Colonel H. Leroy-Lewis writes on the Auxiliary Forces and the War Office; Mr. Mackinder publishes his lecture on Man Power as the Basis of National and Imperial Strength; and Mr. Inglis Palgrave gives an elaborate analysis of the recently published Blue Book on the industrial position of the country.

THERE are many important articles in the *Century* for March. Those of Mr. Burbank's creation of new plants, Mr. Barry's account of the siege of Port Arthur, and Mr. Macgowan's interviews with Russian statesmen claim separate mention. The illustrations are remarkably good. Quite an artistic *tour de force* is furnished in a group of etchings by Joseph Pennell of the "skyscrapers" of New York. These horrors of urban architecture have been made to look like gems of the mediæval Italian builder's art. Fiction is much to the fore.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* is now published by the Central Publishing Company. Few magazines can show such a record of changes of publishers and other changes as the *English Illustrated* since its first number was issued in October, 1883.

In the March number Mr. E. R. Suffling publishes a collection of quaint epitaphs, thinking it worth while to perpetuate those which still remain. On a tomb in the North of England the single word "Silence" is deeply cut. Other epitaphs run to many lines. The writer gives two puzzle-epitaphs, one in Latin, discovered at Walpole, Suffolk, the other cut on a tomb at Monmouth. It may be read in many ways when the key to it has been discovered. On a brass tablet in Cley Church the words "Now thus" are repeated seven times.

In another article Emily Baker tells the story of Princess Alianor, sister to Prince Arthur of Brittany and niece to King John. She was imprisoned for some time at Corfe Castle, for part of the time along with two Scotch princesses, Margaret and Isabella, daughters of William the Lion. Princess Alianor remained nineteen years at Corfe, and twenty-one more years a prisoner at Gloucester, Marlborough, and Bristol. She died at Bristol in 1242.

The Strand Magazine.

IN the symposium, "My Favourite Caricature," which Mr. Frederick Dolman publishes in the *Strand Magazine* for March, the first point noticeable in the illustrations is that, with two exceptions, all are by "F. C. G." The examples have been selected by the subjects themselves, and the exceptions are Mr. George Alexander, by "Spy," and Mr. Chamberlain, by Sir John Tenniel.

Mr. Malcolm Sterling Mackinlay, son of Antoinette Sterling, sends to the same number an article on Signor Manuel Garcia, the founder of the Garcia School of Singing.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A CERTAIN melancholy interest attaches to this number of the *Nineteenth Century* from the fact that it contains the last article ever written by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, who died almost immediately after having written the last line of his last *Chronique*. The article is a welcome proof that Sir Wemyss kept his intellectual faculties undimmed to the close. He was the first editor into whose sanctum I ever penetrated, and he was always a good kind friend to the tyro to whom, in 1871, he imparted his editorial wisdom. As editor of the *Leeds Mercury* Sir Wemyss Reid played a greater part in the politics of Yorkshire than any editor of the *Leeds Mercury* is likely to play again. He founded *The Speaker* after he came to London, and wrote Mr. Forster's "Life" among other books. He was a genial, stout Liberal journalist, the son of a Congregational minister on Tyne-side, who was never a hot-gospeller, but was always a cautious, steady-going north countryman. He began journalism in his teens, and died at the age of sixty-three.

The March number of the *Nineteenth Century* contains two good articles—Mr. Morley on Imperialism, and Prince Kropotkin on the morality of nature, and others of general interest—noticed elsewhere.

WHY WE SHOULD RENEW THE JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

Mr. O. Eltzbacher reminds us that on January 30th, 1906, either Great Britain or Japan may, according to the terms of the Treaty, give a year's notice of its intention to terminate the alliance. The writer thinks its termination would begin a period of turbulence which

might convulse not only Asia, but the world. The alliance would be valuable for us in India and in China, and secure peace and prosperity in both countries. Japan is destined to be the interpreter between Europe and Asia. The Japanese market is an exceedingly valuable one. The good understanding with Japan is as necessary as with the United States. To be on good terms with both the United States and Japan is to secure our political position the world over.

THE GOLDEN MIST WHENCE SPRANG THE WORLD.

There are two astronomical papers of a very different kind. The Rev. Edmund Ledger discusses the zodiacal light, a light which rises from the horizon in a conical form, and is seen soon after sunset and before sunrise. The suggestion is made that the light is due to the remanet of our own solar nebula. Mr. William Schooling tells the story of the nebular hypothesis, which he calls "The Story of the Golden Mist," in a semi-mythological form, the different bodies, and processes, and qualities being represented by Greek names. It is a "fairy-tale of science," or rather of scientific conjecture, told after the style of a Greek fairy-tale.

A COMEDY OF "CRITICISM."

A fantastic series of resemblances between the Greek Mysteries and the Gospel narrative is pointed out by Mr. Slade Butler. It is a delightful piece of comparative "criticism" of the style of the Welsh hero who discovered resemblances between Monmouth and Macedon. For example, in the Mysteries there was public purification; in the Gospels there was the baptism of John. In the Mysteries there was the partaking of food and drink; in the Gospels there is the Last Supper. In the Mysteries there were jests or mocking, and reviling or abuse; in the Gospels there is record of mocking and railing. If, then, the writer proceeds, we find in the Gospel narrative incidents which appear to be traceable to the Mysteries, how much of the narrative is to be taken literally and how much symbolically? But the most amusing thing is reserved for the close, where Mr. Butler suggests that the word translated "crucify" in the New Testament should be understood in what he declares to be the true classical Greek sense—namely, to enclose, fence, set apart, consecrate!

OTHER ARTICLES.

Major E. H. Richardson lays it down that the war-dog should act as scout, as outpost to the outposts, as carrier of reserve ammunition to the firing-line, as alternate sentry and messenger, and as finder of the missing and wounded. He recommends for the purpose sable collies with black backs, of medium size, intelligent, trustworthy, watchful, and hard of feet, able to stand any privations. Cornelia Sorabji furnishes beautiful portraits of some Indian women—the traditional woman, gentle, submissive, a perfect house-mistress; the half-Anglicised, and the successfully Anglicised woman. She says she thinks the time when the nation could be served by a grovelling womankind is overpast, and hopes that the widow will take her foremost place in the regeneration of women. Lady Winborne reiterates, in answer to the criticisms of Mr. Jackson, her conviction that the alternatives before the Church of England are Rome or Reformation.

THE Australian coal city of Newcastle is the subject of an illustrated sketch by Mr. George A. King in *Cassier's Magazine*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE February number of the *Fortnightly* is exceptionally good. Mr. Long's letter from Russia, Santos-Dumont's prophecy as to his new airship, and Mr. Wells' exposition of the religion and government of his Utopia are all far above the average in interest and importance. I notice them elsewhere.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE NEXT CABINET.

An anonymous writer discusses the construction and policy of the new Government. His article is disfigured by the twofold absurdity—the first a demand that Sir Charles Dilke is a heaven-sent war minister—the second that my “unforgiving austerity” and “rancorous bitterness” is an obstacle to his appointment. No one who is likely to be Prime Minister entertains either of these delusions. For a dozen years I have rigorously practised the charity of silence. It was not I, but the Bishop of Rochester and the President of the Free Church Congress who protested against any such appointment. It was a Conservative working man who justified his support of the present Ministry on the ground that as long as they were in power there was no danger of what he described as a canonisation of adultery, which he thought, mistakenly, would follow the advent of a Liberal Government. Apart from this aberration of intelligence the *Fortnightly* Reviewer is sane enough. He names Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. John Burns for Cabinet rank, is in doubt about Winston Churchill, dismisses Lord Ripon and Sir H. Fowler on account of their age, protests against more than three peers having seats in the Cabinet, and favourably mentions Mr. Sam Evans, Mr. John Ellis, Dr. Macnamara and Mr. Perks. He omits Mr. Lough and Mr. Birrell, and seems to think that Mr. Herbert Samuel, of all people in the world, is a possible Under-Secretary. Assuming that Sir R. Reid becomes Lord Chancellor, Mr. Lawson Walton, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Robson and Mr. Moulton are available for the Attorney and Solicitor-Generalship.

THE POLICY OF THE NEXT GOVERNMENT.

Turning from men to measures, the anonymous Reviewer advocates secular education as the only logical solution of the religious difficulty. He would stop fresh imports of Chinamen into the Transvaal, and leave the question to be settled by the people of that Colony. He is obscure about the Licensing Act. As to the Agricultural Rating Act which expires in 1906, he would follow the Scotch precedent, and transfer the rate now paid by the tenant to the landlord, leaving the doles as they are at present. This, he thinks, would be a good question on which to challenge the House of Lords. For he warns the Liberals that “it is to be feared that two or three decisive Liberal triumphs at the polls will be necessary in order to reduce the House of Lords to the position which it held before 1886.”

A PLEA FOR FREE DIVORCE.

A writer, Vere Collins, sex not stated, writing on the Marriage Contract in its relation to social progress, argues in favour of “a modification of marriage until it were no more irrevocable than an ordinary commercial partnership.” “But, from a subjective point of view, what reform does demand is, that love should be freed from the swaddling bands of taboos and formulas and be transferred to its proper place as a private concern between two individuals.” But inasmuch as Vere Collins admits that “since the interest of offspring is at stake, this freedom is only possible if woman be granted economic

independence,” what is the use of putting forward such pleas? Is it not very much like discussing what should be done with larks after the sky has fallen?

FRENCH AND ENGLISH VIEWS OF WOMEN.

Mr. J. F. Macdonald, in a very interesting paper on French Life and the French Stage, makes the following suggestive remark:—

Outside the circle of his domestic and personal affections, the sentiment of the unspoiled typical Briton towards woman in general is one of contempt qualified with aversion: the aversion of the spiritual, intellectual, artistic man for what, in the uglier and darker domains of consciousness, he knows has a fatal attractiveness for him. But take the case of the average Frenchman. Outside of the circle of his personal and domestic affections, the sentiment of the genuine Frenchman towards woman in general, towards the “Everywoman,” is adoration; in art, of her bodily beauty; in society, of her wit, and grace, and charm; in religion, of her legendary poetising and humanising influence as the symbol of unblemished purity and inexhaustible compassion; adoration of her, in brief, as standing to represent what consoles, gladdens, and embellishes life.

Would it be possible to express more forcibly the conviction that the Englishman is far behind the Frenchman in the process of evolution?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. W. Archer describes Ibsen as he is revealed in his letters. Dr. Macnamara revels in the statistics of the Census. George Stronach defends Shelley's assertion that Bacon was a poet. Mr. J. Holt Schooling denies that pauperism has declined. He says: “There has been a large increase in men-paupers, women-paupers, and vagrants; the decrease has occurred in children, and for the reason just now stated—a low birth-rate.” The purely literary articles deal with Harrison Ainsworth, Eugène Fromentin, and Jean de la Taille, a forgotten soldier-poet of the sixteenth century. There are two war papers—one giving a bad account of the Russians as Navy men, the other describing “How Port Arthur Fell.”

C. B. FRY'S MAGAZINE.

THE March number keeps up the record of variety, interest, and breeziness. Charles Kingsley is the “outdoor man” whose portrait forms the frontispiece. The Gordon-Bennett course marked out in the Auvergne Mountains is declared to be the most risky ever suggested for a motor race. “It abounds in precipitous descents and acute-angled bends and turnings,” and in very narrow stretches of road. The economic value of expensive luxuries is illustrated by C. E. Hughes in his “Romance of the Motor-Cycle,” when he says that the extraordinary development of motor-cars during the last few years is almost entirely due to experiments in racing. Mr. Fry illustrates the “Art of Starting” by very striking photographs of himself in different attitudes. Certain faults in golf are illustrated similarly by other writers. Jamrach's Zoo in the East End is sketched. In the gossip about public men “out of harness,” it is stated that the Chairman of the County Council, Mr. J. Williams Beun, finds time to indulge a good many hobbies. He is an ardent golf-player and is uncommonly able with his brush and pencil. But his favourite hobby is the organisation of amateur theatricals.

IN an unusually rich number of *Cornhill*, besides the articles separately noticed, may be mentioned Mr. Frank T. Bullen's very readable sketch of “Barbados the Loyal,” and Mr. Hogarth's description of the Nile Fens.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE February *North American* is more predominantly American than usual. It has one capital literary article by Mr. W. R. Thayer, who, writing on Biography, expresses a hope, rather than a belief, that we may in time evolve a biography which will be as perfect in its line as "Hamlet" is in drama. The rest of the articles are more bundles of information than literature. Two—"Financing the National Theatre" and M. Rodin's "The Gothic in the Cathedrals and Churches of France"—are noticed among the Leading Articles.

JAPANESE PROBLEMS AND ANGLO-AMERICAN LESSONS.

Count Okuma discourses on the former, Colonel Pollock deduces the latter. The Japanese exults in the success of his country under Free Trade. Japan has a tariff of 8 per cent. for revenue only, and in fifty years Japan hopes to rival the trade of Germany. Japan has only borrowed £14,000,000 foreign capital to develop her resources. She sends from 100 to 500 students abroad every year to finish their studies. His paper is an interesting summary of Japanese progress. Colonel Pollock's lesson of the war is that both England and America must adopt conscription in some form or other or see themselves undone. Neither country has got an army, and Britain for two years to come will be without artillery.

SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

Mr. Perry Belmont advocates the passing of a Federal law compelling the publication of all details of election expenditure. Mr. C. Kennedy calls attention to the extraordinary ruling of the American Commission on the claims of American subjects on the Spanish Government for damages inflicted during the Cuban insurrection. The American Government took over Porto Rico as the equivalent of these claims, which amount to some twelve millions sterling. But the Commission appointed to investigate these claims report in effect that few of them are valid, since the Spanish Government was justified in what it did when contending with the insurgents. It is true, of course, that this invalidates the plea on which the United States made war. But that does not seem to matter. President Thwing thinks that American students would do well to study a little more than they do at present; and Mr. W. Morton Grinnell is so distressed by the way in which American railways are treated that he thinks that they will, in self-defence, be compelled to tear up their tracks and sell their stock for what it will bring.

THE CONDITIONS IN MOROCCO.

Mr. P. F. Bayard, the son of Thomas Bayard, formerly Minister at the Court of St. James, has evidently very little faith in the policy of pacific penetration in Morocco. He says:—

Up to date, the "*pénétration pacifique*" of the French into Morocco amounts to the following: A French company has obtained a contract from the Sultan to build the new custom-house at Tangier. The Sultan has assigned sixty per cent. of all customs dues to the payment of his French debts. A French official has been delegated to each one of the open ports to receive the sums due. The Sultan has been forced into contracting new debts in France. A swarm of French adventurers of all sorts, many of them from the French colonies in North Africa, and among them a fair sprinkling of *bona fide* settlers with money to invest, has poured into Tangier and other coast towns. Not a few have had to ask financial assistance of the French consul in order to return to their homes.

THE SOUTH POLAR CONTINENT.

Mr. J. W. Keltie, summarising the results of recent Antarctic exploration, gives a very unattractive picture of the South Pole:—

Its conditions are more hostile to human occupation than any

other land that we know on the face of the globe. Of terrestrial animal life there is absolutely none, except it may be a microscopic insect. The millions of penguins that swarm along the coast during the summer season are essentially migratory. But, with the seals, four kinds of which are also abundant, they can be turned to various economic uses by humanity. Nothing but the lowest form of moss is found on the land in the shape of vegetation. The sea is comparatively rich in fishes of various kinds.

Yet Mr. Ferrar, the geologist of the *Discovery*, came across some fossil plants, a very clear indication that, whatever their nature, the climate of this forbidding land must, at no very remote geological period, have been comparatively genial, temperate, at least, if not approaching the sub-tropical.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Brett, quoting from Mr. Hunter, says that one-seventh of the people of the United States—that is to say, 10,000,000—are in a state of poverty, being under-fed, under-clothed, and badly housed. In the City of New York, he says, the poverty-stricken vary from 14 to 25 per cent. Yet all round the city are deserted farms, where willing hands could produce ample food, and everywhere householders are crying out in vain for domestic servants. The papers entitled "World Politics" are contributed by writers in London, St. Petersburg, Paris, and Washington.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for February is a very good number. I quote elsewhere from several of the articles. Mrs. Pennell writes a long and very interesting account of the gypsy studies of Hans Breitmann as Romany Rye. She gives a charming picture of the "tall, fair man, with flowing beard, more like a Viking—my uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland." Since his death, all his gypsy papers and collections have been placed in her hands, by his wish. She says he loved the gypsies as a friend, he studied them as a scholar, and to such good purpose that, when they have vanished for ever from the roads, they will still live and wander in the pages of his books.

Mr. G. M. Palmer writes eulogistically of George Herbert as a religious poet. Mr. W. Everett describes the six Cleopatras of literature in Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," Fletcher's "The False One," Corneille's "Mort de Pompée," Dryden's "All for Love," or the World Well Lost," Alfieri's "Cleopatra," and Théophile Gautier's "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre." Mr. W. T. Henderson's "Singers Then and Now," is a lightly written disquisition upon the comparative merits of the great singers of to-day and those of the eighteenth century.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for February gives a quaint account of the early days of Christian missions in Japan, by a Japanese writer, illustrated from old prints. Mr. William Archer objects to Henrik Ibsen being treated as a philosopher when he is essentially a poet. He opposes the idea that Ibsen is an advocate of women's rights. Mr. Julian Hawthorne says of the Indian princes that they look forward to Englishmen and Russians cutting each other's throats for their sake, when they will come again to their own. "For the English make no progress in India." Miss Elizabeth Gilmer enlarges on the importance of "The Art of Wooing," and urges that much happiness would ensue were men and women to study it as developed by the best actors on the stage. Mr. A. H. Dunham sketches the marvellously swift development of the Alaskan Nome from a bare beach to a city replete with the latest developments of modern civilisation.

THE GRAND MAGAZINE.

THE *Grand Magazine* is a grand magazine, and no mistake. No. 2 is better even than No. 1. Sir George Newnes deserves congratulations. He has a veritable genius for this kind of journalistic cookery. Like a householder who bringeth out from his storehouse things new and old, he does not hesitate to begin the second number of the latest born of periodicals by reprinting Frank R. Stockton's story of *The Lady and the Tiger*, and he has the courage to invite solutions. Only one word of counsel would I give him, and that is, to print contributions so obtained in larger type. This number has only one fault—the letters telling ghost stories, and those setting forth what a much worse time women have than men, are set in such small type they make the pages look heavy. I notice elsewhere the reform articles on medical outrages on women at the hospitals, and Lord Durham's demand for the extirpation of tipsters. Of the two evils the former is much the worst. The Secretary of the New Bridge Club indignantly vindicates women from the sweeping charge brought against them by the contributor who wrote on Women's Immorality at Bridge, in the previous number. He says :—

Seriously, I must have sat down to bridge with over a hundred ladies during the past few years, and I can say absolutely that I have never seen a single case of this famous "immorality." I consider that, generally speaking, women have in their natures at least as much of what is called "commercial morality" as men; but, even if this were not so, I believe that bridge would teach it to them. It teaches them other things besides : a good deal of arithmetic (no despicable acquirement), a great deal of intelligence, of judgment, of self-reliance, of quick decision; above all, it teaches them temper. These are all things gained. They are increasing in mental power since the introduction of bridge.

Professor James Long describes "Trade Swindles" in an article which suggests that the "commercial morality" of our tradesmen leaves much to be desired. M. P. Villars explains why he likes England, and M. Pierre Mille writes a companion paper explaining why he dislikes her. There is an interesting study on the poetry quoted by Mr. Chamberlain in his speeches. He uses the same quotations over and over again. One from the Biglow Papers figures in six speeches. Another from Tennyson, in five. His favourite sources of quotation are the Biglow Papers and Tennyson. He has been known to quote from Shakespeare, Cowper, and Pope, but very sparingly. Mr. David Murray, R.A., writes briefly explaining his method of working. Mr. Lynch, describing some realities of revolutionary Russia, draws a lurid picture of the revolutionary assassins of the Crimson Cross, who, he says, have doomed to death five prominent Russians, whom he names. Their idea is to fill a bomb the size of an orange with a solution of picric acid, which bursts like lyddite, and wreck everything and everybody standing in the way of the attainment of their ideals. There are some more plots of plays, and Ed. John Brenon describes the sources of W. S. Gilbert's original plays. Add to these any number of short stories, old and new, several poems, and miscellaneous matter, and the lightness and toothsome-ness of this literary puff-paste and trifle must be admitted by all.

"GREAT REVIVALS AND THE GREAT REPUBLIC," by a Methodist, Dr. Candler, of Nashville, Tennessee, should be read by those who are given to belittle the importance of Revivals. The American Republic, according to Dr. Candler, is the child of Revival.

LA REVUE.

IN the first February number of *La Revue* there is an article by Alfred Binet on the problem of Abnormal Children in France. He discusses the different classes of the feeble-minded and feeble-bodied from medical, educational, and other points of view, and thinks there should be special schools and special training adapted to fit the children as far as possible to follow some suitable occupation and take their place in society.

To the same number R. de Marmande contributes a study of French Novels, classifying them under such headings as Psychology, Protestant, the Revolution, Philosophy and Freethought, etc. Madame Grazia Deledda, who is the subject of another article by Edouard Maynial, is a Sardinian writer, and her novels are described as affording charming pictures of life in Sardinia.

Baron Suyematsu's article on Japan and France is the first in *La Revue* of February 15th. He repeats Japan has neither the intention nor the ambition to engage in a quarrel with France, and still less to take possession of Indo-China. She would never make war on any nation without inexcusable provocation. Her task is the amelioration and the progress of her own country, which the Baron thinks will suffice to absorb her energies for a long time to come.

The editor, M. Finot, follows with an article on the Bankruptcy of the Science of the Psychology of Races. He considers this new branch of psychology which endeavours to apply strict definitions to great agglomerations of human beings nothing more than a scientific toy, and he makes short work of it, as we have already seen, in the case of the French race. He thinks it absurd that to one race may be allotted all the virtues and to another all the vices. Morals, the sciences, philosophy, economic and social life, crime, politics, religion, everything is made material for discussion and dogmatic conclusions; and not satisfied with the present the science calls up the past before its tribunal and formulates forecasts for the future.

Another writer, Yrcam, takes us behind the scenes at the Court of Constantinople, giving brief sketches of the Sultan and his secretaries. He thinks history will judge the Sultan severely, for he is covered with blood, often innocent, and shed for no gain to his country. But it must be remembered that he is not wanting in intelligence or cunning. He has all the vices of his decadent race. Every one fears and hates him while serving him. He has men about him whom he has moulded to his own ideas, and, with few exceptions, all serve his views with remarkable docility, from habit, fear, or cupidity. He rules and directs this army of vile passions with prodigious knowledge of the human mind, and thus secures the relative security which he enjoys.

A timely article, by G. Adams, is that on the Russian institution known as the mir or village community, the mode of life of about ninety-seven per cent. of the peasants of Russia proper. The different mirs are stated to cover about two-thirds of the area of the Russian Empire.

READERS of Balzac will be interested in the article, by André le Breton, in the *Revue de Paris*, on the originals of "The Human Comedy," Balzac himself being the first. In the second number there is a discussion of the question of the Superior Race, by Pierre Mille. It has been suggested by the Russo-Japanese War; and the writer thinks that even if the war should terminate to Russia's advantage, it would be very difficult to establish certain proof of the superiority of the white race.

THE REVUE UNIVERSELLE.

THE *Revue Universelle* has issued the second annual number of its "Chronologie Universelle." It is a summary of the events of the year in diary form; apparently it is a summary of the contents of the *Revue Universelle* of 1904. How exhaustive it is may be gathered from the fact that it runs to 120 three-column pages. Events are classified under Politics, Political Economy and Sociology, Geography, Colonies, History and Archæology, Law, Philosophy and Education, Religion, Literature, Art, Drama and Music, Science, Army and Navy, etc. (3fr.).

The *Revue Universelle* itself, which appears twice a month, is divided into three important sections—Literature and Art, the Moral Sciences and Politics, and Science—and specialists contribute to each department. The illustrations, maps and diagrams are an interesting feature. For the general reader, and for readers outside France who wish to improve their knowledge of French while picking up information on topics of the day of every kind, it is the most admirable of the French periodicals, because of the great variety of matter it offers, and the interesting and careful way in which it is presented.

Originally the *Revue Universelle* was issued in weekly form under the title of *Revue Encyclopédique*, and a few years ago, after ten years of existence in this form, it was proposed to discontinue the publication owing to insufficient support. At once subscribers and others protested, and as a result the *Revue Universelle* in fortnightly parts was inaugurated. From time to time special numbers have been issued in connection with important subjects of the day, and very valuable and interesting they are. A general index to the contents of the *Revue Encyclopédique* for ten years (1891-1900) has been published. (10 fr.)

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

A SECOND article, by A. de Pourville, on the French Army of To-day, appears in the *Nouvelle Revue* of February 1st; the other, by General de Négrier, being in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. de Pourville says there is no such thing as an army made for times of peace; in war responsibility, devotion and risks are the same for all. He indicates various reforms which he thinks desirable in the national army, for in times of war the army is the nation.

The Dangers of Apparent Death are made very real by Dr. Icard, who brings forward a number of instances, absolutely authentic, in proof. Especially is this the case with deaths in prisons, in houses of detention, in hotels; deaths among the poor, deaths in the street, deaths from exposure, etc. The only certain method of proving that death has taken place is due to Dr. Icard, who recommends an injection of fluoresceine, and if after an hour or two there is no sign of absorption and the skin has not become yellow, death is certain.

In the second number Antoine Touche deals with the Commercial Situation in France. He thinks there is no cause for the cry of alarm which has been raised on all sides. The foreign commerce of France as a whole has made great progress in recent years, chiefly owing to the trade with the French colonies. But France and England are becoming less and less the countries which supply the universe, and Germany and the United States are coming more and more to the front. Twenty years ago the Americans were the great purchasers of the globe; to-day they are the great vendors. Nevertheless there are many articles of French produce with which to conquer the American market. With Germany it is

different; she has been a rival to France since 1870. A central bureau and the creation of commercial expansion groups to arrest the decline of French foreign commerce and to facilitate the exportation of French produce have long been demanded by French consuls, chambers of commerce, etc.

An article, by Cajire, on M. Ruau, Minister of Agriculture, appears in the same issue. The writer thinks the antiquated agricultural methods of France will now be transformed by the infusion of new blood and the creative energy of younger men.

A correspondent from Morocco thinks the French will not find their task easy in their colony, a country of so much religious fanaticism.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, General de Négrier deals with the question of the moral force of the army. He says that in long periods of peace certain essential principles of organisation are often lost sight of, and the necessity of them is only clearly seen during war. These principles concern the cohesion and the moral force of armies. A regiment can only undergo the trials incident to war when the various elements composing it know one another, and when the men know their chiefs, and are known by them. To form a regiment of volunteers or reservists only shows an entire misconception of the laws which govern the moral forces without which there can be no army. Confidence between chiefs and men cannot be improvised, for it is the result of a long moral education founded on the traditions of race, and can only be acquired by a life lived in common for a considerable time.

Pierre Loti, writing on Japan in 1902, describes the Japanese as a quarrelsome people, puffed up with pride, envious of others, and handling with cruelty and skill the machines and explosives whose secrets we have revealed to them. Though small in stature, these people, he says, will ferment nothing but hatred among the large yellow family towards the white races, and they will be the instigators of future invasions and bloodshed.

René Doumic has an article on Lamartine and Elvire, in which he includes some letters written by Elvire. The original Elvire was Julie des Hérettes, of French Creole descent. She became the wife of Professor Charles, and made the acquaintance of Lamartine at Aix in 1816. The letters date from September, 1816, to November, 1817, and Julie died in the following month at the age of thirty-five. After her death Lamartine collected the letters and kept them till 1849, when he published his "Raphael," then he destroyed them all, except the four which are now published for the first time.

The most important article in the second number is that on the French Labour Code, by Charles Benoist. The first four books of the elaborate Labour Code, prepared by the Special Commission of jurists and specialists instituted by M. Millerand in November, 1901, have been issued. A previous attempt at the codification of the labour laws had been made by Arthur Groussier, and continued by M. Dejeante in the name of the Socialist-revolutionary group, but the two schemes have few points in common. M. Benoist endeavours to justify the compilation of a Labour Code, he shows the necessity for it and some of the difficulties of the undertaking, and he sketches out a method which he thinks ought to be followed in the codification or classification. He thinks the French Government ought to be able to do for Labour what the German Reichstag has done for the German Civil Code.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

A CURIOUS contribution to *De Gids* is that on the distorted Dutch spoken in the Danish Antilles. In St. Thomas one may hear this "nigger Dutch" glibly spoken by the natives, and one wonders how it is that they do not use some other dialect, and why the Dutch language should have taken such a hold there. It must be for the reason that the merchant vessels of Holland did a good trade with those islands, even although they were not Dutch possessions. The language of the Netherlands looks quaint to the ordinary person, but this nigger variety comes perilously near to one's conception of double Dutch!

The Baltic Fleet also comes in for treatment in *De Gids*. The voyage of that fleet is an illustration of what any neutral Power, not strong enough to make itself respected, may have to risk from being forced to let a fighting fleet obtain supplies. Take the case of the West Indian Islands, owned by Holland; a fleet might cause considerable damage to the Netherlands by forcing itself upon one of those islands for supplies, and Holland is not strong enough on the sea to prevent it. Another article deals with legal reform in the Colonies, and here the author quotes Macaulay: "Uniformity when you can have it; diversity when you must have it; but in all cases certainty." In making fresh laws for a mixed community, uniformity is often out of the question, and much trouble will be caused by attempting to have it; the natives have notions so different from those of Europeans. Therefore, Mr. van Deventer feels impelled to utter a word of warning to the Government. Mr. Hugo de Vries continues his description of Yellowstone Park, and Professor Boer discusses the oldest inhabitants of Norway in a very interesting manner.

Vragen des Tijds has two financial articles and a contribution on certain much-needed modifications of the law concerning accidents to workpeople. The first of the financial articles is the most interesting of the contents of this review. It seems that about nine millions of florins are required by the Government for various purposes, but many people think that some of those purposes are not good, and still more people wonder wherever those millions are to come from. The proposed taxes are giving rise to much irritation; a heavy income-tax and other imposts are viewed with dismay, and the writer of this article says that the suggested fresh burdens are not Christian-like, and will tend to a decrease in the size of families.

Onze Eeuw has a very good essay on Henri Taine as he was in the year 1856; he is portrayed in his own letters, and the writer correctly says that the hardest test for any man's character is his own correspondence. Taine comes well out of the examination. He did not have the benefit of a knowledge of other languages, but he was broad-minded. One fact is particularly mentioned: he thought a great deal of Hegel's philosophy, although he did not subscribe to the materialistic doctrine. Hegel, he thought, was a great man, although he (Taine) believed in a spiritual First Cause. Equally interesting, though deeper in tone, is the essay on "Faust"; the author likens the First and Second Parts to the Old and New Testament, in that they are connected by a period of rest. "Faust," like most similar works, reflects the character of the time in which the author lived.

Elsevier is an excellent issue, the profusely illustrated contributions on Provence and Egyptian Art in the Leyden Museum being very entertaining.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE change in the politico-religious situation in Italy, brought about by the avowed participation of Catholics in the recent General Election, continues to produce strenuous discussion. Don Romolo Murri, the young ecclesiastical leader of the extreme wing of the Christian Democratic party, who more than once already has incurred official censure, contributes to the *Nuova Antologia*, February 1st, an interesting appreciation of the situation. He points out the curious revolution by which France, the last foreign defender of the Papal States, is to-day engaged in a bitter contest with the Church, whereas Italian Catholics are rallying to the support of the Power that usurped Rome. Don Romolo assumes, as a matter of course, that the Temporal Power is gone beyond recall, and he regards the actual situation as a great victory for the Moderate Catholic party. But whether the change will work for the wider interests of the Catholic faith, whether it will assist the diffusion of the new liberal tendencies within the Church, he considers very doubtful.

Continuing its vigorous propaganda in favour of a Catholic party in the Italian Chamber, the *Civiltà Cattolica* publishes (February 4th) a sketch of the rise and policy of the German Centre party, which it regards as a model for the Catholics of all other nations to imitate. A chatty article describes the famous Spielberg fortress at Brünn, specially interesting to Italians as the place of incarceration of Silvio Pellico, the author of "Le Mie Prigioni." A series of articles is dealing with "Rationalism and Religion," in which the English deistical and speculative writers are passed under review; the latest instalment (February 18th) criticises the writings of Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury.

A somewhat gushing article in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, by Nina Sierra, describes what she designates as "idealistic philanthropy," the movement with which we in England are so familiar for elevating and beautifying the lives of the very poor. She traces the origin of the movement, very rightly, to the writings of Ruskin, Arnold Toynbee, and Walter Besant, and describes the social activities of Canon Barnett, Peabody, Dr. Barnardo, and others, and the organisation of the University Extension Lectures. She writes in the hope of opening out to her countrymen a wider understanding of philanthropic effort than that contained in mere almsgiving.

Emporium devotes much space to the work of two modern Italian illustrators, V. La Bella and Ugo Valeri, while V. Pica describes the art of the young Canadian painter, John Allan, whose weird and perverse genius appears to be wholly absorbed by occultism and demon-worship. The more solid article of the month deals exhaustively with the paintings of Andrea del Castagno, and is very fully illustrated.

The *Rivista per le Signorine* continues to devote itself with increasing success to widening the outlook of Italian girlhood. The February number contains chatty notes, with portraits, of a large number of contemporary Italian authoresses.

La Fotografia Artistica, published at Rue Finance, 13, Turin, is a monthly periodical printed partly in Italian and partly in French. It deals with art in all its branches, but makes a special feature of fine art photography, some very fine examples of which are given. The new number contains a special article by Léon Vidal, emphasising the progress made in the illustration of books with the aid of photography.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

SO far as Russia is concerned, the poet's prayer is plentifully answered this month. The tragic deeds—and still more the tragic dread—which gather round the Romanoff dynasty are pathetically or whimsically mirrored by German, American and Italian artists.

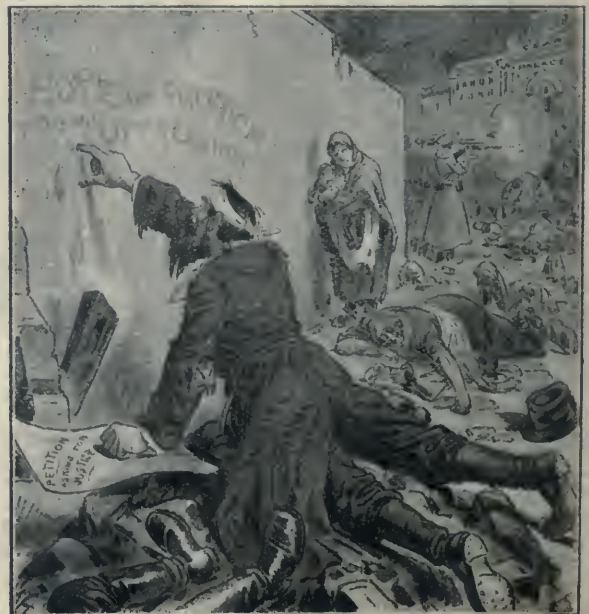
The sword of Damocles hanging over Mr. Balfour is a parable by contrast of the bombs leaping from the graves of massacred Russians and threatening the slippery path of the autocracy.

The war invites less caricature than impending revolution. The once snowy reputation of General Stoessel is shown melting away before the fierce rays of public opinion, as it rises towards the noontide of publicity.



Bulletin.]

MR. G. H. REID (to a Hobart female deputation): "He had a lot of important work to perform before he could consent to a disruption of the Ministry."



Judge.]

Written in Blood.

[New York.



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

Damocles the Indifferent.

ARTHUR B. DAMOCLES: "Ah! same old sword."

Current History in Caricature.

415



Kladderadatsch.]

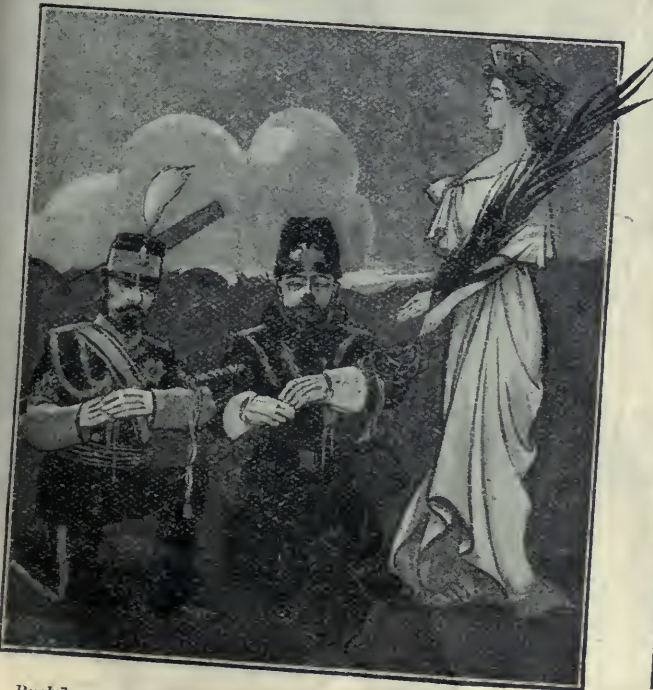
[L. Luck.]

Reception of the Workmen in St. Petersburg.
TREPPOFF: "Have no fear: he is not sated, so go in quietly and make your compliments."



Simplicissimus.]

Grand Duke Vladimir,
Conqueror of St. Petersburg.



Puck.]

Unconditional Surrender. [New York.
PEACE: "When shall it be, your Majesties?"



Lustige Blätter.]

Public Opinion.

In three stages, as applied to General Stöessel



[Il Papagallo.]

The Modern Prometheus.

[Bologna.]

As of old Prometheus is bound to the rock; and fire and sword and the slaughter of the innocents take the place of justice to the oppressed. When, O civilised nations, will you shake off your cold, marble-like indifference, and rise to forbid the cruelties of Autocracy!



[Neue Glühlichter.]

The Tsar and Vladimir.



[Kladderadatsch.]

In the Bear's Cage.

Will the tamer be able to keep off the infuriated animal?

[Feb. 5.]



Melbourne Punch.]

(General Linievitch has been commissioned to take up the work of Commander-in-Chief in Manchuria, and reduce chaos to order.)

CZAR NICHOLAS: "Now, Linievitch, take hold of the Russian army, and lick it into shape again."

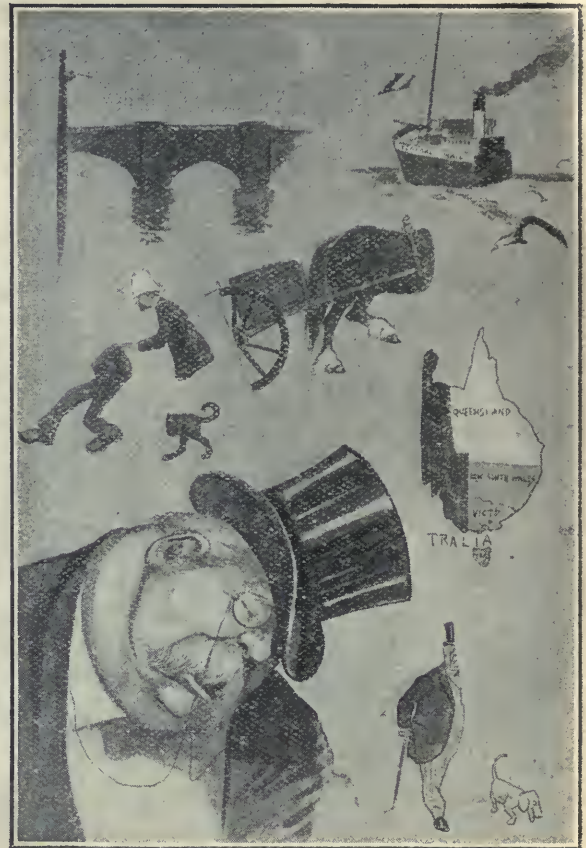
LINIEVITCH: "Certainly, your Majesty—as much of it as I can catch."

On this page local questions are dealt with by the caricaturist, the *Bulletin* making amusing use of Mr. Reid to supply the chief points of that paper's humour. The attitude of the Federal Premier towards tough problems requiring settlement is well shown in two of the caricatures on this page. The idea of constant compromise is very well represented, as is also Mr. Bent's attempt to smash up the brick



Bulletin.]

"I am not going to commit suicide."—G. H. Reid, at Protestant Hall, Sydney.
No, not exactly suicide.



Bulletin.]

THE REID MILLENNIUM: A half-Premier's dream.

combine, and the evident dislike of the combines to get a specimen of their own methods of work. A Melbourne view of General Linievitch's difficult work in the Far East is also given by Melbourne *Punch*.



Melbourne Punch.]

(The Premier is said to have his project for beating the Brick Combine well under way.)

MR. BENT "You've stuck up this community for the last time. I mean to beat you off my own hat. How do you like the taste of that bit of hardbake?"

The miscellaneous cartoons which follow hit off, among other things, the way in which the powers of wealth are supposed to exploit, for their various ends, British valour in South Africa, Mr. Reid's intention to drag Australia away from a Socialistic chaos, a New

Zealander's idea of the struggle for Parliamentary struggle in New Zealand and its solution, the fight between the State Fire Insurance Department and the Insurance Companies, and two European cartoons dealing with the war.



[Le Rire.] [Paris.]
The Rising Sun in the East.



Yellow Labour for the Rand.

GHOSTS OF THE BRITISH DEAD: "Look there, Bill; that's what you and I and twenty thousand others died for."

[This is the cartoon in the *Morning Leader* of January 21st which Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, described in the House of Commons as "one of the most infamous documents that could exist in the world."]



[Lustige Bätter.] [Berlin.]
Kubelik.



[Life.]

Our Boys: Andy.

[Represents Mr. Carnegie building his Free Libraries.]



Bulletin.]
"Mr. Reid says his grave duty at the present time is to endeavour to prevent Australia going down into the depths of Socialistic chaos."—"Daily Press."



The Free Lance.]

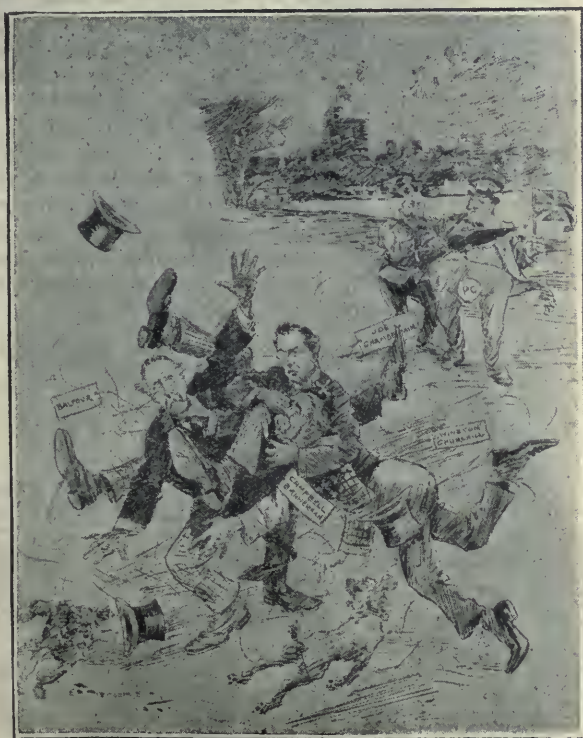
KING DICK: "Now, then, down with your cash! What bird are you backing, my lad?"

NEW ZEALAND: "Here's fun. Let the better win. I'll pick the favourite after the fight's over."



Amsterdammer.]

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT: "Little Father! Little Father!"
THE CZAR: "Well, well! Just as I thought I had him asleep!"



N.Z. Graphic.]

THE KING: "Ah, Dick! At last! At last you have come! Look at them! They are ruining Britain's noble heritage. But, Dick, you will save us from this party turmoil. Come, live with me at the castle, and be our Premier and chief adviser."



Vie Illustrée (Paris).]

REACTIONARY RUSSIAN (to the Czar): "Don't be alarmed, sire, nothing unusual has happened. It is only the exaggerations of the sensational press."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

LIMANORA, OR THE ISLAND OF PROGRESS.*

A Review by Lady Stout, Wellington, N.Z.

In this interesting book we have the author's carefully thought out plan of a New Utopia, which in its scheme for the development of the human race by the inventions of Science, far surpasses in its originality any other book that has been published.

The author evidently has full knowledge of the scientific achievements of the age, and his imagination, combined with his reading and research, has given him the power of a seer to foretell the perfection to which it is possible for humanity to attain under the guidance of Science and high intellectual and moral ideals.

Limanora will not appeal to the man in the street or to those who want amusement at small outlay of thought, but it will immediately entrance all thinking people who are interested in modern Science and development, and all those who have high hopes for the future solution of the great problems in social, political and religious life. The author appeals to the highest instincts of our nature, and his ideals are always pure and untainted by any appeal to the lower passions. There is scarcely anything that can be called a love element in the story; the relationships between the men and women are rather those of perfect comradeship and intellectual sympathy.

THE ISLAND.

The Island of Limanora is supposed to be situated in the South Pacific, and completely isolated from the rest of the world. The inhabitants had, once upon a time, decided to devote themselves to the perfecting of their physical and spiritual system; they therefore banished from their midst all who were marred by vice or weakness. For they held that so long as individuals were unwilling to give up their selfish and unworthy pleasures for the benefit of the race, they would only retard progress. The stronger and better who were left were trained so as to eliminate all hereditary taint and develop themselves to the highest point possible.

Thousands of years are supposed to have passed in this isolation, when the narrator awakes to find himself in a dream-like condition. He had at first to undergo a course of education before he was allowed to become a member of the community. There passed before his eyes as he lay a panorama of the great events of the outer world, and with his clearer vision he was enabled to see the evil that

the prevailing low ideals lent to all social, political and religious customs. He saw the relentless cruelty and ambition, and the consequent unspeakable suffering and misery that went to make the glory of the hero, who received the plaudits of the people, whilst the devoted, unselfish and unassuming philanthropist was unhonoured. He also saw the politician of dishonest art acclaimed; whilst the reformer, to the detriment of his own interests, protested against injustice and dishonesty without one breath of applause. He saw the hypocrisy of the preacher, who never denounced the vices and wrong-doing of his flock so long as they practised the observances and rites of his faith. "The Limanoras," the author tells us, "came ages before to see that all public life, with its competitions and ambitions, social, artistic, political and military, meant the retrogression to the nakedest savagery hidden under the gewgaws of civilisation. No real advance could be made by any form of humanity so long as the ablest spirits were drawn into the struggle for glory, in which the cruelest and most audacious cunning was bound to win. The founders of new religions and new philosophies have been strong spirits who saw the foul imbroglio before them, and shrank from it. . . . They understood that the fundamental law of life, if left to itself, might lead to the fiercest, cunningest or basest surviving, according to the conditions that were to be fitted. The will of man could work on the conditions, so elevating the struggle and leading the law to a nobler issue."

NEW DEVELOPMENTS OF ENERGIES AND FACULTIES.

But it was not the spiritual side of their natures alone that they so carefully developed; they developed the senses with as great care. They had evolved a new sense—that of magnetic insight; by its aid they were able to see through every sham and every evil force that retarded their growth towards the perfect life. Science had made it possible to regulate and measure every emotion and every act, and the instruments which they employed were so accurate that it was possible to see the inner workings of both mind and body, as in a glass. The development of physical nature had gone so far that disease was absolutely unknown, and food and drink were produced in the chemical laboratories by scientific processes from the earth. "The elements and combinations that used to be extracted from their harvests in order to exhilarate and support life, could be created directly in their laboratories. Everything needed as diet was drawn

* "Limanora, or the Island of Progress," by Godfrey Sweven, author of "Rialto" and "The Archipelago of Exiles." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London: The Knickerbocker Press, 1903.

straight from the earth, without the long process of growth and culmination; agriculture had ceased to be necessary to them, except as a part of landscape gardening."

Clothing had also become a single garment, light as a gossamer veil, and nothing more was required for either warmth or decency; for the spiritual and mental vision had become so purified as to render dress unnecessary, and all warmth was supplied by electrical elements within the garment itself.

Marriage was forbidden until each person had gone through a course of training which had completely prevented any degeneration. All marriages were the consummation of years and years of companionship, and were brought about by the leaders and elders of the community. It was based on scientific grounds, and, besides being the outcome of natural affection and emotion, had as one of its purposes intellectual partnership, and no one was allowed to marry unless all conditions were favourable for the re-production of higher beings.

For instance, one family was devoted to medicine, and its members were from generation to generation permitted to marry only amongst those who had natures fitted to the pursuit. Doctors, as we understand the word, they did not have, as there was no disease; but they had a medical faculty for the purpose of preventing any atavistic retrogression, and for the general supervision of their physical and mental powers. Instruments they had which accurately tested all lapses in health, and every islander had to undergo regular inspection by the medicants. The faculty into which the narrator was introduced was that of the practical geologists, or earth-seers who watched the perturbations of the crust of the earth, and enabled the islander to use the heat beneath as a source of power.

But, strange to say, there was no teaching profession as we understand it; for parents were considered in all cases to be the most fit educators of their children, and in order to secure efficiency in this education, no family was allowed to have more than one child in training at once. The development of the child's nature was thought task enough for the full energy of the parents for a score of years. Godfrey Sveven says:—"Like strong beliefs had they about the profession of teaching as separate from parenthood and investigation. It meant disloyalty on the part of most citizens to their most immediate duties. Who could develop the instincts of youth and be so deeply interested in their welfare as those who were bound to them by the ties of nature? . . ." The nearest approach they made to the teaching profession was the institution of pro-parents, who, having reared their own children with exceptional success, were singled out as experts in the art of education; and to them was entrusted the care of those children whose

parents, though capable as child-bearers, were less capable as child-trainers.

They controlled the birth-rate by the death-rate; for the people lived so long under the improved physical conditions that the quality of humanity, and not the quantity, was the chief aim in their minds. And the practical abolition of war had made a fighting element unnecessary. They were not unready in case of attacks upon their community, as their electrical appliances had become so efficient that it was possible for one individual to stem the approach of a great fleet. Several battles under these conditions are described, and the account of a bloodless battle with its wonderful consummation is one of the most fascinating chapters in the book.

It would take too long to describe all the intricate instruments and appliances by which the islanders tested and guided electrical energy in the water and atmosphere. The airships they invented a child could manage and guide in any atmospheric storm. Expeditions were undertaken to other parts of the universe, and one, a notable one, had for its goal the Antarctic regions, from which it was supposed their ancestors had migrated. The description of the catastrophe that destroyed one of their great buildings, and the wonderful manner in which it was re-built, is very interesting. The edifices were all on the most artistic and beautiful scale, built of a new and light metal called "irelium," and furnished with every appliance for the comfort and convenience of the people who dwelt in them. Even the seats were made in a fashion which insured the most complete rest, being so elastic that they moved with the motions of the limbs under the slightest pressure, and, one might say, fitted into the folds of the body.

But it must not be thought that only physical ease and luxury were aimed at. The great aim of the Limanoras was the elevation of the spiritual faculties and their liberation from the grosser animal instincts. The grace of their bodies, although noble, was different from that which pleases the eye. The brain and sight and sense of touch had marvellously developed, and the sense of hearing had grown so acute that sounds were heard at, to us, impossible distances. Their music was cultivated to the highest point of creative harmony.

The faculty which we call the mathematical was used as an organising and classifying force in the acquisition of knowledge. Mathematics as we understand the Science was considered by them as an unprofitable waste of time and thought, mathematical machines taking the place of mathematics.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

One might say that all faculties of the human mind were almost despised in comparison with that of foreseeing. Their heaven was a forecast of what they might become. In order to promote their

higher development their imaginative powers prepared a vision of the possible future, and the dramatic exhibition of this checked absorption in any special pursuit, and prevented the obliteration of their high ideal by personal ambition. The power of foreseeing had become wonderfully developed, and was used on all occasions for the elevation of thought and purpose. Another means of helping forward the race which was employed by the imaginative artists was a museum of horrors, called "Ciralaïson," which portrayed the results of any retrogression. The first picture seen in it is thus described:—"It was a representation of one of the foul lanes of our western cities. There were the gutter children, the reeling drunkards issuing from the gin palaces, the cursing drabs behind them, the tatters, the filth, the dilapidated buildings. It was the commonest and most repulsive of the sights in the East End of one of our large towns." Then the scene changed to a village which outwardly looked peaceful and happy, but to the Limanoran's magnetic sense was still sadder, revealing as it did the stagnant spiritual level, which, in its ignorance, could perceive nothing above or beyond. "To stand still or recede was the true inferno of the Limanorans." Then a view was given of the respectable people who were trooping into buildings for religious worship. They were following customs that had been followed by their ancestors from time immemorial, without any desire or wish for progress. "Their ethics, their religion, their business, their habits of life had all reached a stage that made criticism superfluous, and that knew no higher outlook." Again the mirror displayed another class of the highest nurtured moving in a brilliant scene of social splendour. Under all the beauty and glitter was seen, by the magnetic eye, the hollowness of the enjoyment that was concentrated in the lowest pleasures of the senses. This appeared to be worse than any. Then came those who had lived for fame and the applause of their fellows. The struggling poet and the literary man were pushed back into the mire by the famous who were corrupt and prosperous. At last the climax was reached; the lowest and most appalling torture was seen to be undergone by the highest in the world, the monarchs, statesmen and warriors, who had to crush thousands in order that they might gain the summit of their ambition, and retain power and prestige. The description of this scene in "Ciralaïson" is well worth reading; in every sentence it reveals some pregnant truth, or touches upon some grievous flaw in our boasted civilisation.

DISCOVERIES.

With a people so absorbed in the future as to paint hell as their superseded past, and heaven as the possibility of what is to come, it is natural to expect that they laid exceptional stress on discovery, and one of their greatest discoveries was

the evolution that the magnetism of the human system could undergo. The power of personal magnetism, what is called the "Fillmum" or will telegraph, was deliberately and carefully developed. They had the power of transmitting emotional or imaginative thought from mind to mind, over great distances, and unconsciously, as well as consciously exercised, this faculty had striking effect. Again and again the soul companion of the narrator transmitted feelings that seemed to echo through the magnetic atmosphere around him.

But the most wonderful of their discoveries was this: They had succeeded in achieving flight; they attached wings to their bodies by shoulder engines, and were able to fly about in the upper air. Another discovery was a vegetable product, the use of which made it possible for the lungs to breathe in the higher temperature. Other vegetable properties had been found, and developed by the chemical faculty—e.g., one that gave extreme flexibility to the muscles. Another plant, called the snow plant, had great stores of oxygen in its nuts, and the islanders used it when flying in the ether. As their chief aim was continual progress, the possibility of migration to other stars was one of the achievements they had set before them. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to be able to breathe in the ether easily, and also to bear intense cold, and they invented many means for attaining this end. They had succeeded in utilising electricity so that they could flash lightnings around them as they moved, and they believed that by mechanism they could concentrate the waves of energy into heat, and thus be able to conquer time and space.

DEATH.

But one of their greatest conquests was that over the fear of death. It was against all the results of their scientific research to believe that anything ever remained without change, whether advance or retrogression. Our author has a long and interesting chapter on the beliefs of the islanders on death and immortality. They were certain that, whatever form the energy of their bodies took after the change called death, it would persist, and still go on as force to higher development; but whether it was to be in individual force or not did not trouble them. They felt that the spirit which animated the body would still exist in some form of energy, and that the transformation would be a step higher in advancement when free from the bonds of the flesh. They lived so long that the body became almost etherialised into soul, which scarcely needed such a transformation as we call death. They, as has been hinted, had no abhorrence of death; they enjoyed life, but when the tide of energy ebbed they looked on it as a release, the grosser elements of their nature having been long before conquered. The idea of spirits who inhabit the inter-stellar spaces, and were living an elevated existence, they

proved by scientific discovery. They felt that death was "only a lifting of another of the myriad veils that hung before our senses, dulling the perceptions. . . . A death was a stimulus to joy and new effort. It taught us the limits of our knowledge and our power; and limits known were limits to be overpassed." The scene in which the death of the old sage is described is beautiful in its purity, and leads one to feel that in such spiritual elevation death has, and can have, no terrors.

INSPIRATION

It is little wonder that, with such lofty thoughts of the life present and to come, they should have different ideas of literature and its purposes from that which we entertain. In a very fine chapter the author explains that, although the Limanorans despised literature as we understand it, and did not believe in the use of words for concealing thought, they still had a literature, but it was all of the future; it was the drama of what was to be, of ideals to be realised. One book demonstrated the possibility, by soul concentration, of giving life and energy to an inanimate body which had been developed and endowed by electrical and chemical processes. They considered such a development not impossible in the future. They never spent time or thought on the past in any form, thinking it dead, and unworthy of consideration. They believed that "The future was infinite; the human past covers but a few centuries, and a narrow track through them. . . . They counted it the saddest of all spectacles on earth to see a race, that by its nature could be rapidly progressive, waste its highest energies in retracing again and again the footsteps of its ancestry, or the ancestry of some other race. Nothing would persuade them to permit any study of the past that was not meant to be wholly relevant to the future."

Many chapters of great interest must be passed over without any notice. The book covers 711 pages, and though long, and somewhat difficult to read,

because of the concentration of thought required, it is from beginning to end striking and instructive. It shows in every page that the author is imbued with the highest aspirations, and has a clear vision of the future of our race in far ages to come, when the infirmities, both mental and physical, which now drag humanity down, will vanish. Such a book as this must have an elevating effect upon all those who have the privilege of reading it, and by its lofty ideals promote the millennium of purity and peace that all long for.

RELIGION.

It is in the discussion of religion especially that it shows the most idealistic treatment of life and its elements, and nothing could better close this review than an extract from the chapter on this topic.

The narrator views a panorama of all the faiths of the world in their inner spirit and development, and thereafter he proceeds to describe the Limanoran religion from an evolutionary point of view. "Every day was sacred; every place was a sanctuary; every act was holy; every moment of their life, every action was a prayer. For they were ever looking upwards and forwards towards the ideal, and believed that the noblest reverence they could pay to the cosmos and to the presiding spirit of the cosmos was to raise their own natures ever higher in the cosmic scale. . . . Nothing, in fact, could be nearer to what other men call religion than Limanoran science; it was never weary of listening to the voice of God in the cosmos, and ever looking upward and inward towards a loftier creation. It refused to look back, unless the retrospect was to assist its march forward. Every discovery was the truest act of devotion, a step nearer to the centre of being; and anything that would obstruct such discoveries or the advance they stimulated was retrogressive, a sin against the being that was drawing all things into the paths of development. Fixity of belief was the surest obstruction to progress, and, along with all superstition, the greatest immorality."



The Review's Bookshop.

March 1st, 1905.

WITH the lengthening days and the near approach of spring new books once more begin to arrive in great numbers at the Bookshop. The brief lull that succeeds the activity of the autumn months is at an end. No books of great importance have as yet been announced for the spring season; but next autumn, in all probability, will see the publication of the first part of the official life of Queen Victoria, on which Mr. Benson is now engaged, under the general supervision of Lord Esher. Meanwhile, a brief survey of the more important, interesting and curious books of last month is sufficient evidence that writers and publishers are once more hard at work providing the reader with intellectual food, suitable to all tastes and every purse.

WAR NAKED AND UNASHAMED.

And still they come, not singly now as spies, but in battalions. The month has added at least three war books to the number of those that merit a reading. For ghastly realism I have read few descriptions of war equal to the sketches from the battlefield by Blackwood's brilliant correspondent "O.," now published under the title of "The Yellow War" (Blackwood. 302 pp. Illus. 8s.). It is a picture of war naked and unashamed that deserves a place beside Sergeant Bourgogne's account of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow. It is horrible, but it is well that the citizen in whose hands lie the ultimate decisions of peace and war should have brought vividly home to him the meaning of actual war. No smoke hides the hideous spectacle of modern combat, neither does "O." draper or disguise the loathly features of the demon. Mr. Frederic Villiers' three months' diary of his sojourn with the besiegers of Port Arthur (Longmans. 176 pp. Illus. 7s. 6d. net) is less realistic, but is a vividly told story which conveys a good idea of the characteristics of a modern siege. It is the only account yet published that gives anything like an adequate description of the terrible fighting that went on outside the fortress before the Japanese made any impression upon the defence. The book is full of graphic descriptions of battle and assault, the interest of which is greatly enhanced by the admirable diagram-illustrations. Here is a striking incident, one of many. A furious Japanese assault upon one of the Russian forts has just been with difficulty repulsed:—

Then the sky-line of the fort is broken with tall and stalwart figures. I see them touching to the left—a squad of Russians—as if on parade. An officer stands forward with flashing sword; he looks down the glacis. Not a movement is seen of the black spots on the slope. His work is not required here. He quickly points to the P. fort below. The Japs have passed round and over it, and are pressing against the Chinese wall. The officer turns his men half-left, and then I see a sight I shall always remember. In rhythmical order, the men standing grandly upright, seeking no cover, take cartridges from pouch, moving each with the other like clockwork, load and present, eject empty case, reload and fire.

A third war book follows the fortunes of Kuroki in Manchuria, with a preliminary account of the attempt of the *Times* to establish a wireless news service at the outbreak of the war. Mr. David Fraser, the writer of "A Modern Campaign" (Methuen. 356 pp. Illus. 6s.) watched the fighting with a critical eye, and has gathered up some of the lessons which have been taught by the

war. That is the principal merit of his book, for the fighting on the Yalu and in southern Manchuria is already a twice-told tale. He lays special stress upon the supreme importance of artillery in modern warfare.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

For the historical student the diplomacy before the war has greater interest than accounts of the carnage that follow an appeal to the sword. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the most dispassionate, calm and clear-minded narrative of the causes which led up to the war should have come from the pen of a Japanese professor. Mr. K. Asakawa's volume on "The Russo-Japanese Conflict" (Constable. 383 pp. Illus. 7s. 6d. net) is a model of sober statement of facts and philosophic consideration of tendencies which some of Japan's eager defenders in this country might study with advantage and imitate with profit. The book is valuable for purposes of reference, for it contains all the important documents, treaties and agreements bearing upon the struggle for supremacy in the Far East. But that is not its chief merit, which lies in its detached, lucid, and on the whole impartial record of events and examination of underlying economic causes. Mr. Asakawa naturally sympathises with the aspirations of his own people, but this does not blind him to the Russian side of the case, and the whole question is treated with the breadth of view of a student of history, and not in the narrow spirit of the partisan.

A TRIBUTE TO FAILURE.

Mr. Cunninghame Graham is never so happy as when he is playing the part of devil's advocate to modern civilisation. It is a thankless task, but Mr. Graham finds it an exhilarating one, and fills his rôle with zest and enthusiasm. It is true that in his latest indictment he hints that to write at all may be but a "prostitution of the soul," but that fear, if fear it is, only adds a keener edge to his biting satire. He cannot away with the successful man who, patting his stomach, looks at the world, affirming it perfect, putting gilt cotton wool in his ears to bar out criticism. If Mr. Graham cannot reach him through his ears, he can at least display before his eyes a series of pictures of modern life well calculated to disturb his smug equanimity. His sympathies are all with those who have been crushed beneath the juggernaut wheels of the chariot of Progress. Mr. Graham's sketches of life ("Progress." Duckworth. 285 pp. 6s.) as he has seen it in Mexico, South America, Morocco, Spain, and elsewhere are vivid, vigorous, and are bitten in with a mordant irony. Mr. Graham slurs over nothing, avoids nothing, and goes straight to his goal. The only thing that induces him to stray for a moment into some bypath is the opportunity of falling on a respectable convention that has roused his ire. A too frequent use of unfamiliar foreign words is rather irritating to the reader, and adds nothing to the realism of the sketches.

"CREATURES THAT ONCE WERE MEN."

Another picture of the sombre side of modern society is that presented in a book of sketches from life among the submerged tenth by Mr. Chris. Healy. He has chosen the very appropriate title of "Heirs of Reuben" (Chatto. 346 pp. 6s.) for a volume which describes the struggles of those who have gone under

in the fight for existence. There are a dozen separate tales skilfully brought into connection with each other. The scene is a thieves' kitchen, the narrators those gathered round its fire. Each in turn relates how, through accident, chance, misfortune, or fault, he dropped from the ranks of the respectable. It is the best piece of work Mr. Healy has done yet, with all the power of his previous novels, and with an added capacity for restraint and an increased skill in the handling of his material. In Maxim Gorky's "Creatures that Once were Men" (Rivers. 94 pp. 1s. net) we sink to a still lower depth of degradation and despair. With ruthlessness and even brutal realism he describes the daily existence of the besotted inmates of a Russian doss-house. They are not men, but creatures, stripped of every feeling and sentiment that makes life human or worth living. It is a picture of unredeemed blackness, a glimpse into a region of moral and physical death, peopled by brute beasts in human form.

TWO CHEERFUL BIOGRAPHIES.

After these doleful and gloomy aspects of the world to-day, it is refreshing and even a little inspiring to pick up two such cheery and optimistic biographies as George W. E. Russell's "Sydney Smith" (Macmillan. 241 pp. 2s. net.) and George Jacob Holyoake's "Bygone's Worth Remembering" (Unwin. 2 vols. 607 pp. Illus. 21s.) After reading Mr. Cunninghame Graham, Mr. Healy and Maxim Gorky, you will find in these two books the needful corrective. The lives of Sydney Smith and Mr. Holyoake stretch over a span of over a hundred and thirty years. Each has left on record his testimony to the great advance that had been made during his lifetime. Mr. Russell has done well to quote freely from the writings of Sydney Smith. They are far more interesting and vastly more amusing than anything a biographer could have written about that sturdy champion of toleration. Much that Sydney Smith wrote, especially on the subject of Ireland, is as true to-day as when he penned it, and well deserves an attentive reading. His common sense is redeemed from the commonplace by the humour with which he adorns it. It is an admirable biography of a remarkable man whose words may still teach lessons not yet fully learnt. Mr. Holyoake has gathered up the recollections of a long, strenuous, and honourable career extending over eighty-eight years. His by-gones are well worth remembering, for they are a record of an era of emancipation, political and intellectual, in which he did yeoman's service in many good causes. He is full of hope for the future, full of gratitude for the achievements of the past. His pages are filled with reminiscences and anecdotes of all the great leaders at home and abroad who fought the good fight during the Victorian reign.

OSCAR WILDE'S PRISON MEDITATIONS.

A profoundly interesting and pathetic book is "De Profundis," the prison meditations of Oscar Wilde (Methuen. 151 pp. 5s. net.). It might have been entitled "How Oscar Wilde found Christ in Reading Gaol," and it would not have been wrongly entitled. Not that Oscar Wilde became religious. He says explicitly, "Religion does not help me." But Christ helped him. To have written his realisation of the beauty and glory of His life, his conception of the divinity of sorrow, it was worth while to have gone to gaol for two years:—

"There is still something to me almost incredible in the idea of a young Galilean peasant imagining that he could bear on his own shoulders the burden of the entire

world . . . and not merely imagining it, but actually achieving it, so that at the present moment all who come in contact with his personality . . . in some way find that the ugliness of their own sin is taken away and the beauty of their sorrow revealed to them."

The whole book is a prose poem, which for "pity and terror," and yet also for pathos and a radiant hope, will be cherished long after all his other works and those of most of his contemporaries are forgotten. For here is the true cry of the heart *de profundis*, which will find an echo in all hearts that have been awakened by the touch of sorrow.

A NOVEL FOR THE SELECT FEW.

First among novels this month, I suppose, must be placed "The Golden Bowl," by Henry James (Methuen. 548 pp. 6s.) But a more difficult book to read surely never was written. It is the minutest study in the psychological analysis of certain highly complex, over-refined, over-sensitised present-day persons. The problem discussed is an ordinary one, but it is treated as only Henry James does treat such a problem. A man marries, for various reasons, the woman who is not the right woman for him. Hence the usual complications, narrated, however, in an unusual manner. For those who read fiction for relaxation the book is simply unreadable. They had better not make an attempt which will only end in disappointment. Neither is it a novel for the busy man. Life is too short to master its intricacies of style and treatment. But for those who delight in subtleties it will be a stimulating mental exercise.

"VICTORIA CROSS" IN A NEW RÔLE.

As a novelist no one was ever so bewildering a quick change artist as the young lady who writes under the name of "Victoria Cross." Her latest story is absolutely unlike any of the others which have made her famous, yet it is in its way quite as remarkable and as original as any excepting her *chef d'œuvre*, "Anna Lombard." In her new book, "The Religion of Evelyn Hastings" (W. Scott. 5s.), we have a romance which is based upon a miracle. A lady who marries an officer is enabled, by sheer might of the faith that laughs at impossibilities and says it shall be done, to live in London by day, and at night to send her astral, or double, to the veldt to nurse her wounded husband back to life. It is a brightly written book, with two articles of faith. One is the denial of the omnipotence of God, and the other the assertion of the omnipotence of the prayer of faith. Surely the spirit of the Revival must be in the air when this spring brings forth two religious books from authors as widely dissimilar as "Victoria Cross" and the author of "De Profundis."

FOUR EXCELLENT NOVELS.

There are several exceptionally good novels this month. Two or three may be selected for special mention as being of more than average merit. "Nancy Stair," by Elinor Macartney Lane (Heinemann. 385 pp. 6s.), is a charming story, fresh and original, a winsome tale, even as the heroine, Nancy Stair, is winsome. It reads like reality. Who was Nancy Stair? Was she, as has been suggested, Lady Nairne? Truly, as presented in this book, one can understand that she was able to lead all hearts captive. Brilliantly clever and beautiful, perverse withal, and a law unto herself, she exemplifies the truth of the saying of one of the characters in the book: "Ye can't educate women as ye can men. They're elemental creatures, and ye can no more change their natures than ye can stop fire from burning." "Cut Laurels," by M. Hamilton (Heinemann. 355 pp. 6s.) is

an uncommon story, with far more than the usual attempt at fine drawing of characters and minute study of motives. The theme is painful—a husband and wife parted at twenty, just after marriage, to meet again only when the wife is thirty-eight, a strong, self-supporting, self-reliant woman, and the husband a prematurely old, utterly broken man, disgraced before everyone, with a nameless native wife and two of her children in the background. The working out of the unusual plot is remarkably well done, but it is a pitiful tale, with only a faint gleam of brightness at the end. There is, again, no doubt about the interest of the very painful story "Eve and the Law," by Alice and Claude Askew (Chapman and Hall, 319 pp. 6s.), though at times I doubt the truth of Eve's character-drawing. She is a wilful, charming English girl, who marries a despicable, cowardly, cringing rake of a Frenchman. The marriage is legal in England, but not in France. Hence the beginning of troubles. She leaves him, and eventually marries an Englishman, the sterling worth of whose character she has the sense to appreciate. But she does not tell him of the episode with the Frenchman, and when he finds out not only what has occurred, but that she has deceived and lied to him, he is off to shoot big game in Africa, and there are a succession of miserable scenes painful to read. He comes back eventually to the wife who loves him. But—why could not Eve be frank? Nor about the power of Orme Angus's tale of Dorset life, "The Root" (Ward, Lock, 352 pp. 6s.). A "mourner's tea party" in a family of agricultural labourers opens and closes this story of humble life in the West of England. The hopes aroused by the appearance of the traditional rich uncle embitter not only the lives of the relatives, but their relations with the envious neighbours as well. The old man is supposed to have at least a hundred pounds in the bank—a sum almost beyond the dreams of avarice to men and women who have not dared to hope for an old age spent outside "the House." When the old man dies it is found that he has no money, and the book closes with a double tragedy, a natural ending of disappointed hopes.

TALES FOR AN IDLE HOUR.

If only because of the description of a convict ship-load of women being taken out to Australia years ago, Mr. W. Clark Russell's "His Island Princess" (Methuen, 312 pp. Four illustrations. 6s.) is worth reading. The scene of the tale is a desert coral reef inhabited by an old man and his charming Miranda-like daughter. The narrator of the story is shipwrecked on the reef, marries the daughter, who is killed by the villain, another cast-away. Perhaps the tragedy is needless, but we can forgive much to one who loves and can so well describe the sea. It is a well-written tale and holds the reader. So does Mr. John Oxenham's "The Gate of the Desert" (Methuen, 6s.), which also has a shipwreck as its turning point. In "Hearts in Exile" Mr. Oxenham had undoubtedly risen out of the ranks of the mere story-teller, but in this his latest novel he is once more the teller of stories rather than the novelist. The book is full of incident, it is never dull, though at times, especially in the early chapters, rather commonplace. The characters are shipwrecked on the coast of Morocco among wandering tribes, from whom eventually they effect their ransom. It is not a probable story, but remembering that truth is stranger than fiction, I say this with reserve.

Another tale that will serve to pass an idle hour pleasantly is Robert Barr's "The Tempestuous Petticoat" (Methuen, 306 pp. 6s.). It is a bright and entertaining story of the doings of a multi-millionaire and his daugh-

ter in far Eastern waters, and of the complications that ensue when an Oriental potentate falls violently in love with a rich young woman from the United States. There is also Mrs. L. T. Meade's very exciting, diverting tale, "Little Wife Hester" (Long, 6s.). It is incident, incident from beginning to end, and the attention never flags; even if credulity is sometimes tried by the improbability of the situations. Another good novel, with a problem for its theme, is Lucas Cleeve's "Stolen Waters" (Unwin, 6s.). It is the best book she has written yet. Or if you wish to have a glimpse into life in a household and colony conducted on Tolstolian principles, you will find an interesting account in "Belinda the Backward" (Fifield, 2s. net), by Salome Hocking. Mr. Robert Hugh Benson's "By What Authority" (Isbister, 553 pp. 6s.) will provide the reader of historical fiction with an unusually good novel. It is a thoughtful study of life and religious faction in the time of Elizabeth. Finally, I must call your attention to the series of shilling novels now being issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. The latest additions are Maxim Gorky's "Three of Them," Olive Schreiner's "Trooper Peter Halket," and Mr. Crockett's "The Stickit Minister."

THE INFLUENCE OF LANDSCAPE.

Sir Archibald Geikie's "Landscape in History" (Macmillan, 352 pp. 8s. 6d. net) should find a host of appreciative readers in these days when gardening and the study of nature have become so popular a pastime. The subject of the influence of landscape on the history of the human race has engrossed the thoughts of Sir Archibald Geikie for many years, and he well knows how to communicate its fascination to his readers. The opening chapters, describing the influence of scenery on history, literature, and imagination, are the most generally interesting in the volume. Many of the observations are full of suggestion which the reader, though no geologist, may follow up with advantage, for they throw new light on the interpretation of history and literature. One of the most attractive chapters is that in which the influence of scenery, especially lowland scenery, on British poetry is traced. There is also an extremely fine passage in which, standing in imagination on Edinburgh Castle Rock, Sir Archibald Geikie describes as in a vision the procession of the ages to the remotest prehistoric times. The chapter on science in education contains much admirable advice of value to other than scientific students. Other essays deal with the problem of the age of the earth, and two are biographical.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHIES.

The biographies published during the month have been numerous. The "Life of Lord Dufferin" is noticed at length as the Book of the Month. George Canning has been long neglected by the biographers, but at last we have a study of his career in Mr. H. W. V. Temperley's "Life" (Finch, 293 pp. 7s. 6d. net) that is worthy of the subject. It is the outcome of much study and research, and does ample justice both to the character and to the career of one of the most famous of British foreign secretaries. Canning's foreign policy is especially carefully dealt with; and these chapters form an important contribution to the diplomatic history of the nineteenth century. Far different has been the fate of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, clergyman and poet, who, although he hardly ever crossed the confines of his distant Cornish parish, has now three biographies dedicated to his memory. The latest by his son-in-law (Lane, 689 pp. 21s. net) contains many new and characteristic letters from this eccentric, bigoted, narrow-minded, but kind

hearted man. For pure undiluted Toryism of the narrowest type I commend to you the perusal of this volume. For instance, writing on the assassination of Lincoln, he says: "Only a king anointed with oil can declare or levy lawful war. Every other person so presuming to shed blood inherits the guilt and doom of Cain, and violates the command 'to do no murder.'"

In a fourth biography we breathe another atmosphere. Whoever is in any doubt about the future of Winston Churchill, it is not Mr. A. MacCullum Scott, who has just written a popular life of his hero (Methuen. 270 pp. illus. 3s. 6d.). It is a capital specimen of the popular biography of a popular man by a popular writer. Mr. Scott tells the romantic story of the life of "A future leader" in a very vigorous vivid way, and the book will help to convince many others besides himself that Winston Spencer Churchill is "the destined man."

FREE TRADE AND EXPENDITURE.

The Free Trader will heartily welcome a new and cheaper edition of Lord Avebury's book on Free Trade (Macmillan. 186 pp. 2s. 6d.), and he will find an impassioned defence of the policy of Free Trade in "England's Ruin," by A. M. S. Methuen (Methuen. 127 pp. 3d. net). In a series of sixteen letters addressed to Mr. Chamberlain, the author deals with the whole range of questions raised by the tariff reform proposals. It is a cheap and convenient collection of the facts and figures every Free Trader should have at his fingers' ends. If you wish to study the military and naval expenditure of the Government there is the book issued by the Cobden Club, entitled "The Burden of Armaments: a Plea for Retrenchment." (Unwin. 228 pp. 3s. 6d.). It has been prepared by a committee under the chairmanship of Mr. Shaw Lefevre, with Lord Welby, Sir Algernon West, and Mr. E. H. Perris as the principal members. Their protest against crushing military expenditure upon an army which costs more and is weaker than any army in the world, is weakened by being bound up with an attack upon naval estimates on which rests the strongest navy in the world. They forget that "The Truth About the Navy," to the publication of which they ascribe the beginning of all our bloated armaments, was written by as stout a Cobdenian as themselves, and was published with a famous motto from Cobden's own writings as at once its text and its justification.

FOLK-LORE AND LEGENDS.

For the reader who values the primitive beliefs of mankind and the songs and tales in which they have found permanent expression, there are two books of more than common interest. The folk-songs and legends, collected for the first time from Roumanian peasants, and done into English by Mlle. Helene Vacaresco as "Songs of the Valiant Voivode" (Harpers. 238 pp. 10s. 6d.), are truly an addition to the literature of the world. They are wild, passionate, mournful, yet ever melodious, with the rugged vigour and primitiveness of all folk-songs and popular legends. They can be compared with nothing else, unless with former work by the same authoress, whose home, of course, is Roumania. They are indescribable and incomparable. Only by reading them can one gain an idea of their weird fascination. I have also read with much enjoyment Lorimer Finson's "Tales from Old Fiji" (Moring. 175 pp. illus. 7s. net)—a most interesting collection of legends and tales told by the South Sea Islanders. They have been taken down as they were related by the natives, and describe their ideas of the world and its creation, of the gods and their doings, and of how mankind became afflicted with

various ills. Especially striking is the account given by the Fijians of the beginning of death.

VOLUMES OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

One of the most popular of our English humorists, Mr. H. T. Barker, is a humorist who shines by reflected light. He has humour enough to reflect humour, and as the humour is mostly that of school children, few books are as humorous as his. It is so many years since he rejoiced our hearts with his "Schoolboy English" that I feared the stream had run dry. This, fortunately, was a false alarm, and now we have in "Comic School Tales" (Jarrold. 204 pp. 1s. net) a volume of wit and humour, partly original but the best part of it "conveyed," which is not unworthy of its predecessors. Another book full of excellent fooling, that will afford you many a hearty laugh, is "The Mirror of Kong," by Ernest Bramah (Chapman and Hall. 308 pp. 6s.). This Chinaman's impressions of England, set down with the assumption of seriousness, make most amusing and entertaining reading.

HYPNOTISM, ASTROLOGY, PALMISTRY.

Quite a number of books dealing with metaphysical subjects reached me last month. One of the smallest, but on the whole the most interesting of the lot, is a little book published in Colombo in 1897, entitled "The Comparison of Hypnotism with the Yoga System of the Hindoos." It is written by Dr. C. Thamo Tharam Pillay, and is sold at 3½ rupees. It is a very interesting study of the methods and conclusions of the East and West. Among the other metaphysical books are "How to Cast your Own Horoscope," an astrological primer by the editor of "Old Moore's Almanac" (Pearson. 1s.); "A Handbook to the Study of Palmistry," by E. Lawrence (Kegan Paul. 140 pp.) Another book, brief, bright and sensible, is Miss H. A. Dallas's "Objections to Spiritualism" (Light Office. 96 pp. 1s.). Miss Dallas notices the objections in order to answer them.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL.

The compression of information into small compass has almost reached the stage foreseen by Leibnitz when he predicted that all knowledge would be contained in little books. Year-books are hardly small in size, indeed their tendency is always towards a growth in bulk, but they are marvels of condensation and arrangement. Mr. Robert Donald, for instance, gives us a complete survey of the whole field of municipal activity in the United Kingdom in 622 pages. If you wish to ascertain any fact or figure regarding municipalisation you will find it at a glance in one of the special sections of "The Municipal Year-book" (Edward Lloyd. 3s. 6d. net). Sir Henry Burdett, in 966 pages, reviews the affairs of the hospitals of the world, and you will find every necessary particular about a hospital's income and expenditure by turning to "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (Scientific Press. 5s. net). Two barristers-at-law perform the still more difficult task of epitomising the laws of England in 740 pages in such a way that they are comprehensible to the average man, who will save much time and not a few lawyer's fees by consulting this excellent volume (Murray. 6s. net). The Year's Art and the doings of some seven thousand artists are summed up in 546 pages (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d. net), while the affairs of the world of sport, with biographies of all the men of note therein, are condensed into a volume of 314 pages (Newnes. 3s. 6d. net). Thus, for the expenditure of a guinea, you may have at your finger ends a mass of information carefully sifted and arranged that might well fill a good-sized library.

INSURANCE NOTES.

The 18th annual meeting of the Citizens' Life Assurance Co. Ltd. was held at the head offices in Sydney last month. The directors' report shows that the company has again experienced a very successful year. The funds at December 31st, 1904, amounted to £1,346,600, of which the large sum of £201,346 had been added for the year. This is the largest increase yet recorded. The average rate of interest earned by the funds was £4 8s. 1d., and the fact that at the close of the year there was not a penny of interest outstanding speaks highly of the class of investment. As the interest assumed in the company's actuarial calculations is 3 per cent. only, it follows that there is a large margin of surplus in this department alone towards the bonus to policy holders. New assurances in the ordinary branch alone totalled over £1,000,000 for seven years in succession. One of the best tests of the position of a life assurance society is its percentage of expenses to premiums and funds. In the ordinary branch a reduction is shown on last year's figures, and in the industrial branch the expenses are nearly 9 per cent. less than last year. Since the establishment of the company over £891,500 has been paid to beneficiaries. The ordinary branch valuation, which has been made on a 3 per cent. net premium basis, reveals a surplus of £57,710. Out of this the following reversionary bonuses have been declared:—Whole of life policies in force 15 years and over £2 15s. per cent.; 10 years and under 15 years, £1 15s. per cent.; and under 10 years, £1 10s. per cent.; endowment assurance policies, 15 years and over, in force, £2 per cent.; 10 and under 15 years, £1 10s. per cent.; and under 10 years, £1 5s. per cent. The directors announce that by 1906 it is expected the industrial branch expense rate will not exceed 38 per cent.—a world's record for industrial business. It is then intended to reduce the ordinary branch expense rate to 10 per cent. of the premium income—the lowest in Australia. The management of this progressive company is to be congratulated on the continued success achieved, and the results of the past year must lead to a great improvement in its new business written during 1905.

The balance-sheet of the Bank of Australasia for the half-year ended October 11, 1904, shows that deposits amount to £15,186,394; cash and Government securities to £5,897,931; and bills receivable, advances on securities, etc., to £14,368,061. The dividend for the half-year is at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, and, after transferring £30,000 to the reserve fund, and writing off £14,000 from bank premises account, a balance of £16,950 is carried forward. The principal items of the balance-sheet compared with those at six months and twelve months previously are as follows:—

	Oct. 12, 1903.	April 11, 1904.	Oct. 11, 1904.
Deposits	£14,662,650	£15,106,272	£15,186,394
Cash and Govern- ment securities...	4,996,288	5,673,560	5,897,931
Bills receivable, ad- vances, etc.	14,750,263	14,785,908	14,368,061

A serious fire occurred in Flinders-lane, Melbourne, on the 27th ult., between 5.30 and 6 p.m., in the premises situate 187, and occupied by H. A. Khyat and Co. as importers and warehousemen, and by David Storey and Co. as a warehouse. The premises were completely gutted, the three floors and roof being burned out. The buildings, lift and lavatories were insured for £3450 in the Commercial Union Co.

CITIZENS'

Life Assurance Company, Ltd.

The Premier Industrial-Ordinary Life Office
of Greater Britain.

HEAD OFFICE - - SYDNEY.

The Company's Record for 1904:

Funds	£1,346,606
INCREASE IN FUNDS	201,346
Income	£436,326
INCREASE IN INCOME	26,774
Paid Policyholders since Inception... ..	£891,590
PAID POLICYHOLDERS in 1904... ..	108,931
Profits, in the form of Reversionary Bonuses, Allotted to Policyholders since Inception	£395,525
PROFITS, in the form of Reversion- ary Bonuses, allotted to Policyhold- ers for 1904... ..	61,075
Expenses—	
DECREASE FOR YEAR	£12,131

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL .. FIRE ..

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE - - -
ACCIDENT - -
EMPLOYER'S
LIABILITY -
FIDELITY
GUARANTEE -
PLATE-GLASS
BREAKAGE -
MARINE - -
BURGLARY - -

Insurance.

OFFICES.

MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.
SYDNEY—78 Pitt Street.
ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
BRISBANE—Creek Street.
PERTH—Barrack Street.
HOBART—Collins Street.
LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

LETTERS FROM WOMEN.

From Miss B. McIntyre, 33 Simmons-street, South Yarra, Vic., September 5th, 1903.

"I have taken Warner's Safe Cure and Safe Pills when suffering from extreme weakness and prostration, caused by general debility, followed by loss of appetite, headache, depression of spirits, and constipation. I was obliged to give up work temporarily. The suffering I endured and the terrible condition I was in, can only be known by those women who have undergone the same experience. I then heard of Warner's Safe Cure and Pills, and had only taken a few bottles of the former, and a few of the latter, when I was completely restored to health and my usual vigour."

From Mrs. Annie Harris, of Charlton, George-street, Norwood, S.A.

"About seven years ago I contracted a severe internal complaint and was in a very critical state. The doctor attending me told me that if I lived I should be a sufferer all my lifetime. His treatment was quite useless in giving me relief. After two or three years I got tired of paying doctors' fees for no benefit, and hearing of Warner's Safe Cure I gave it a trial. I took, in all, five bottles, and am thankful to state that I am perfectly cured. The medical man was genuinely surprised at such a wonderful result. I am now as well as it is possible to be, and give Warner's Safe Cure the whole credit for accomplishing what doctors deemed impossible. Hoping that ladies, suffering as I did, will profit, I am writing to you now. My mother considered that her life was saved by the use of Warner's Safe Cure in a somewhat similar complaint."

From Mrs. M. A. West, 89 Duke-street, Burnley, Vic., February 17th, 1903.

"For several years I was prostrated by a disease the doctors could give no name to. I was treated by some of the leading physicians in England, but not one of them gave me any hope of recovery. The symptoms were extreme nervousness, loss of appetite, great depression of spirits, chronic pain in my back and head, general weakness, loss of flesh, and my urine was thick and ropy. As the doctors could do nothing for me it was decided that I should go to Australia, in the hope that the change of climate would benefit me, though our family physician said that I might not live out the voyage. However, I started, accompanied by my husband. I was very ill all the way over, and landed in Australia in a very weak state. I was again treated by a doctor, but gradually got worse, and began to think that death would be a relief. At this time an old lady advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure. As a last resource I did so. After taking the third bottle I began to improve in health, getting stronger and brighter each day, greatly to the surprise of myself and friends. All pain and weakness left me, my appetite returned, and in a short time I was quite cured. I gained several pounds in weight, and, thanks to Warner's Safe Cure, I am now in good health."

From Mrs. R. L. Head, Vine Cottage, Second-street, Port Pirie, S.A.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I write to tell you of the great and lasting benefit I derived from the use of Warner's Safe Cure, for I feel that, but for that medicine, I should now be in my grave. I had been suffering for a very long time from a complaint common to women of middle age. I was losing flesh at an alarming rate. The doctors could do nothing for me, and I commenced to use Warner's Safe Cure, with a very forlorn hope. Greatly to the surprise of myself and friends, I began to improve in health from the first bottle. I continued to take the medicine, and gained health and strength every day. In a few weeks I was up and about my household work, and am now quite stout and in good health."

From Mrs. A. Frenz, Piper-street, South Broken Hill, N.S.W., January 14th, 1903.

"A few years ago, when in Victoria, I suffered excruciating pains in my body, especially in the chest and left side around the heart. I consulted three doctors; one said I had a tumor in my side, another that my heart was affected, and the other something else. Medicine was prescribed for me by one of them, which I took for some time. I then came to Broken Hill, and still continued to take the same medicine, but all to no purpose, for I was getting worse and weaker all the time, and became so low that I thought I was going to die. I had read about Warner's Safe Cure, and decided to give up the doctor's medicine and try the former. The first bottles I took gave me so much relief that I continued the treatment, in conjunction with Warner's Safe Pills, getting better and stronger each week. My appetite returned, I could eat and sleep well, and all bodily pain left me. I have gained in weight, and am now quite cured."

When the kidneys and liver are working inefficiently, the blood becomes laden with urinary and biliary poisons, and, as a consequence, we suffer from Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Indigestion, Bilioussness, Sick Headache, Anæmia, Debility, Blood Disorders, Gravel, and Bladder Troubles. Warner's Safe Cure cures all these disorders speedily and permanently, simply because it restores the kidneys and liver to health and activity. The marvellous vitalising effect of the medicine is purely natural.



Of all da dreinks I like-a
much better da Ro-bu-air Tea. Et ees
da cup zat cheer and make-a not da
head drunk — Yes. Da store-a-man
by da shop sella me of da grade
nom-bwair "one." Dio mio! How
exquis' — how magnif'! So reech of
flavour, so naice, so delicate, and da
leedle packet too keep him so ver'
fresh and good. Believe-a me, et ees
good advice I giff. Drink-a da
Ro-bu-air only. Addio!

ITALIAN.